

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



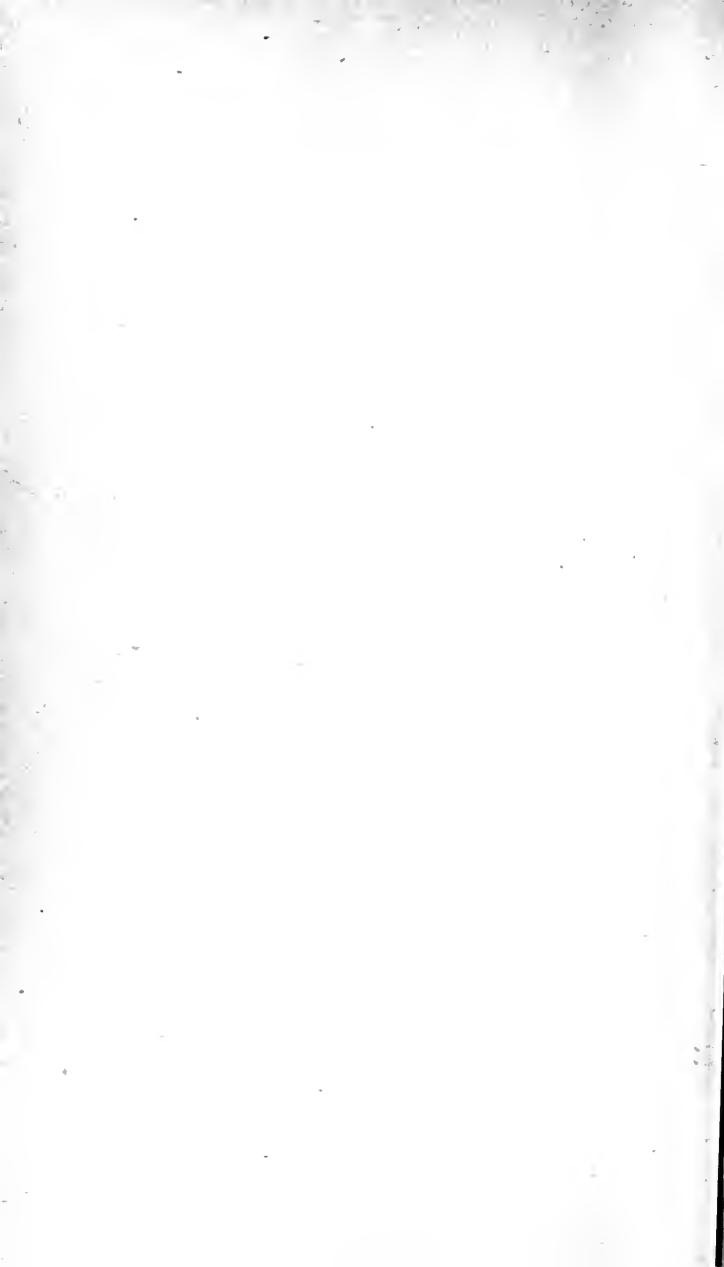
3 1761 01470208 8

UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

Letting







HENRY GLAPTHORNE'S
PLAYS AND POEMS.



ALL PLAYS AND POEMS OF
HENRY GLAPTHORNE
NOW FIRST COLLECTED
WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES
AND A MEMOIR OF THE
AUTHOR IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST



LONDON

JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1874

SECRET

16817

19/10/91

6

CONTENTS OF

THE FIRST VOLUME

MEMOIR OF HENRY GLAPTHORNE

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA

THE HOLLANDER A COMEDY

WIT IN A CONSTABLE

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS



Memoir of

HENRY GLAPTHORNE

HENRY GLAPTHORNE (1) is one of the latest and one of the least known of the great school of Elizabethan dramatists. Indeed, strictly speaking, he can scarcely be said to belong to that company at all, as he only began to write about midway in the reign of the first Charles, and fully thirty years after Elizabeth's death. But the term has always been used with such latitude as to include that younger branch or offshoot of it, which wrote before the advent of the Commonwealth, an interregnum during which the drama flumbered for several years, and which serves to create a great and impassable gulf, separating the least of the Elizabethan dramatists, whether of the earlier or later branch,

(1) His name seems to have been spelt indifferently with and without the final *e*: it is *Glaphthorn* in the Poems and *Glaphthorne* in the Plays and *Whitehall*. We have adopted the latter and longer form, both from the greater frequency of its use and from its analogy to the spelling of the time.

from the greatest of the Dramatists of the Restoration.

Like Nabbes, Brome, and Shirley (whom he greatly resembled in manner and style), Glapthorne's work was done in the later half of Charles I.'s reign.

"The affinity between the comedies which were produced immediately before the closing of the theatres under the Commonwealth and the subsequent taste of the nation, involves," as a recent writer has remarked, "a question of some interest. Are there not signs in the work of our last playwrights of the Elizabethan succession to make it probable that the drama of the Restoration would in the natural course of evolution, have been produced out of the elements already developed on the stage, even without the intervention of French models, and supposing that the Puritans had never got the upper hand?" (2)

Although one of the obscurest of a long-neglected class of writers, Glapthorne was, nevertheless, chosen fifty years ago as the subject of a lengthy article in the *Retrospective Review*, (3) from which we extract the following passages:—

"Henry Glapthorne is one of the least known of our neglected dramatists, one of the obscurest of an obscure class. Although the author of nine plays, which

(2) Mr. J. A. Symonds, in *The Academy*, March 21, 1874.

(3) Vol. X., pp. 122—159. The quotations from his plays in this article are very inaccurately printed.

were received with approbation, or, as the phrase was, "with good allowance," in his own time, and a writer of no inconsiderable merit, he has not since been honoured with the slightest attention from the admirers of this species of literature. Doddsley's collection does not contain one of Glapthorne's plays, although it includes many far inferior to them; but one short quotation from him appears in *Lamb's Dramatic Specimens*; not a line in *Campbell's Specimens of English Poets*. We perceive, however, that two his plays (4) are announced for publication in the *Old English Drama*, a circumstance which has reminded us of a former intention of devoting a few pages to the investigation of his dramatic character, and has induced us now to afford him this tardy justice. Winstanley mentions him as 'one of the chiefest dramatic poets of that age;' (5) a judgment from which Langbaine, with his usual jealousy and contempt of his rival biographer, appeals, but, at the same time, 'presumes, that his plays passed with good approbation at the Globe and Cockpit Playhouses;' and the authors of the *Biographia Drama-*

(4) *Albertus Wallenstein* and *The Lady's Privilege*.

(5) "*Henry Glapthorn* was one well deserving of the English (*sic*), being one of the chiefest Dramatick Writers of this Age; deservedly commendable not so much for the quantity as the quality of his Plays; being, &c. In *Albertus Wallenstein* these lines are much commended:

This Law the Heavens inviolably keep,
Their Justice well may slumber, but ne'er sleep."

[Vol. II., p. 73.]

WILLIAM WINSTANLEY, *Lives of the most famous English Poets*. Lond. 1687.

tica allow him to have been a good writer, adding, however, that his plays are now entirely laid aside. For this total forgetfulness into which Glapthorne's plays have fallen, their extreme rarity will, in some measure, although not wholly, account. It may also be partly owing to his not having attained the highest form in the dramatic art, and partly to that chance and change to which all things are liable. The biography of the author has experienced a similar fate to that of his plays, and we are consequently unable to supply any particulars of it. With respect to his character as an author, the opinion expressed in the *Biographia Dramatica* is more correct than that of Win-
stanley. Glapthorne is certainly a better writer than a dramatist, more eloquent than impassioned, more poetical than pathetic, infinitely better qualified to describe than to feel.

“Glapthorne belongs to an inferior order of genius : not being able to lay open the springs of passion, he covers them with flowers, in order that, as he cannot gratify us with their refreshing waters, he may, at least, hide their existence. The consequence is, that, in those situations in which we are prepared for our sympathies being called into exercise, we find poetry instead of pathos, and elaborate speeches instead of passion. Almost everything is good, well said, eloquent, poetical ; but in such a profusion of rhetorical flourishes, poetical images, and dazzling metaphors, it is not possible that every thing should be in its proper place. Indeed it must be admitted, that his imagery is not always appropriate, and is frequently but ill calculated to bear the test of logic. In exuberance of ornament, he resembles George Peele, although he does not possess the same richness of colouring, nor the same stately harmony of diction : in redundancy of similes he

approaches the exquisite John Lilly, although he does not carry his fondness for them to quite so extravagant a length ; nor are his compositions distinguished by such a laborious polish and minute accuracy ; nor do they contain the same quantity of learned allusion as those of the witty Euphuist. The excessive imagery in which Glapthorne indulges, completely spoils the dramatic effect of his plays ; but, although he frequently sacrifices truth and nature to the utterance of a pretty speech, or the garnish of a well expressed similitude, there are passages to which this censure does not apply, passages of great poetical beauty, written with vigour of thought, and fervour of imagination.

Albertus Wallenstein, the first in order of publication, and, probably, the first which Glapthorne wrote, was originally printed in 1634. (6) This play, which is upon the whole a good one, is founded upon the revolt of that commander from the Emperor Ferdinand the Second. The chief interest, however, centres in the subsidiary story of Albert, the general's son, and Isabella, one of his wife's attendants. This part forms a sweet piece of dramatic history, and is written with great beauty both of sentiment and diction : the characters of the two lovers are full of nobleness ; that of Isabella is a fine specimen of feminine perfection.

“ The next production of our author was a comedy, called *The Hollander*, which was written in 1635, but not published until 1640. This play contains some fine writing, but very little comic power, except in the character of

(6) This is an error repeated by several writers. *Vide infra.*

Captain Pirke, a very diminutive personage, who breathes nothing but big phrases, and struts about with a most valorous magniloquence. Sconce, the Dutchman, from whom the piece is named, is, we think, a failure.

The scene between two quarrelling lovers, Freewit and Know-worth, exhibits that redundancy of imagery which we have censured in Glapthorne. It contains some pretty images, but the whole passage is spoiled by the bad taste and extravagance of the author.

“*Wit in a Constable*, which was written in 1639, is an entertaining comedy, without possessing any passages which are particularly worth extracting; it certainly does not satisfy the expectations which the title is calculated to raise. If the constable has much wit, he is like Hudibras, ‘very shy in using it.’

“*Argalus and Parthenia* is one of the many rhythmical versions of the poetical prose of Sir Philip Sidney, and is distinguished by all Glapthorne’s extravagances without his beauties.

“The latest and best of our author’s productions is *The Lady’s Privilege*, a comedy abounding in poetry, and written with more feeling, more of the eloquence of real passion, and less deformed with hyperbole than any of his plays. As a specimen of fervid and beautiful composition, it might be quoted from the beginning to the end; but we must at the same time remark, that it is by no means free from that vicious redundancy of figure, for which we have censured the author. But even in this, the best of his dramas, he does not arrive at any great degree of pathos, although the subject is eminently susceptible of it. The story is of a very dramatic cast, and yet the play is, as a whole, deficient in dramatic art: the character of Doria,

however, is admirably conceived and well sustained. The plot is simple, and is in substance as follows :

“ Chrisea, the niece of Trivulci, Duke of Genoa, surprises Doria, the victorious Genoese admiral, whom she was engaged to marry, into a vow that he will not only renounce his own claim to her, but exert his utmost efforts to gain her the hand of his most intimate friend Vitelli. This arrangement of the faithless fair one, is as disagreeable to Vitelli, who is in love with her sister Eurione, as it is to Doria. The admiral, however, performs his vow with such laudable zeal and sincerity, that he prevails upon Vitelli, in the warmth of friendship, to sacrifice his own wishes to those of his friend. In the mean-time, this unexpected change in the situation of the parties, without any apparent cause, produces a quarrel between Doria and Bonivet, one of Chrisea’s kinsmen, which terminates in the supposed death of the latter. Doria is brought to trial, and is about to be sentenced to death, when the privilege which any virgin of Genoa has of redeeming a condemned person, on condition of her marrying him, is claimed by a young lady. Doria, at first, absolutely refuses to avail himself of the offer ; but the lady, threatening to die with him if he persist in his ungallant refusal, he, at length, with extreme reluctance, yields his consent, and is married. Chrisea had, notwithstanding the urgent solicitations of Vitelli and Eurione, refused to claim the privilege, and save her former lover ; but, at this period, she makes her appearance in court, and, to her inexpressible grief, finds that Doria is married. It appears, that for the purpose of trying the constancy of Doria, she had only feigned a passion for Vitelli, and, for the purpose of proving his fortitude, had secreted Bonivet, who suddenly appears amidst the astonished group. This, of course, annuls the sentence ; but

as it does not annul the marriage, the lovers are still in a dilemma ; fortunately, the bride relieves them from their painful difficulty, by announcing herself to be Sabelli, Doria's page.

"In this play the reader, besides the qualities before described as characterizing Glapthorne's dramas, will frequently find great felicity of phrase and expression.

"The trial is a noble scene. The author rises above his usual tone, into a strain of great dignity and energy. There are passages which almost approach the sublime, particularly the one beginning 'Methinks, I'm like some aged mountain.'

"We have only to add in conclusion, that the remaining four plays, written by Glapthorne, were never printed (7); and that he was also the author of a book of poems."

The following remarks on Glapthorne's Plays, prefixed to a reprint of two of them published half-a-century ago, may also be worth quoting :—

"The biography of this author is unknown, and his productions almost forgotten. His plays were certainly received with approbation in his own time, and deservedly so ; but their merit is rather of a poetical than a dramatic kind. They are not only ill calculated for representation, from the declamatory and undramatic nature of the dialogue, but are deficient in intensity and passion. The author only sports on the surface of the heart ; he never penetrates into the sanctuary. Indeed he is so intent on producing poetry, that he seldom even attempts to excite

(7) The four unprinted Plays were entitled, *The Parricide, or Revenge for Honour* ; *The Vestal* ; *The Noble Trial* ; and *The Dutchess of Fernandina*.

our sympathies : but in taking this course, he probably consulted his own powers, and so far acted wisely. For pathos, therefore, he has substituted a highly ornamented style of poetry, and the earnestness of the author for the passion of the interlocutors. Amidst a great deal of redundant imagery, however, we frequently meet with passages of exceeding beauty, particularly in *Albertus Wallenstein* and *The Lady's Privilege*.⁽⁸⁾ This is the latest and best of Glapthorne's plays ;—it is more dramatic and less extravagant, than *Albertus Wallenstein*, although by no means free from the hyperbole and vicious redundancy of figure which distinguish the style of this author. *The Lady's Privilege* is, however, altogether an eloquent composition, and is written with more feeling than the author usually displays ⁽⁹⁾.”

We add some observations on *The Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein* by an accomplished living German critic :—

“ The plot of Glapthorne's tragedy ⁽¹⁰⁾ partly turns on the intention of Wallenstein's younger son Albertus to marry Isabella, a virtuous chambermaid of his mother, which incites the father to display a most tyrannical cruelty

(8) Preface to the Reprint of *Albertus Wallenstein* in *The Old English Drama* (1824).

(9) *Ib.* Preface to the Reprint of *The Lady's Privilege* (1825).

(10) *Albertus Wallenstein, late Duke of Fridland and General to the Emperor Ferdinand II.* London, 1639 and 1640. Both editions are the same impression, although the second contains a few corrections evidently made while the press was kept standing. Mr. Halliwell [*Dictionary of*

'in king Cambyfes' vein.' He is willing at length to allow the marriage, on condition that Albertus will engage to murder his young wife with his own hands on the morning after the wedding. At this moment the Duchefs enters and accuses Ifabella of having ftolen a precious jewel, afterwards found in her own drawer. Wallenstein, in spite of her protestations orders her to be hanged, and as the guards are laying hold of her, one of them is killed by Albertus in defence of his innocent bride. Wallenstein in a rage stabs his son and Ifabella is hanged. Afterwards Wallenstein also kills a page, who, sent by the duchefs, awakens him against his orders. In the fifth act Wallenstein goes to Eger in order there to celebrate the wedding of his elder son Frederick with Emilia, daughter to Duke Saxon-Weimar, one of the Protestant leaders. Exactly as in Schiller's celebrated tragedy, the Earls of Tertzki and of Kintzki, Colonel Newman and Marshal Illawe, are shot by some foldiers at a feast prepared for them by Gordon (governor of Eger), Leslie, and Butler, upon which the conspirators hasten to Wallenstein's chamber, where Gordon instantly despatches him. How welcome a subject the life and death of Wallenstein was to contemporary poets, is shown by the fact, that it was likewise handled by the French poet Sarrafin (1603—1654) and by an Italian (Wallenstein's Ermordung. Ed. by G.M. Thomas, Munich, 1858, 4to) (II).

Old English Plays, following Baker] erroneously gives 1634 as the date of the first edition; an error probably arising from the fact that it was in that year Wallenstein was murdered.

(II) KARL ELZE: *Introduction to George Chapman's Alphonsus*, Leipzig, 1867.

It is not only as a dramatist, however, that Glapthorne has claims on our esteem and admiration. In 1639 he published a thin quarto volume of Poems, many of them of great sweetness and beauty.

"Glapthorne," says Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, (12) was an admirer of Lovelace. I do not know whether the admiration was reciprocal ; but some of the poems addressed by Lovelace to *Lucaſta* are ſimilar in their ſubjects to thoſe addreſſed by the earlier writer to *Lucinda*."

In the year 1641 Glapthorne edited and published the Poems of his friend Thomas Beedome (13). To this little volume, beſides two copies of commendatory verſes in Engliſh and Latin, he prefixed the following Notice :—

"To the Reader.

"Bookes are the pictures of mens lives delineated, firſt by fancy, and by judgement drawne to the life. Such is this piece, the living Idea of him that writ it, who though now dead, has a living Monument to his worth, His Booke, which deſpight of fire, can never convert to aſhes.

(12) Handbook of Poetical Literature *sub voce*.

(13) *Poems Divine and Humane*. By Thomas Beedome. London, Printed by E. P. for John Sweeting and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the ſigne of the Angel in Popes-Head-Alley, neer Cornhill. 1641. Mr. Allibone aſſerts (*Dict. of Eng. Literature*, I. 158) that Beedome's Poems were reprinted in 1657, in a work called *Wit a Sporting*.

'Tis *Lentum Ilium*, slow *Troy*, that will not bee easily consumed ; he shall live in Paper, which shall make him live in's Marble. And in this, good Reader, his worth shall bee Emergent, he has don many things well, and nothing ill. Therefore receive him as an absolute testimony of wit and fancy, or else deceive thy selfe, since his workes are as excellent, as singular.

“ HEN. GLAPTHORNE.”

Of Thomas Beedome, the subject of all this hyperbolical laudation, nothing seems now to be known. His little volume of Poems has the merit of excessive rarity, and, as far as I have examined it, very little other merit. He oscillates between piety and indecency, and the favour of both is equally rank.

The last production that we have from Glapthorne's pen is a small poetical pamphlet, dated 1643, still thinner than the first, containing a Poem on Whitehall, and four Elegies, dedicated to “ my noble Friend and Gossip, Captaine Richard Lovelace.” After this he disappears from our view, both as an author and as a man.

Respecting the life of Glapthorne, literally nothing is known with certainty. In a small collection of Elizabethan lyrics published some thirty years ago, (14) he is stated to have been

(14) *The Helicon of Love, A Selection from the Poets of*

"born about 1608," though upon what authority beyond mere conjecture I am unable to ascertain. It may be noticed, however, that this supposition, if right, makes him the coeval of Milton.

That Glapthorne received a liberal education, and acquired some facility in the art of Latin versification, his elegy written in that language in memory of a friend (15) abundantly proves. Taken in connexion with the curious fact that there are prefixed to his *Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein* some Latin verses by Alexander Gill, who was first under and then head-master of St. Paul's School, there seems some ground for supposing that Glapthorne may have received the rudiments of his education there (16); that he

the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Lond. 1844, p. 98, where the exquisite song, "Unclose those eyelids," is quoted as a specimen of Glapthorne.

(15) *In obitum Lachrymabilem Thomas Beedome.* (See Vol. II. p. 231.)

(16) In answer to an application made to the present head-master to search the school records in order, if possible, to confirm this conjecture, the following courteous communication was received:—

"St. Paul's, E.C.

"April 9, 1874.

"DEAR SIR.

"I wish I could give you any information in the matter to which your inquiry refers.

may have been the contemporary there of Milton; and, like his greater school-fellow, have gained by his aptitude and proficiency the friendship of his master.

Of Alexander Gill some account will be found in our Notes and Illustrations: of Milton it may be remarked that his earliest poetical publications, *Comus* (1637) and *Lycidas* (1638), almost coincided in date with those of Glapthorne. (17).

"We have no record of the admissions of scholars prior to about 1750. In Knight's Life of Colet he gives us a list of names of eminent Alumni in which that of *Henry Glapthorne* does not appear. But this is not conclusive, as I could mention several eminent persons whom he has not, for some reason or other, included.

"I should be glad to claim Glapthorne, whose works you are editing you tell me. The proof, which I retain for the present, shews a good amount of vigour. I shall look out for the appearance of the book, which is, I suppose, one of a series.

"I agree with you in thinking that Gill's Prefatory Iambics suggest the notion of the author of Wallenstein being a Pauline. I judge you have collateral evidence in support of this opinion.

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"H. KYNASTON, D.D."

(17) Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, printed in the year of Milton's death

We learn from one of his poems that he had a sister named Priscilla, whose loss he seems deeply to have deplored, and there can be little doubt that the George Glapthorne mentioned in a document to be presently introduced was a relative of his. It seems most probable, from the small number of his writings, that he must have been still very young (18) when we lose sight of him in 1643. From some internal evidence gathered from his Dedications and Panegyrics (one of the former addressed to the Earl of Strafford) we should judge him to have had a strong royalist feeling; and it seems more than probable that on the outbreak of the Civil Wars he may, like his friend Lovelace, have espoused the King's cause, and have perished fighting for it. For twenty years after the date of Glapthorne's five extant plays, scarcely a single new contribution was

(1674), chronicles "Henry Glapthorn" (*sic*) as "a dramatic writer not altogether ill deserving of the English Stage." (*Theatrum Poetarum*. By Edward Phillips. Lond 1675. Pt. 2, p. 66.) This, I suppose, is the origin of Winstanley's "well deserving of the English [stage?]"

(18) His comedy of *The Hollander* (though not printed till 1640) is stated on the title-page to have been "written 1635." All Glapthorne's plays appeared either in 1639 or 1640, and his Poems from 1639 to 1643.

made to the English drama; so that even if Glapthorne continued to live, he probably ceased to write. But as we hear nothing of him at the Restoration, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that he died before that event took place.

But he does not seem, nevertheless, to have been entirely forgotten. Two at least of his plays, *Argalus and Parthenia* and *Wit in a Constable*, were revived after the Restoration. The former especially seems to have been very successful. "The house was exceeding full," says Pepys, recording a visit to the theatre under date 31st January, 1661, "to see *Argalus and Parthenia*, the first time that it hath been acted: and indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations, as all things else are." And on the 23rd May in the following year (1662) he and his wife "flunk away to the Opera, where we saw *Wit in a Constable*, the first time that it is acted; but so silly a play I never saw I think in my life."

The following document, sufficiently interesting and curious in itself (which we reprint entire from a pamphlet in the King's Library) may afford some clue to the family to which Glapthorne probably belonged:—

A brief Relation of the Proceedings before his Highness Councel concerning the Petitioners of the Isle of Ely, against George Glapthorne Esquire; to take away the false report that is made touching the same, and that the truth may plainly appear.

WHereas George Glapthorne of Wittlesey in the Isle of *Ely* Esquire, and chiefe Bailiff of the Liberty thereof, and Justice of Peace of the same; Hath seemed to cloud himself under this Shadow, and saith: *That his Highnesse Counsell had not heard him; And said further, Surely, they would not judge him before they heard him.* Therefore to unvaile him, and take off that slander which he would seem to lay upon them, that dealt so Honourably and Honeestly with him and the County: You may understand there was a Petition with about foure hundred hands to it, out of the Isle of *Ely* (a joyfull thing to see so many witnesses against iniquity). Their complaint was against the said Master *Glapthorne*, that he was a common Swearer, a common Curser, a frequenter of

Ale-houses, and an upholder of those of evill fame, that he was famed to be a companion of lewd Women ; therefore they thought him not fit to be a Law-maker or Parliament man for them : Upon this complaint his Highnesse Council gave Summons for Witnessees to appear to prove this charge ; which was substantially proved by severall Witnessees, and they have left their testimonies behind them upon Oath. There was examined before the Council and in the presence of Mr. *Glapthorne* and divers other persons and Mr. *Glapthorne* excepted (though without cause) but against one Witnesse, who did modestly forbear : There were examined Capt. *William Lane*, *William Head*, Mr. *William Marshall*, *George Bate* of *Wittlesey*, and *Roger Branham* of *Wisbich* ; and there was *William Manesty*, and *Thomas Coney* came too late at that time to be examined before the Council ; but the Affidavits are here with some other of the Witnessees, which will like the Gyants foot set forth the whole stature : The Council gave him liberty to say what he could for himself ; and gave him also upon his desire a further day ; but when he was called, he did not appear ; he was called again the next morning, and in the afternoon, and the next day after, but, never appeared : Now let any honest man judge whether this man

hath cause to complain, that he was not heard ; but, he hath done like himself : When you have read these Affidavits annexed, then judge whether this man be fit to be a Parliament man or a Justice of Peace, or a chief Bailiff : for why should honest men ly under the power of him that's a slave to his own lusts, an enemy to sobriety and honest living ; Being the Laws are made and Justices ordained to keep men within the rules of sobriety and honesty : This is of publique concernment ; For *if wickednesse get into high places misery will be to the Commonwealth.* Therefore it is desired some use may be made hereof, as may be to the publique good.

George Bate *of Wittlesey in the
Isle of Ely in the County of
Cambridge Yeoman.*

Saith,

THat he hath known *George Glapthorn* of *Wittlesey* in the said Isle Esquire, for above twenty years last past ; for all which time, he

hath known him to be a common Swearer and Curser, and a common frequenter of Alehouses, his usuall Oaths and Curfes being, *By Gods wounds, by Gods blood, by Iesus Christ, by the eternall God, God confound me body and soule, God damme me, the Devill fetch me, God refuse me*: In or about August 1653, he the said *George Bate* heard the said Oathes and Curfes: And since the said time (that is to say) the Sunday before the Election for Knights for the said Isle, he the said *George Bate*, heard him sweare, *By God, and by Gods wounds*; and the Tuesday after the Election he heard him Swear and Curse bitterly, (viz.) *By Gods wounds, by Gods blood, God refuse him*, and the like. And further, he hath heard the said Master *Glaphorne*, famed to be familiar with Women of evill fame (viz.) *Dorothy Fox* and *Anne Martin*, and *Elizabeth Mee*.

And further saith, he hath heard the said Master *Glaphorne* doth usuallly play at Cards on the Lords Day.

George Bate, *his mark*.

*Sworn the 27. of October 1654.
before me,*

Bent.

The Deposition of Captain William Lane.

Captain *William Lane* of *Wittlesey*,
saith, That he hath known *George
Glapthorn* of *Wittlesey* aforefaid Esquire
for about 30 years, to be a common
fwearer, his usuall oathes being, *By Gods
wounds, by Gods blood, God refuse my soule,*
and such like. And in *August* 1653. he
the said *George Glapthorne* did fwear the
said oaths : And since the Election, which
was the 12 of July 1654, he hath heard
him fwear *by God* : he hath often by
diverse people heard him famed for the
use of women, namely *Anne Mason* and
others ; and that Master *Robert Compton*
told him this Examine, that there was
a wench kept for the said Mr. *Glapthorn*
at *Wisbech* by one he did bestow a Bailiffs
place on.

W. Lane.

*The Information of Roger Branham of
Wisbech in the Isle of Ely and County
of Cambridge this 26. day of October,
1654.*

S Aith, He hath known *George Glapthorne* of *Wittlesey*, in the said Isle Esquire, about the space of 20 years, from the date hereof; and that he hath known him all that time to be a common swearer and curser, his ordinary oaths being these, *viz. Gods blood* and *by the eternal God*, and such like; his curses being, *God refuse me*, and *God condemn me*, and curses of that nature. And the said *Roger Branham* further saith, That all the aforementioned time, that he hath known *George Glapthorne*, he hath known him to be a frequenter of women of evil fame, as in particular, the wife of *John Mason* of *Wisbich*. And the said *Roger Branham* saith, he going to *Wittlesey* upon a time with a company of Horse, going into the house of one *William Martin* of *Wittlesey*, heard one *John Norman* pleasant with the wife of *William Martin* profering her five shillings for a good turn; but she the said *Anne Martin* called him Puppily-foole, and said the

old Justice *Glapthorne* had offered her eighteen shillings for an occupying, and promised to make it up twenty shillings when he had more money.

Roger Branham
his mark.

Sworn the 27 of October
1654 before me.

Bent.

The Deposition of William Head.

W*Illiam* Head of Wittlesey aforesaid, saith,
That he hath heard *George Glapthorne* of
Wittlesey aforesaid Esquire, Swear and Curse, *By*
Gods wounds, by Gods blood, by the eternall God,
and the like; and that he hath often observed
him to be in Alehouses both before and since the
time of the said Election, and that he hath heard
him much spoken of for women.

William Marshall of Wittlesey in the Isle of
Ely in the County of Cambridge, Gen-
tleman.

S Aith, That he hath known *George Glapthorne* Esquire, for about one year and a half last, all which time, he hath taken great notice of the said Master *Glapthorne* his usuall common Swearing and Cursing, (*viz.*) about a week before the time for the Election of Knights for the said Isle, which was on the twelfth of July 1654. *By God and by Gods blood*, and such like Oaths, and the Sunday at night after the said Election, he heard him curse and swear bitterly, (*viz.*) *God confound, the Devill fetch me, by Gods blood*, and such like Oaths very grievous to be heard. And he hath heard the said Master *Glapthorne* reported to be a common frequenter of women of evill fame, *viz. Elizabeth Searle* whom this deponent hath heard say that the said Master *Glapthorne* had her Maiden-head. And he further saith, he hath heard the said *Glapthorne* doth play at Cards on the Lords Dayes.

William Marshall. Sworn the 27. of October
1654.

Bent.

William Manesty of Wittlesey in the Isle of
Ely Gentleman upon Oath, saith as fol-
loweth,

That he hath known *George Glapthorne* of the
same Town and Isle Esquire, for the space
of twenty years last past; And that he hath
known him to be a common swearer, his ordi-
nary Oathes being, *God damme me, Gods blood,*
by Iesus Christ, God renounce me, by the eternall
God, with many other Oaths frequently flowing
from him: This hath been his ordinary expres-
sions in my hearing, at severall times in London,
and in severall Alehouses in *Wittlesey*; as at
Dorothy Harrods, Henry Atkins, William Quick-
loue, and other houses in the same town, and
sometimes hath sworn forty of the former and
the like Oaths in one hour, when he hath been
gaming and at play; and likewise strange impre-
cations in his Cursings, using these words, *God*
confound me body and soule, with many other
such of the same nature. And this I have
known to be his constant practice from the be-
ginning of my acquaintance untill within these
twelve moneths last past, since which time I have

not been much in his company; but when I have been in his Company, I have heard him swear the former, or the like oaths. The said Master *Manesty* further saith, that he hath known the said Master *Glapthorne*, to be a frequenter of Women of evill fame, by their light carriage and lewd conversation, as the wife of *John Fox*, and the wife of *Symon Mee* and others in *Wittlesey*. And likewise the said *William Manesty* going home about twelve of the clock in the night to his own house, being in his way, went to the house of one *William Martin*, being a common Alehouse, but at that time unlicensed, being about one year and a half since the said *William Manesty* did find the said Mr. *Glapthorne* and privately heard him uncivilly familiar with the wife of the said *William Martin*, tempting the chastity of the wife of the said *William Martin*, with large promises of rewards, viz., *that he would buy her a Roll of Tobacco, Give her Husband to Brew and sell Ale, and that he would make her Husband as rich a man as Henry Atkins*, conditionally, that she would be constant and true unto him, in her affections, and to love him with greater love then that which was due unto her Husband; inticing of her also at that unseasonable time of the night to go home with him for a License: she modestly

denying, fearing his incivility to her, as she told me the next morning, being taxed about it; but promised to send her Husband to him the next day. And Mr. *Manesty* further faith, that he hath heard *Elizabeth Zachary* say, that the afore-said *George Glapthorne* had her Maiden-head.

William Manesty.

Sworn the 26 of August 1654.

John Page.

Thomas Coney of Wittlesey in the Isle of
Ely upon Oath faith, as followeth.

THat he hath known *George Glapthorne* of the same town and Isle Esquire, almost these two years, and that he hath heard him swear and curse bitterly, both at his own house and at the house of Lieutenant Colonel *Underwood* of the town afore-said, his Oathes were, *Gods blood*, and by *Iesus Christ*, and such like execrations, his curses were, *The Devill fetch him, the Devill confound him*, & such like; & that he hath set up common Ale-houses in *Wittlesey* afore-said

which were formerly put down at the Sessions; That is to say, *George Ground and Ed. Plummer*. And also further faith, he commonly heard him reported to be a man familiar with women of light and loose conversations, keeping company with the wife of *John Fox*, and the wife of *Simon Mee*, and such like in *Wittlesey* aforefaid. And he further faith, that it is commonly reported that the said *George Glapthorne* had the Maiden-head of *Elizabeth Zachary* of *Wittlesey* aforefaid.

Thomas Coney.

Sworn the 26. of August 1654.

John Page.

Such, by the testimony of his contemporaries (to be received, doubtless, with considerable deductions) was *George Glapthorne*, whom we may fairly conjecture to have been the brother of our dramatist. Of oaths, of drinking, and of wenching, there is certainly a fair proportion in the plays of the latter: but what *Henry Glapthorne* only wrote from a dramatic point of view, as a representation of manners, his less cultivated relative seems to have put in practice. We have

abundant internal evidence that Henry Glapthorne was a man of the most exquisite refinement, and his devotion to Lucinda, who could hardly have been an imaginary person, shows that however fervent and passionate his love may have been, he "loved one maiden only and clave to her." After all, one cannot help having a sort of kindness for the rough, burly, country brother, whose faults seem to have lain very much on the surface. One pictures the two together; the poet, with his keen knowledge of life and his intense enjoyment of nature, strangely intermingling, looking on with a shrewd amusement at the boisterous ways of his elder brother, who also, perhaps, had an affectionate half-comprehension of the gifts and graces of the genius of the family.

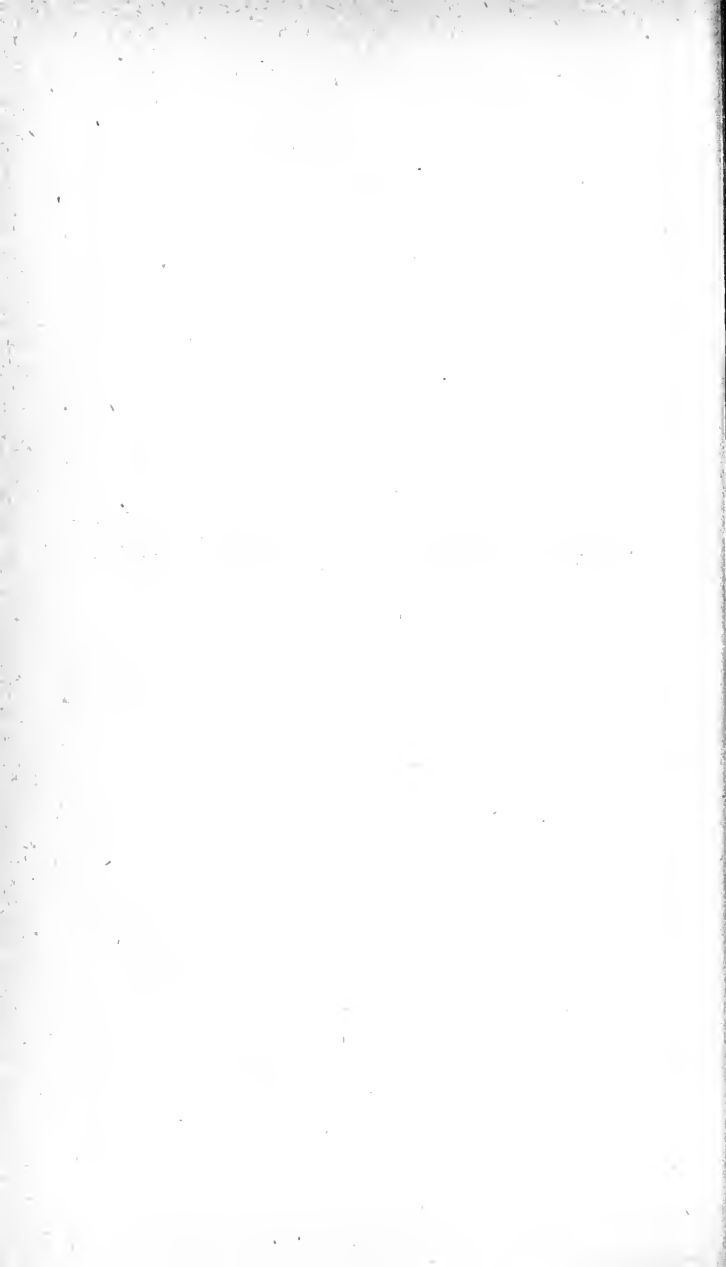
In the present edition of Glapthorne's dramatic and poetical remains, while adhering in the main to our former facsimile principle, we have thought it best to introduce certain modifications suggested by the experience gained in former reprints. The original quartos of Glapthorne are printed with inaccuracy even greater than that which is common to all the plays of the period in which he wrote. That he corrected the press, even in the most perfunctory way, seems incredible. The verses are run into each other in the most chaotic, and

xxxvi *Memoir of Henry Glapthorne.*

confused manner imaginable ; verse is sometimes printed as prose, and prose as verse. Here and there one finds the absurdest mangling of words, with the substitution of words similar in form, but entirely different in meaning, and obviously suggesting their own rectification on the most casual perusal. All such errors (as far as our ability enabled us) we have silently corrected. But the antique and characteristic spelling and general integrity of the text have been retained as carefully as in our former volumes, and no merely conjectural emendations have been introduced. We have only to add that no portrait of Glapthorne, of any kind whatever, is known to be extant.

ARGALUS & PARTHENIA.

[1639.]



ARGALUS

AND

PARTHENIA.

As it hath been Acted at the Court
before their MAJESTIES:

AND

At the Private-House in DRURY-
LANE,

By thier MAJESTIES Servants.

The Authour HEN. GLAPTHORNE.



LONDON,

Printed by R. BISHOP for DANIEL PAKEMAN,
at the Raine-bow neere the Inner Temple Gate.

1639.



The Persons.

Argalus, *beloved of Parthenia.*

Demagoras, *a Suiter to Parthenia.*

Kalander, *her uncle.*

Amphialus, *a Noble Lord.*

Philarchus, *an Arcadian Lord.*

Chrysfaclea, *Mother to Parthenia.*

Parthenia.

Clitophon, *an inconstant Shepherd.*

Strephon, *a foolish swaine.*

Alexis, *another swaine.*

A servant to Demagoras.

Sapho, *a Poeticall Shepherdesse.*

Aminta.

Florida.

Castalia.

} *Nymphes.*



ARGALUS

AND

PARTHENIA.

Actus I. *Scena* I.

DEMAGORAS, PHILARCHUS.



Rge this no more, 'tis troublesome.

Philarch. My Lord, though I affect you
Almost with that Religion I do our Gods,
yet

The constant motion of my will does fixe
On noble *Argalus*, and I confesse
His gracious merit challenges a wife,

Faire as *Parthenia*, did she staine the East,
 When the bright morne hangs day upon her cheeks
 In chaines of liquid pearle.

Demagoras. I must confesse,
 I have not studied the nice rules of love,
 Nor can with flattering eloquence adore
 A Ladies ayery shadow, court her smiles
 With adoration, or with supple knees
 Cringe like an humorous dancer, when the ayre
 Plays with her hayre, or fret to see the Sun
 Be over sawcy with her cheeks or lips :
 I speake this to my glory ; the big War
 Has been my mistris, where in tented fields,
 When I have seen a moving grove of Pikes
 Advanc'd as if the splendor of their heads
 Meant to obscure the Sun-beams, gore the clouds
 Till they wept bloud, and heard the fiery horse
 Neighing destruction to an host of men,
 From their hot nostrils : there I did command
 With ample Fortune ; and to be repuls'd
 In an effeminate Skirmish, wounds my soule
 Worfe than a quiver of sharp Parthian shafts
 Could prejudice my body.

Philar. I could wish
 Both for your present peace, and to secure
 Your future quiet, you had still confin'd
 Your disposition to that war-fare ; this
 Is far more dangerous : He that means to win
 Loves bloodlesse battails, must be strong in teares,
 Marshall his Army in a Field of Sighes,
 Have for his Ensigne beauty in his looks,
 Under which colours ought to march kind smiles
 As ablest Souldiers in the van. Smooth vowes,
 And amorous oathes will batter Ladies hearts,
 Sooner than slings or iron rams demolish
 Resisting Citadels.

Demag. Canst thou conceit,
 That I *Demagoras*, to whose very name
 Laconian Matrons have with early haste,

Payd tributary vowes, her choylest mayds
Have left *Pans* Orgies to present soft Hymns
To th' honour of my merit, can decline
So much my great foule, as with forc'd intreats,
To beg *Parthenias* mercy; let tame fooles
Such as have hearts scarce fit to furnish Doves,
Or spleenlesse Lambs with courage, intercede
For female favours by submissive prayers;
My resolution grounded on the worth
Of my desert, shall with her mothers power
Inforce *Parthenia*, were she cold as ayre
In its most subtile motion, to become
In her affection fervent as the day,
That she was borne in, was to gawdy light,
Or ruine her best comforts.

Enter Chrifaclea.

Chrifa. I am faine to be
Your most industrious advocate: my Daughter
Thinks she offends in each familiar looke
Bestowd on manhood, but I hope that Time
And Counsell may convert her to become
Loves profelyte.

Demag. Shee's that already Madam,
Or *Argalus* durst not without consent,
And patronage from her, rivall my love;
But if the boy oppose me in a thought,
Borrow a smile, or pay an amorous glance
As tribute to her eyes, were he defenc'd,
With some light bogge, that dances to the winds
Loud whistling Musick, I would dart a frowne
Should ravish his mortality into Ayre,
For the presumption.

Chrifa. 'Tis my Lord,
This rough demeanor (though it speake you man)
Declares a spirit full of fire, which does fright
Parthenia's softnesse: Virgins loves are wone

(Like Heavens compassion) by submissive prayers.
 'Tis not the brave relation of a fight,
 'Can move the milde brest of a tender mayd
 To ought but terroure ; she will start at sight
 Of scars though bought with honor, bleed in
 teares,

When wounds are mention'd ; for Lord *Argalus*
 His affable and courtly carriage cals
 Respective blushes into the bashfull cheeks
 Of every Virgin, that my daughters bound
 By a due Justice, to esteeme his worth,
 With more than common curtesie, yet my will
 Seconded by a Mothers kind intreats,
 Shall work upon her duty to accept
 You as her servant.

Demag. Servant, Lady ;
 What mortall foole ambitious to out-vie
 The Gods in honour, dare presume to hope
 That glorious title from me ? have I stood
 (When armies timorous of a generall death,
 Quaking with Panick horror, have invok'd
 Divine assistance) fearlesse, and not deem'd
 Heavens power deserving a religious prayer,
 After so many Trophees as may clayme
 Each its particular star, to be esteem'd
 A servant to a woman.

Philar. Nay, my good Lord.

Demag. Persuade the girle
 T'attire like *Juno* in a dresse of clouds
 Her beauteous head ; put off her human Earth
 For Immortality, and atchieve a feat
 Due to the Queen of Heaven, that with regard
 The humble Senate of the petty Gods,
 And Goddeffes may tremblingly adore
 The sparkling Majesty, yet were my will
 Not satisfied by voluntary gift
 Of her affection, my great soule would scorne it,
 Worse than the proffered service of a Slave.

Enter Parthenia.

Chry. See my Daughter,
My Lord, loose not this opportunity,
You shall have place, and leasure, for my presence
Shall be no detriment to your purpose.

Exit.

Demag. Now Lady,
Are you in haste, or do you slight a presence
May challenge your observance? I am come,
Confident of my merit, to informe you
You ought to yeeld me the most strict regard
Your love can offer.

Parth. Sir, I am not
(Though I affect not selfe conceited boast)
So ignorant of my worth, but I deserve
From him who will enjoy me, a respect
More faire and Court like.

Demag. The blunt phrase of war
Is my accustom'd language, yet I can
Tell you yo'ar handsome, and direct your looks
With a becomming posture; I must speake
In the Heroick Dialect, as I use
To court *Bellona*, when my high desires
Ayme at a glorious victory.

Phi. You'l scarce
Conquer a Lady with this sterne discourse,
Mars did not wooe the Queen of Love in Armes,
But wrapt his batter'd limbs in Persian silks,
Or costly Tyrian Purples, speak in smiles,
To win her tempting beauty.

Demag. I'll bring on
Well-manag'd troops of Souldiers to the fight,
Draw big battaliaes, like a moving field
Of standing Corne, blown one way by the wind
Against the frighted enemy; the Van
Shall save the Rere a labour, and by me

Marshall, shall fold bright conquest in the curls
 Of their conducting Ensignes, while grim Death
 Shall on the feather'd arrows with more haste,
 Then on his own shafts, fly upon the foe ;
 While the shrill Trumpet, and each piercing Fife
 Shall sing their Dirges, and the hoarse mouth'd
 Drums,

Wars fatall bells, with furly noyse proclayme
 Their foddaine funerall : This brave resolve
 Vanquish'd my steele wing'd Goddesse, and in-
 gag'd

Peneian *Daphne*, who did fly the Sun,
 Give up to willing ravishment, her boughes
 T' invest my awfull front, and this shall prostrat
 Spight of all opposition, your nice soule
 To my commanding merit.

Par. These high tearms,
 Were apt to fright an enemy, or beget
 Terror in flinty bosoms : Can you think
 A timorous Virgin, can affect her feare,
 Yeld the security of her peace and life,
 To the protection of her horror. You must not per-
 swade my thoughts that you who vary so the Scene of
 love, can act it perfectly.

Demag. Slighted in this : 'tis a contempt inhu-
 mane, and deserves my utmost scorne.

Enter Chrifaclea.

Chri. Nay my most honor'd Lord, be not trans-
 ported with a needlesse rage, 'tis but her childish
 folly. *Parthenia*

You have done ill to entertaine a man
 Of such an absolute worth, with such a meane

Exeunt Dema. and Philar

Regardlesse value ; you must alter this
 Neglectfull temper, or my anger will

Surpasse my naturall love, and I shall chide
Your too affected nicenesse.

Parth. Gracious Madam
The zealous duty which religious laws,
Teaches me owe my parents, would inflict
A heavy curse for disobedient guilt,
Upon my Innocence, should I transgresse
Th' mention of your honourable will,
In what I can obey it.

Chri. Then in this
You are resolv'd t' usurp the priviledge
Of your discretion : and not fulfill
My will in the disposall of your love.

Parth. Yes with that freedome that I would to
Heaven
Tender my best obedience ; but since love
Is by example and discourse allow'd
Reasons superior, it must be esteem'd
Above all duty.

Chri. Yet there ought to be
Consent attain'd from those whose power shu'd
guide
Their childrens youth and actions.

Parth. 'Tis consent
But not except it justly sympathise
With their affection : you would have suffred
A conflict in your peace, had you been forc'd,
When your free will had yeelded up your heart,
My fathers choyse, to' ve had it ravish'd back,
And in despight of your resolve confer'd
Upon another.

Chri. I was not so childish
'To contradict my parents, but subscrib'd
To their discretions, as I would advise,
You would obey mine, and yeeld consent
To wed *Demagoras*.

Parth. What can your Wisdome
Behold in him, (if with impartiall Eyes
You would survey his quality) that should ingage

Your inclination to inforce my love,
 Besides the native fiercenesse of his looks
 Apter to fright a Lady, than beget
 Fancy: his courtships cloth'd in angry threats,
 As if that Love were turn'd a Souldier,
 And had unyok'd her teeme of spleenlesse Doves,
 To have her Chariot drawn by ravenous Wolves,
 Tygres, or trecherous Leopards, had put off
 Her wreath of harmlesse Mirtle to invest
 Her brow with Yew or Cipresse.

Chri. This excuse
 Proceeds not from his merit, but your love
 To *Argalus*, a stranger only known
 For his brisque Courtship, the Queen supports
 His wavering Fortune, he depends on her,
 And should she faile by death, his utmost hopes
 Embrac'd a suddaine ruine.

Parth. *Argalus*,
 Where he more abject in his fate than your
 Imagination could conceit, deserv'd
 My Equals fancy; in his youthfull looks
 Sits a divinity able to inchant
 Queenes to admire, nay to adore his worth,
 Continued smiles make Summer on his cheeks,
 At his bright Eyes does Cupid warme his wings,
 When he intends to fly at Womens hearts;
 Musick and rich perfumes are in his breath,
 Aptly resembling aromatique winds,
 That sing the Phenix Exequies.

Chrif. Can my daughter
 So much decline the greatnesse of her spirit,
 Hereditary to her bloud,
 To affect a person meerly for his smiles,
 Effeminate carriage without any prooffe
 Of manly valour in him,

Parth. You mistake
 His character, though he can tread in peace
 An ayery measure to the warbling Lute,
 Demeane his actions with that sweet deceit

Can coſen Ladies of their ſoules, yet when
The glorious war does ſummon him to th' field,
He does excell in feats of active armes
The ableſt youth of Arcady; inſtructs
Old Souldiers Martiall diſcipline, that thoſe
Who had beheld his ſweetneſſe in the Court,
Puſſed in Faith, believed that conquering Mars
Had cloth'd his fierceneſſe in a *Cupids* ſhape,
To vanquiſh ſome more beautilous prize than was
The blind Gods mother.

Chri. 'Tis offensive, Ile heare no more of this.

Parth. Thus I'me inforc'd to prove,
Dead to obedience if I live to love.

Chri. Your niceneſſe
Muſt not excuſe the due reſpects we beare
The Lord *Demagoras*; if the ſhepherds be pre-
par'd,
They ſhall preſent their mirth to expell his melan-
choly.

Exeunt Chriſ. & Parth.

*Scena 2.**Clitophon. Strephon.*

Strep Pish, you'r as fierce as an aspen leafe you
wag every way.

Clitop. I'll tell thee honest *Strephon*, I
No more affect a woman than the Sky
Does Birds that fore in it, they are as vaine
Inconstant as the flying showers of raine
In Aprill *Strephon*.

Strep. The more dissembling fellow you : why do
you protest to every Wench you see, you are inamor'd
on her : why you should see, and seeing ought to imi-
tate your betters, *Clitophon*, ther's not a Lasse
That trips nimbly ore the Arcadian grasse,
When shee does faire *Strephon* view,
Though I fly, but will pursue,
Throw her eyes out on my shape,
Call me Pigfny, pretty Ape ;
Some there are that doe suppose
Loves hot fire in my nose,
With which they scorch'd, for pittie cry,
Blow it ou't *Strephon*, or we die ;
Others say my head's a bell,
My hayre the ropes, that ring the knell,
My tong the clapper which though their deaths i-
rings,
They sweare no Courefeu halfe so sweetly sings ;
The hollow of my eyes, the grave,
Which with their nailes they dig : but have——
But who comes here ?

Enter Sapho, and Aminta.

Sapho. *Strephon*, you'r well met, good *Aminta*
see,

Is he not chaff, and faire as young Goates be,
His head like to a Cedar over-growes,
His studded cheeks and rich enameld nose.

Strepho. I would be loath to give my face for the
washing, Girle, now *Clitophon* doe not you imagine
Venus girdle was my swathband, the maids so doate on
my well timber'd limbs.

Here's a leg, *Sapho*, that's as neatly made,
As any that ore *Shepherdess* is laid ;
A thigh proportionable I tak't,
I know thou longst to feell it nak't,
A taile, some say, does hang thereby,
Which none must know but thee and I ;
I have a back too, though I say't
That should not, can beare any waight,
Full limbs, with sinews strong and plump,
A lusty chine, and for my rump
'Tis so well made, and firmly knit,
The Nymphs are all stark mad for it,
Because they think the rest of my members proportionable.

Clito. What a quick flame
Into my brest from *Saphos* bright eyes came,
Another from *Aminta's* ; my desire,
Erst cold as Ice, grows active as the fire,
Dearest *Aminta*, *Sapho* lend your eare
To my just vows.

Ami. Fond *Clitophon* forbear
To sweare in earnest, I do know your heart
Was never wounded with the blind Gods dart.

Saph. See how bright *Strephon* does intice the
ayre,
To play with the sweet belropes of his hayre.
What a soft murmuring the tresses makes,
As did *Medusa's* locks, or *Alectos* snakes.

Clito. Gentlest Virgin, white as infant snow,
Pleasing as *Ladon* that does coolly flow,
Through our green meadows ; trust a loving swaine,
When he protests with truth.

Amin. There does remaine
No such good property 'mongst men on Earth,
Truth is fled to Heaven with Justice.

Enter Florida.

Florida the newes.

Florid. The Lord *Demagoras* this way pursues,
And must have entertainment, 'tis a charge
From our great Lady, that we strait inlarge |
Our Pastorall devises.

Sapho. We have none
On such a sudden, lesse she will have done
Those that were for *Argalus* welcome meant.

Florid. Be prest with speed that greeting to present—

Chrisaclea, Parthenia, Demagoras, Philarchus.

Clit. They are upon us ere we are ready for the
action.

Chri. *Florida*, are the shepheards here?

Florid. Madame they are, *Castalia* only wants.

Chri. This Musick speaks her intrance.

Enter Castalia.

Please your Lordship,
Under this shadie Poplar, sit and see
Our rurall pastimes.

1. Song.

*Loves a Childe, and ought to be
Wonne with smiles, his Deity
Is cloth'd in Panthers skinnies, which hide
Those parts which kill, if but espide.
Hates warres, but such as mildly led*

*By Venus are to pleasures bed,
There does soft imbraces fight,
Kisses combat with delight,
Amorous looks and sighs discover
What will win a Virgin-Lover.*

Demagor. 'Tis too effeminate this; I had rather
heare
The cries of dying men than these nice straines,
Or Souldiers with loud clamours rend the aire
With shouts of victory.

Phi. Patience my Lord, the Shepherds are proceeding to dance.

I. Dance.

Demag. I doe not like this Morall, it includes
Something that is distastefull; a mans posselt
With eminent frensie that would a minute
View these idle Morris-Dances.

Phi. That fellow
That woo'd with such obsequiousefnefle and wonne
His yeelding Mistresse, sure did represent
Effeminate *Argalus*. The other, who
With confidence attempting, was repuls'd,
Figur'd my selfe. This same was an abuse,
Such as no hospitality, nor lawes
Of true nobility can suffer. Madam
You have done well and justly. I perceive
You are as various in your giddy faith,
As your coy daughter in her choice; reserve her
For gracious *Argalus*; but if this scorne
Meet not a sudden and severe revenge,
May all my former glories be obscur'd
Though to performe it I should scale the Starres,
And snatch them like quick wilde-fire from their
Spheares,
Then dart them on the earth: catch the dull clouds

And squeeze them into a deluge, and aspire
To startle *Jove* with terrour of my ire.

Exit. Demag.

Chri. This is the suddenest passion I have
 seene,
Whence had it its originall? My Lord,
Let's follow and perswade him.

Exeunt.

The end of the first Act.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Argalus, Kalander, Philarchus.

YOU are too strangely timorous, your full worth
Speakes in as loud an accent of Defert,
As the most meriting Arcadian Lord,
Who boasts his Ancestry.

Arga. My Lord,
The faire *Parthenia* instructs all hearts.
Nobility, with Musick of her voyce ;
Miriads of joyes are in her looks ; her eyes
Are Natures richest Diamonds set in foyles
Of polish'd Ebony, her breath expires
Odours more sweet than issu'd from the trees
Of Balme in Paradise.

Philar. Demagoras
Drunk with opinion of himselfe, declines
As much her glorious merit, as your just
Expressions honors it.

Arga. 'T were sacriledge
Not to confesse so manifest a truth,
'T was shee when first I did salute the War
With my unable person, who inspir'd
My foule with courage active as the wind,
Gave me a manly being, and infus'd
By the divine reflection of her love,
Thoughts fiery as that passion : I do live
Only her creature. Borrow my poore heat
From the extended vertue of her flame.

Kalan. You are too modest,
'T ascribe a greater glory to my Neece,
Than the whole stock of women ever boasted ;
You'l make her proud, my Lord ; 'tis an excesse
Of naturall sweetnesse in you, you must temper

With a more moderate confidence.

Arga. Alas my Lord,
Of more sincere devotion ; every thought
My fancy offers, is a sacrifice
To the bright deity of *Parthenia*,
Whose noble freeness, though it may afford
Me entertainment, more repleat with grace,
Than she bestowes on every Suitor, yet
My timorous hopes dare not assume that life,
As to believe she loves me ; pray my Lord,
You are familiar with *Parthenias* thoughts
Resolve your friends this questionable doubt ;
Whom her affectionat purity has chosen
Her loves blest favorite.

Phi. My Lord, you know him,
He's your most intimat friend.

Arga. My friend,
Were he my utmost enemy, and belov'd
Of faire *Parthenia*, that should be a tie
Of adoration to me : pray declare
The man must be made fortunate with the title
Of Lord of such perfection.

Phil. He is
A noble generous and well manne'd youth,
Beares beauties ensignes in his gracious looks,
Has that supreme Divinity in his eyes
As sparkles flames, able to fire all hearts,
And the superlative vertue of his Mind,
Transcends his outward figure ; he is wise
As most mature age, Valiant in resolve,
As fame's belov'd child, Reputation,
Conjoyns the masculine graces of his soule
With lovely carriage, and discret discourse,
Has not your knowledge reach'd him yet ?

Arga. This character
So far excelling me, undoes my hopes.

Phi. My Lord, were 't not to secure your peace,
I'de not disclose this secret, 'tis your selfe,

'Tis *Argalus Parthenia* has receiv'd
A welcome guest into her open heart,
Amaze not your quick senses, 'tis a truth.

Kalan. Your mutuall modesties
Defer your just desires, I must become
The moderator 'twixt your bashfull hopes;
You do affect as timorously as Swans,
(Cold as the brook they swim in) who do bill,
With tardy modesty, and chirring plead
Their constant resolutions.

Enter Chriaclea.

Chrif. Noble *Argalus*,
My honor'd brother, pray heaven our entertainment,
Be worthy your acceptance, you must not expect
That happy welcome here, your house affords
To such deserving guests. My Lord *Philarchus*,
Saw you the Lord *Demagoras* lately.

Phi. Madam,
Not since he flung last night hence in a rage
From the presentment by the Shepherds.

Kal. *Demagoras*
Is of so haughty a disposition
(Though noble otherwise) that I can wish
No alliance with him: sister, I doe feare,
You are too zealous to advance the match
'Twixt him and your *Parthenia*: her's a Lord
As great by birth, and greater by the favour
Done him by th' King, but greatest by his owne
Superlative goodnesse, does affect her with
So true a fancie, that you much would wrong
Humanity to dispose her to another,
Where such a meriting Suiter does pretend
A holy interest in her.

Chri. Good brother doe not
Question my honour so much, I am loath
To give the least occasion of distaste

To my Lord *Demagoras*, and since my daughter
Cannot affect him, I conceive he will
Cease his unnecessary suit, and leave her
To her owne disposure.

Kala. I wish it.

My Lords, and sifter, honour me to transerre
Your companies to my Castle ; it doth stand
Oppress'd with solitude, and mournes the lacke
Of noble hospitality, like a widow
Depriv'd of a lov'd husband. I doe long
To see Dame *Ceres* crown'd with wreathes of wheat,
Kisse plumpe cheek'd *Bacchus* there in daily feasts,
To view my table furnish'd with such guests
As would esteem't no trouble to adorne it
A yeare or two together, and there finde
No entertainment like a bounteous minde.

Exeunt.

Scena secunda.

Enter Parthenia with a Lute, & Exit.

Enter Demagoras.

This way she went, I followed her thorow the
grove of Cypresse to this Bower, she cannot be farre
off. *Exit.*

Song. *Parthenia within.*

Parth. O *Argalus* !

Enter Demagoras.

It was her voyce, *Parthenia's* voyce, she nam'd
Her minion *Argalus* : that found (though cloth'd
In the inchanting accents of her breath)
Was harsh as Screech-owles, or the Whiflers notes,
And shall be fatall to her as the straines
The Syrens (dancing on the peacefull Seas)
Bestow on wretched Mariners. Come forth,

Drags out Parth.

Imploy your airie numbers on your owne
Proud beauties Epitaph.

Parth. What meanes my Lord,
This rude intrusion on my retir'd thoughts ?
How dare you hand me thus ? Uncivill man
Forbeare this boldnesse.

Demag. Perfwade me to't.
 When you can fing the world into a fleepe,
 Or tame wilde lightning with a teare ; you'd beſt
 Try if the paſſing ſweetneſſe of your tunes
 Can (like the voyce of Magick) charme my rage
 To pity, or bring *Argalus* to your reſcue ;
 Would he were here, and arm'd with fulphurous
 clouds,
 Like *Jove* imbracing *Semele* in fire,
 This hand ſhould ſnatch thee from his circular
 flames

To my revenge, inforce him to behold,
 Helpleſſe, the preſent ruines of thy beauty.

Parthe. Your threats cannot affright me, I de-
 fend

With mine owne innocence, feare not your malice,
 Should it invade my life ; your foule intent
 Will (like an arrow ſhot upright) deſcend
 On your owne head. But pray declare my Lord
 Why you thus riot on my guiltleſſe ſelfe.
 If 'cauſe I cannot love you, I will die
 That cauſes Martyr.

Demag. Die ! your Fates reſerve you
 Not to ſo brave a period as death
 From my great hand : I'll ſtick on thee a ſhame
 Worſe than the poore deprivall of thy life,
 Such as will kill thee daily with conceit
 Of thy unequall'd miſery.

Parth. Perhaps
 He does intend my raviſhment. My Lord,
 Miſchiefe I ſee in your diſtracted looks
 Pretended to my purity : Oh doe not
 Murder mine honour ; I'll reſigne my breath
 With freedome to your fury. Surely Sir
 A virgins gore (ſooner than blood of kids)
 Will mollifie your heart of Adamant
 To a ſoft fleſhie ſubſtance.

Demag. Doe not prate,
 Nor with loud clamours fill the wood, nor queſtion

What my intent is. Though you had not lov'd
me,

You need not in contempt have throwne your
heart

On that effeminate *Argalus* ; that wrong
Fills my vast foule with horroure, and invites
My active thoughts to a severe revenge,
Since he whom I can name, but in contempt,
Usurps my lawfull priviledge ; otherwise
The injury with patience had been borne,
Revenge's cause is an immediate scorne.

Exeunt.

Enter Strephon, Clitophon, Sapho, Aminta.

Clito. Gentle *Aminta* heare me.

Amint. Have you done ?

Winding Meander first shall straitly runne,
Roses in winter flourish, and our flocks
Weare golden fleeces in stead of woolly locks,
Ere *Clitophon's* false heart doe serious prove,
And entertaine the perfectnesse of love.

Streph. 'Tis her love to me makes her flight
Clitophon thus. * 'This 'tis to be a handsome man :
I shall doat shortly (seeing my lovely *Phynomie* in
some cleare spring, the Shepherds looking-glasse) on
my owne shadow, and like *Narcissus* leap into the
waves to embrace it.

Which is she among the Swains
On whom the gentle *Strephon* dains
To cast a sheeps-eye, nod or wink,
But does her selfe immortall think ?
Who indeed has such a face,
So full of a bewitching grace.
My head loves pillow, where he does rest
As safe as Magpie in her nest.
My forehead sweetly is bespred
With Violets, and Tulips blew and red :
The amber Couflip, and the corall Rose,

Pretious complexion of my sweeter nose.
 My eyes are elements from which fall showers
 That make my cheeks a spring of severall flowers.
 So is my head a nose-gay growing on
 stalke,

My body is the garden, though it walk ;
 And ther's no woman but may well,
 To th' worst part about it smell.
 My armes are Dragons that defend all these :
 Now view in me living *Hesperides*.

Sapho. Who looks on *Strephon* that will
 suppose

The blushing Piony growing in his nose ?
 The yellow Primrose that in woods had wont
 To flourish, springs up in his amber front.

Streph. I had a face of brasse indeed should I de
 this for truth : shee'l praise me shortly into the starr
 and then I shall (for a new Planet) be set i
 Shepherds Kalender. What a gull's this *Clitoph*
 how long might he live ere he be in such favour w
 the Shepherdesses.

Why when on him they will not gaze,
 On me they stare with much amaze :
 And when on him, as on a Clowne,
 With lowring lookes they scowle and frowne,
 Let gentle *Strephon* but vouchsafe
 To let them looke on him, they laugh.

Clitoph. Oh you are pleasant *Strephon*. *Sap*
 fay,

Are you as cruell as *Aminta* ? Day
 Loves not the Sunne-shine dearlier than my flame
 Is equally devoted to your name :
 To yours *Aminta* joyntly, Oh you two,
 Are clearer, sweeter than the morning dew
 Falling in May on Lillies, fairer farre
 Than *Venus* Swannes, or spotlesse Ermins are.
 Which first vouchsafes me answer ? There do
 flie

Immediate comfort from *Aminta's* eye :

Sapho speakes joy in smiles: but Virgins, here
Comes beauties abstract, who has no peere.

Enter Florida.

Grace me, deare *Florida*, with one blest looke.

Florid. Away dissembler; Fishes scorne the
hooke

They see laid bare before them: but prepare,
The other Shepherds hither coming are,
Attending on my Lady and her guests.
This musicke does invite us to *Pans* feast.

Enter Kalander, Argalus, Philarchus, Castalia singing.

*Great Pan to thee we doe confine
This fleece of Wooll. This bowle of Wine
To father Bacchus. Ceres deare
This garland of the wheaten eare
Accept. Silvanus we present
These fruits to thee, thy bounty sent.
And you maids, from whose each eye
Winged shafts of love doe flie,
Doe not shame to let your feet
In a countrey measure meet
With these yauths, whose active parts
Will play the thieves, and steale your hearts.
Dance.*

Kaland. Shepherds, we owe our gratitude to your
thanks.

Sapho. Lords, and Ladies, thanks to all
That grac'd our harmlesse festivall.

Exeunt Shepherds.

Kalan. I doe admire we wanted my faire Neece

At these solemnities : me thought the sports
Shew'd dull without her ; noble *Argalus*
My best wishes wait upon you.

Exit. Kalan.

Arga. Your honours Creature : I much wond
where
Parthenia has bestow'd her selfe.

Phi. Shee cannot .
Be absent long, see here she comes ;

Enter Parthenia.

Madam, you were expected here, the Shepherds
Did in their Pastorall presentments move
Dully without your presence. Why thus vail'd,
Extend your glorious beauty, and ecclipsse
The emulous day with brightnesse : Heavens prote
me,

What strange delusion's this ?

Arg. Surely a mist
Shades our amazed opticks, or has some
Black Devill taken her habituall forme
To mocke our erring fancies ; 'tis her face
Vail'd in a robe of darknesse, yet her eyes
Shoot their accustomed brightnesse through t
clouds,

To tell the admiring gazers, two such lights
Cannot indure privation : Horror friend !
What should portend this ominous sight ? Deare Mada
Have you devis'd this embleme of disguise,
That when disperc'd 't may give more perfe
lustre

To your most exquisite figure.

Parth. Oh my Lord,
Looke not on such a monster, lest my sight
Infect your spotlesse purity. I am

(Stop your innocent eares, lest the harsh sound
Pierce them with horror) poyson'd.

Philar. What ignoble villaine,
Madam, has spoil'd natures most glorious frame,
Demolish'd such a beauty as the most
Cunning Painters with their skill shall never imi-
tate ?

Arga. Let her name
Guesse at his appellation that has ventur'd
This irreligious blemish to white truth ;
And were his heart wrapt in a marble rock,
Fenc'd with a Mine of Adamant, this hand
Should from the stony casket dig it out,
And with his vile blood poyson all the world.

Parthe. Deare Sir, the employment of this fruitlesse
rage
Cannot attach him for this mischiefe. 'Twas
Demagoras, who mad with the conceit
That for your sake I did neglect his love,
Surpris'd my guiltlesse person in the wood,
And with a juyce (more poysonous than the
foame
Of angry Dragons) sprinkled my cleare face,
By th' powerfull venome straight ore bespred with
this
Contagious leprosie, and then he fled.

Arga. Whither ? What place can be so strong to
guard
So mercilesse a Tyger ? Should he mix
His conversation with unfetled aires,
Breake (like a cunning Pioner) through the earth,
And hide himselfe i' th Center, some quick wind,
Or hideous earthquake, would inforce him thence
To his deserved punishment. Oh friend !
Me thinks this object should affright the light
Into a sad concealment, force the clouds
To drop upon the earth in floods of teares,
And drowne it everlastingly.

Philar. Poore Lady.

Parth. Doe not Lords

Urge violent rage to discompose your peace, I w
(like

The pleasing aire) wrap in that cloud, my head,
That has infected it, and seeke out death :

Nor doe I grieve for my vaine beauties losse,
Since shivering sicknesse, or the hand of age

Would have perform'd that office which h
poyson

Usurp'd upon its lustre : this onely wounds

My fraile resolve, since I beleeeve that you,

Lord *Argalus*, affected me, that I

Should be so wretched, as to be depriv'd

Of that indifferent forme, for which I might

Have merited your favour.

Arga. Gracious soule !

Inforce my immortality from my brest,

Which like a flame (inclos'd 'twixt walls of brasfe)

Strives to ascend to heaven, and fetch from thence

Thy ravish'd beauty : 'twas thy excellent minde

That I admir'd ; no noble soule can fix

Onely on fleshly glory ; and since that

Remaines intire, immoveable as faith,

I should undoe my honour, in revolt

From sacred truth, should I renounce thy love :

I'll yet imbrace thy Nuptialls with a heat

Holy as altars incense ; for thy face !

A thousand virgins with immaculate teares

Shall weep upon it, bathe it in their bloods,

Till (from the different colours) the fresh Rose .

And glorious Lillie, in that snowy field,

Regaine their ancient seats, and re-create thee

The absolute Queene of beauty.

Par. Oh my Lord,

Your fancie wanders in distracted paths

Of vanquish'd reason ; since infortunate I,

Must like a piece of Alabaster spoyl'd

By an unskilfull Carver, needs become
A most imperfect statue. Since I cannot
Boast any thing that's meriting your love,
Strive to forget *Parthenia*, who will seeke
Some desert, where poore mortall never trod,
To spend the wretched remnant of her life in.
Farewell my Lord, hereafter wish to meet,
As I doe, in one tombe, one winding sheet.

The end of the second Act.

*Actus 3. Scena I.**Enter Demagoras and servant.*

A Re all our forces muster'd.
Serv. They are my Lord.

Demag. Let them be
 All in a readinesse. I meane this night
 T' attempt *Kalanders* Castle ; my great foule
 Is not yet satsified by my revenge
 Upon *Parthenia's* beauty : the contempt
 (Cast on me by refusall of my match)
 Cannot be wash'd off, but in streames of bloud.

Serv. But my Lord, thinke on *Kalanders* strength.

Demag. I know my owne.
 And 'twere a sin 'gainst my undaunted courage
 To doubt its large sufficiencie has not power
 To vanquish any enemy. Let hosts,
 Conjoyne to hosts, affront me ; yet this arme
 Has an innated vertue, that shall force
 Victory from their multitudes, as due
 Onely to my deservings. Let the Captaines
 Prepare our forces, while in this grove I meditate
 The sweetnesse of my just revenge.

Arga. Pray Sir to whom belong yon forces.

Serv. To Lord *Demagoras*, there is the Generall.

Exit Servant.

Arg. You'r happily encountred, Doe you know
 me ?

Demag. Though such things as you are,
 Fit onely for effeminacie and sport,
 Doe seldome meet my knowledge, you are,
 If I mistake not, *Argalus* ; I sent you

A glorious present lately, your *Parthenia*
Dress'd in new robes of beauty, such as might
Intice your wanton appetite to love.

Arga. Villaine, to glory in thy most detested
act,

Shewes that thy Fiend-like nature has forgot
All lawes of noble manhood ; but I sinne
To interchange a word with such a Monster ;
Yet before thou dost fall by me, as, if heaven have
not

Loft all its care for innocence, thou must doe,
I'll force thee heare the blacknesse of thy mis-
chiefes.

What devill cloth'd in human shape, except
Thy barbarous selfe, would have atchiev'd the
wrack

Of so much matchlesse beauty.

Demag. 'Twas too meane,
Too light a sacrifice for my revenge,
Had her whole Sex beene there, attired in all
The glory of their beauty, and you Sir present,
My anger had invaded them, and spight
Of your defence, converted their choice formes
To the same loathsome leprosie.

Arga. Peace Monster.
Each syllable thou utterest does infect
The aire with killing pestilence ; it was
Heavens never-sleeping Justice that directed
My erring person hither to revenge
Parthenia's murder'd beauty on thy life.

Nay stare not on me Sir, were you defend'd
With heaps of men as numerous as your sinnes,
This sword should force a passage, and dig out
Thy heart from that black cabinet of thy brest,
And cast it a prey to Vultures.

Demag. You'r very confident
Young gallant of your fortune, prithee goe
Poore boy and fight a combat in the court
With some soft Mistresse, dance, or touch a Lute :

Thou art a thing so abject thou'rt not worthy
 The anger of *Demagoras* ; arme, be gone,
 Lest I doe frowne thy soule away : My sword
 Will be an uselesse instrument 'gainst such
 A childish enemie.

Arga. Glorious Devill,
 My furies growne to that unequall height
 'Twill not admit more conference ; thy crimes
 Are now ripe for my punishment : though Fiends
 Guard your black brest, I'le peirce it.

Demag. So valiant ?
 I shall chastise your fury.

Fight, Demag. falls.

Arg. Parthenia,
 Thou art in part reveng'd, and if mine owne
 Death doe succeed his, I shall goe in peace
 To my eternity.

Demag. Sure great *Mars*
 Has put on armes against me in this shape,
 For 'tis impossible mortality could
 Atcheiev *Demagoras* conquest. Farewell light,
 'Tis fit the world should weare eternall night.

Dies.

Arg. I hate to triumph
 O're his loath'd carcase, which should be a prey
 To Wolves and Harpyes : O *Parthenia* !
 Here lies the Fatall Cause of all our mischiefes ;
 And sure no soule will at his death repine :
 Revenge, when just, 's not humane, but Divine.

Ent. Serv.

Serv. Where have you left my Lord ?

Arg. There lies your Lord.

Exit Arg.

Serv. Dead ?

Curst Fate, that so much greatnesse
Should suffer this great overthrow, and fall
From such a height to a sad funerall !

Exit.

Amphialus and Philarchus.

Amphi. 'Tis such a cruelty, as no report,
Though it discourse of rapes, and timelesse deaths,
Has ever equall'd.

Phi. The successe will speake
The wonder more prodigious. The poore Lady
(Still lovely in her sorrow) after this sad rape
Of her rare beauty, privately stole thence,
And with that strictnesse has obscur'd her selfe,
That though inquest (though many indeavour'd
In her desir'd search) can attain the least
Discovery of her present being.

Amph. How beares *Argalus* this sad disaster ?

Philarch. As a man
Whose noble courage, 'bove the crosse of Fate,
Seemes patient at his misery.

Amph. He and I
Are both made up of sorrow, our full griefes
Might (like two swelling Oceans when they meet
In a contracted channell) aptly combat
For rough priority. *Philoclea*
My glorious Cousin, will by no intreats,
No services, yet be induc'd to love ;
That I was forc'd, against the naturall zeale
I beare the King my Uncle, to transgresse
(Such is the power of my fancy) the strictnesse
Of my obedience, captivating her
By force, to whom by a most free consent
My soule before was prisoner.

Phi. I could wish,
Noble *Amphialus*, that your desires
Might both atchieve forgivenesse, and successe :
I'm none of those strict Statesmen, though I love

My King, that hate your vertues for this fact,
 Because I know the greatnesse of your spirit
 Attempted it not for inveterate hate,
 Or for ambition, but to gaine her love.

Amphi. *Philocleas* love, upon whose meanest
 thought

The Art of Memorie's grounded, and inspires
 Each organ of our meditating sense,
 With their perfections merit.

Phi. But my Lord :

How brooks the king the bold detention
 Of his faire daughters? Sure he will invert
 Some sudden forces on you, and compell
 Their back-deliverie.

Amp. He shall first inforce
 Mortality into nothing. I did send,
 To avoid effusion of more humane blood,
 This faire defiance, that he should elect
 A Champion daring singly to oppose
 Me in a combat, and if Fate decreed
 My fall by him, security for the freedome
 Of his imprison'd daughters.

Phi. Did his Grace
 Accept the noble offer?

Amp. With a freedome
 Fitting a King, but who the person is
 That hopes to gaine a Trophee by my death,
 Fame has not yet divulg'd. This urgent businesse
 Hinders my visit of my Lord *Argalus* ;
 Present my true hearts service to him, tell him I
 Doe inwardly dissolve into a dew
 Of bleeding passion for his losse, and would
 To re-invest blest quiet in his heart,
 Act o're the Scene of dangers I have pass'd
 Since I knew earliest manhood, so your Lordship
 Will please to pardon my rude haste, I must,
 As to my friends, to my owne affaires be just.

Exeunt.

Enter Clitophon, Strephon, Alexis.

Clito. Perfwade me not to this, there is no woman
Worthy my love, they are all too fallſly common
To every Suiter.

Alex. Why *Clitophon* ſay you ſo, who are bleſt
With her ſociety whom I love beſt ?
Yet in her preſence I'm forbid to move
My ſuit, nay dare not name the name of love.

Stre. 'Tis your own flat foolery *Alexis* ; you ſhould
with garbe and geſture paſtorall, with as much ſcorne
as you would o'returne your enemy at football, con-
temne the force of woman, Why ?
Women are ſhadows, fly away
When follow'd, or deſir'd to ſtay ;
But if you ſlight them, they will ſue,
Follow, intreat, nay flie to you :
But if ſtiſſe and ſtrong you ſtand,
You may tread them at command.
But lie downe, the pretty Elves
Will ſtraight fall under you of themſelves.
Like my Spaniell, beaten, they
Will lick your lips, and with you play.
This is the reaſon why
They love me ſo doggedly ;
You might by my example edifie,
And live in peace *Alexis*.

Alex. Why *Strephon*, you uſurpe without a cauſe
The priviledge of their love ; your carriage drawes
Their laughter, not affection ; you appeare
To them for ſport, not for your perſon deare.

Streph. Ther's your foolery ſtill, thou haſt com-
merc'd it ſeemes with none but thine owne ſheepe,
and art farre ſillier than they : your woman is the
greateſt diſſembler in the world, and where they toy
and jeere, they moſt affect :

Finally women are ſlippery, as at their tayles are
Eeles,

Their mindes as light as are their heeles.
 And every one's for what she feeles :
 And so with my opinion, farewell.

Clito. Stay honest *Strephon*, I did late compose verses in hatred of them.

Stre. They are not prose, pray read them.

Clito. Who would trust a woman, when
 They'r the onely curse of men ?
 Syrens sing but to intice,
 They men to a fools paradise :
 Hyæna's speak, 'tis to betray
 To certaine ruine, so doe they ;
 Crocodiles shed teares of slaughter,
 Women weepe when they meane laughter.
 Inconstant, cruell, false, unkinde.
 Are attributes that suit their minde.

Stre. Now, as I am true Arcadian, thou would'st be whipt for this ; *Cupid* shall cite thee into his Court for this by some of his villanous Apparators, where his wide conscienc'd Proctors, and their Clerks, shall with their pen and inkhornes beat thy braines out : if thou scap'st that, Ladies shall beat thee to death with their Monnies, you jack-a-napes ; chambermaids shall worry thee to death with kisses, than which there can be no greater tyranny ; then, the very Cooke, and Milkmaids, shall in scolding prose, baste thee into a jelly, or charme thee into May-butter ; you shall answer this, I'll peach, I'll play the Informer.

Clito. I'll not recant it, nor deny this truth,
Alexis you shall heare it justified. *Exeunt.*

Enter Kalander, Argalus, and Philarchus.

Kalan. Where met you Lord *Amphialus* ?

Phi. In the grove,
 'Twixt Mantinea and his Castle, while
 Our servants led our horses down the hill,
 We did exchange some accents in discourse.

The noble youth, as hopefull of successe
In his designe, as brave in his resolve ;
But the great rumour'd warfare 'twixt the King
And him's converted to a single fight
Betwixt *Amphialus* and what champion
The King will venter to ingage in such
A cause of weighty consequence.

Kalan. I'm glad :
Arcadia long blest in a happy peace
Shall by the letting of so few veines bloud
Continue in her quiet ; it was fear'd
This sad domestick quarrell would have cost
More lives than might with justice have beene spar'd ;
But 'tis not yet divulg'd by fame whose valour
Will be imploy'd i'th combat.

Phi. His knowledge
Has not yet attain'd the notice of't : My Lord,
He does present his best respects to you,
Deplores your sorrows with a brothers grieve, intreats
you
Have so much mercy on your glorious youth,
As not to spend its blooming pride in sighes.

Arg. My Lord, I thank him, and rejoyce his
Fate
Has sortd him so honourable a triall
Of his undoubted valour : for my griefes,
They doe increase on me, like a disease,
Spreading through all my faculties, which shakes
My soule into an agony of death,
And will, I hope, ere long, dissolve this flesh
Into forgetfulnesse.

Kalan. Nay good my Lord,
Renounce this passionate temper, wee'l depart
Hence to my Castle, expell our cares with feasts,
Hunt the wild bore that will with masculine rage
Resist the hunters, till he foame to death,
View swift hounds running hotly in pursuit
Of the chac'd game, and from the neighb'ring hills
Force Ecchoes to their shrilnesse.

Arg. Alas my Lord :
 The sole conceit of faire *Parthenia's* losse
 Would from a heart of marble force salt teares
 Cold as the dew the stone distills, invite
 An unremorsefull Crocodile to shed
 Drops as sincere as does the timorous Hart
 When he o'reheares the feath' red arrow sing
 His funerall Dirge.

Kala. See *Alexis* accompanied with a stranger
 Lady.

Enter Alexis and Parthenia.

Alex. Sir, this Lady, newly arriv'd from *Corinth*,
 has
 Some businesse she will disclose to none but you.

Exit.

Parth. My vow's absolv'd.

Arga. Angels, or if there be a power has charge
 Of humane frailty, shrowd me with their wings ;
 The sight of this divinity will strike
 More than my Eyes, my Reason, and inforce me
 Here to die gazing.

Phi. Blessè me ! 'tis sure *Parthenia*.

Kala. My vertuous Neece recover'd.

Arg. 'Tis her face.

I have examin'd with industrious eyes
 Each line, each lovely circle that adornes
 This best perfect piece of nature, and all speakes
Parthenia's figure.

Parth. My honour'd Lords.

Arg. 'Tis her voyce !

The same well-sounding musick did inchant
 With its melodious harmony my heart.
 Let me adore the miracle.

Parth. My Lords :

Doe not distract with a deceiv-ing joy
 Your noble soules, I will not seeke to fold
 Your thoughts in doubtfull errour ; you mistake,

I'm not *Parthenia*.

Arg. What delusion playes with our faculties ?

Parth. My Lord, afford me patient hearing, my
discourse

Contains much consequence, you never lov'd

Parthenia dearlier than my selfe : we wore

The very figure of each others mind,

As well as body, and I should transgresse

Th' integrity of our inviolate truths ;

Not to fullfill each scruple of her will

With ceremonious duty, she being dead.

Arga. O my just feares !

Phi. Deare Lady, is she dead ?

Par. Dead, cold in her dark urne,

As was her Icy chastity ; she did arrive

Some few dayes since at Corinth, where resolv'd

T' obscure her self to all but mee, kind heaven

Pitying her sad disaster, by mild death,

Translated her to the immortall blisse

Prepar'd for innocent lovers.

Arga. Sure I am

Insensible of misery, or my brest

Would burst with fulnesse of my griefes ; deare

Lady

Informe me where *Parthenia* is intomb'd,

That like some humble pilgrime, I may visit

The holy place with a religious zeale,

And bathe her virgin ashes in my teares,

Weepe o're her grave till from my drops arise

Some crySTALL pyramid to tell the world :

Parthenias monument.

Par. You interrupt,

What my sad heart, as an unwelcome load,

Desires to be disburdend of : before

Her dying breath, she did injoyne me by

All our friendships rites, when I had laid

Her corps in earth : straiCT to repaire (with notice

Of her expiring) hither.

Phi. Deere my Lord,
Be not so much distemper'd.

Parth. Tell, quoth she,
My noble mother that I dy in peace,
Even with *Demagoras* ; commend me to my love,
My dearest *Argalus* ; informe him that
His very name flies with my foule to heaven,
There to remaine for ever ; and ingage him
T' accept of you as my last guift, you are
So like *Parthenia* that, hee'll love you for
My memory : So with a constant trnth
To my dead friend I'm come, my Lord, to
offer

What she bequeath'd, her legacy of my love,
To your acceptance.

Arga. Madam, I must rest
For your kind wish your servant ; but in me
Parthenia only must have room to live,
While I have vitall motion. Had she impos'd
What charge (but this) soever, I'de endeavour
It's strict performancé : but I am resolv'd
As she enjoy'd my first, my latest love
Shall on her memory waite till we do meet
I'th happy shades together.

Part. Sure my Lord,
This is contempt of my desert, I must not
Be thus repuls'd : to fatisfie your feares,
I am your true *Parthenia*.

Argalus. Parthenia.

Part. Yes, and by the Queen of Corinth cur'd,
whose skill and care clens'd my fowle leprosie.

Arga. Parthenia, 'twas well your wisdom by
degrees
Diffus'd this comfort ; had you shew'd it all at
once,

T'would like a torrent have o'reborne the banks
Of my amaz'd mortality.

Kal. Come, discourse
Your story at your leisure, *Argalus*

Take your *Parthenia*, treachery nor hate
Cannot undo the firme decree of Fate.

Exeunt.

Enter Sapho. Aminta. Strephon. Clitophon.

Strep. Ile try your impudence, have you the
face

To deny your libell *Clitophon* ?

Clit. Good *Strephon* urge me not, I shall not
want

Audacity to expresse them to recant.

My just opinion were unjust, and fit

To staine my resolution, and my wit.

Amin. *Clitophon*, how dare

You arm'd with boldnesse greater than dispaire

Venture abuse to woman, or defile

That name with scandall, to whose meanest smile,

You have done worship ?

Sapho. Prais'd with flatt'ring art,

Each look, each lineament, as the best part

Of Natur's choyest workmanship : but men

Are more inconstant than light whirlwinds ; trust

The sea with feathers, or March winds with dust

Rather ; and let their words, oaths, teares, voves
passe,

As words in water writ, or flipery glasse.

Clit. This is more juggling. O ! with these h' as
found

A passage through my Eyes, to give a wound

To my poore Heart : it is their looks beget

This foddaine alteration, which as yet

Does but with infant feathers strive to fly

To heaven, tels Justice of the injury

I have done sacred womanhood : hence

Thou scrowle detracting spotlesse innocence.

Aminta deare forgive me, *Sapho* see

How my teares distill.

Stre. If they were every one as big as a Turnip, I should not serve to feed my anger: well wenches, you doe pardon him, may your maidenheads be a burden to you, till you bee forescore at least, then may you turne Witches, and some Goblin get them, or else perish in your Virginity, and leade Apes in Hell for't: Nay if you do forgive him, I will have you arraign'd of treason against *Venus*, and *Cupid* shall be your blind Judge, and condemne you for the fault to loose your heads; your maidenheads I mean, and have a man of fourescore and ten for you Executioner.

Sapho. Deare *Strephon*, do not frown, it does disgrace
The fallow color of thy wither'd face.

Stre. You would faine cog your selfe into my favour again; but till you bee converted from this *Clitophon*, you shall not kisse the worst part about me.

Saph. O say not so,
Thou art more sweet than Yewe or Miscletoe.

Alex. O *Clitophon*, *Aminta*, every voyce
Be fill'd with admiration, sing, rejoyce,
Till th' earth dance like our young Lambs, till
trees

Grow active at the musick; all degrees,
Of greefe are banish'd: all our flocks shall play
For joy: *Parthenia*, O *Parthenia*.

Clito. What of *Parthenia*?

Alex. Is return'd, her right
Beauty new shining like the Queen of night,
Appearing fresher after she did shroud
Her gawdy forehead in a pitchy cloud:
Loves triumphs in her eyes; audacious I,
'That durst name love, and faire *Aminta* by:
Be dumb for ever.

Sapho. Stay *Alexis*,
She shall now revoke that loving tyranny,

Since our *Parthenia's* return'd, I'll turne
My Elegiack strains away, and burn
In high love raptures.

Alex. She must strait be wed
To Lord *Ar-galus*, the bridall bed
Is in preparing.

Sapho. At a verſe of mine,
Hymen ſhall light his Nuptiall flaming pine,
I will enchant them to embraces free,
With a devoted Epithalamy ;
Till I ſing day from *Tethis* armes, and fire
With ayry raptures the whole morning quire,
Till the ſmall birds their Silvan notes diſplay
And ſing with us, joy to *Parthenia*.

Dance & Exeunt.

The end of the third Act.

Actus 4. Scena I.

*Argalus. Parthenia. Kalander.
Philarchus.*

Kalan. S It my most honour'd Cosen, you are
Lord
Both of this house and feast; the honest Shep-
heards
Were taken too much o' th foddaine to provide
A fitting entertainment; but they've striv'd
With their most early haste, t' expresse their duty:
Sapho inspir'd with her Poetique fury,
Will speake your Epithalamy;
They do intend to dance too, I see;
This Musicke declares their purpose.

Musick.

Enter Shepheards and Shepheardeffes.

Sap. The joyes of health and what the spring
Of youth, strength, happinesse, can bring
Wait upon this noble paire;
Lady, may you still be faire,
As earliest light, may you enjoy
Beauty, which age cannot destroy,
May you be fruitfull as the day,
Never sigh but when you pray,
Know no griefe, but what may be
To temper your felicity.
And you my Lord, may truest fame
Still attend on your great name,

Live both of you espous'd to peace,
And with your yeares let love increafe,
Goe late to Heaven, but comming thither,
Shine there two glorious stars together.

Song and Dance.

Kalen. Does these presentments please you? our
dull wits
Are not so fortunate, in rich conceits
As your quick Cyprian intellects.

Exeunt Shepherds.

Arga. You vouchsafe
Too much to grace them, but *Parthenia*
The King as conscious of my meane desert
To make me seeme more worthy of thy love,
Has by imposing a command, confer'd
An honor greater on my sprightly hopes,
Then the addition of estate or bloud
Before enrich'd me with possession of.

Part. Let me participate your happinesse,
My dearest Lord, what is it?

Argal. An honor which like the Eldest child of
Fame treads on the neck of glory.

Kalan. Come, my Lord, let's leave these happy
lovers to themselves.

Part. What may it portend tell me, and Ile re-
joyce
As much to heare it, as when I recover'd my poyson'd
beauty.

Arga. Thou shalt know't,
And with lowd acclamations found my fate,
For most compleatly happy: by the King
I am elected instantly to meet
In single opposition, honors type
The brav'st of Soldiers and the best of men,
The noble Lord *Amphialus*.

Par. Blessè me divinity ! can you conceive my
 Lord
 That act an honor, upon which the losse
 Of the unvalued treasure of your life
 Has strict dependence ? sure my Lord, the King
 Cannot be such a Tyrant to employ
 You in your infant age of peacefull love,
 To such a cruell warfare.

Arga. Now I see,
Parthenia loves not *Argalus*, if she wish him
 Turne recreant to his valour ; what account
 Unlesse of Coward, shall I give the King ?
 Should I refuse this honorable taske ;
 Which but to meet I'de scale star-neighboring
 rocks,
 Travell through desarts, scarcely known to beasts,
 And combat all that durst oppose my passage,
 To this brave enterprife.

Par. My dearest Lord,
 This resolution does oppresse my soule,
 With torments worse than death ; there's not a
 word
 Which you have utter'd, but like mandraks grones,
 Or howles of wolves affrights me : Can there be
 Such a contempt of my regardlesse love
 Be got so soon ? Can you forsake my bed,
 Before I scarce conceive my selfe a wife,
 Or you a husband ? Oh *Argalus*, I thought
 We should have liv'd, and taught the erring world
 Affections primitive purenesse ; grown like Palmes
 (That do with amorous mixture twine their boughes
 Into a league-union) and so florish,
 Old in each others armes ; when now if thou
 Proceed to triall in this bloody taske,
 My feares do with prophetike motion tell me,
 We are undone eternally.

Arga. Have you
 So slight an estimation of my worth,
 In managing bright armes, that you can feare

My persons suffrance, O *Parthenia* ?

Thou wouldst deprive me of that fame, which
time,

Should he decline his restlesse course away,

Shall never equall, from my youth-full head :

Thou wouldst detain a chaplet of such bayes,

As not Peneian *Daphne* first transform'd

Could boast the like for freshnesse : dry my love,

Those sacred eyes drowned in christall streames,

Or if thou wilt, Ile kisse away thy teares,

In stead of heavenly Nectar.

Part. This but ads

To my misfortune, Sir, I am your wife,

And never yet requested any grant :

Unlesse your love deny me now my first

And only suit, leave my good Lord to tempt

Your destiny : *Amphialus* is so good

In his kind love to women ; that I doubt not

To find some meanes without your honors breach,

To put this fatall combat off.

Arga. No *Parthenia*,

'Tis but in vaine to tempt me with your prayers,

Could he spit thunder would afright the Gods,

Or wore at each lock of his haire a flash

Of piercing lightning, yet I should attempt

To snatch the fiery chaplet from his head,

And as a garland of victorious bayes,

Wreathe it about these temples.

Par. Well my Lord,

Since no perswasion will re-claime your will,

Goe, and be happy in your disastrous task ;

My maids and I will pray each houre to heaven

A thousand vows for your successe ; I give

You my free licence ; O that deathfull word

Comes from the Organs of my troubled soule,

As a constant does from a timorous maid,

To an inforcing ravisher.

Arga. Why now,

Thou art my best *Parthenia*, doubt not love,

But I will bring white victory to crown
 Thy glorious front ; give me but one kind look,
 'T will fill me with heroick force : let's in,
 And fearelesse take a happy parting kisse,
 Suspicion hinders loves immediate blisse.

Exeunt.

*Enter Clitophon, Strephon, Alexis, Sapho,
 Aminta, Florida.*

Clit. Sweet *Sapho*, will you still persist, and kill
 Whom you might save ?

Sapho. 'Tis your owne various will
 Inforces my contempt ; but here's no place
 T' afford our loves an answer : the kinde grasse,
 That decks the plaines, will smile when we do sit
 On its green tapistry, and aptly fit
 Our wilde affections : Shepherdesse, let
 Our woolly charge within our folds be set,
 Lest the hoarse Wolfe to fate his ravenous thirst
 With blood of Lambes, doe through our weak flocks
 burst ;

After let's meet upon the neighbouring plaine,
 And there determine of our loves : I'll straine
 A little on your patience to rehearse,
 On the late Nuptials, this ensuing verse.

Amint. Doe my deare *Sapho*.

Flor. Shepherds, attend her Layes.

Amint. They get us credit, and our *Sapho*
 Bayes.

Sapho. The holy Priest had joyn'd their hands, and
 now

Night grew propitious to their Bridall vow,
 Majestick *Juno*, and young *Hymen* flies
 To light their Pines at faire *Parthenia's* eyes ;
 The little Graces amourosly did skip,
 With the small *Cupids*, from each lip to lip ;
Venus her selfe was present, and untide

Her virgine Love ; when loe, on either side
Stood as her handmaids, Chastity and Truth,
With that immaculate guider of her youth
Rose-colour'd Modesty : These did undresse
The beauteous maid, who now in readinesse,
The Nuptiall tapers waving 'bout her head,
Made poore her garments, and enrich'd her bed ;
While the fresh Bridegroom, like the lusty Spring,
Did to the holy bride-bed with him bring
Attending masculine vertues ; down he lay'd
His snowy limbs by a far whiter mayd,
Their kisses linke their minds, as they embrace
A quire of Angels flew about the place,
Singing all blisse unto this paire ; for ever
May they in love and union still persever.

Amin. 'Tis almost sung for the nuptialls,
Why was't not sung with musick ?

Saph. *Castalia's* voyce would have beene tir'd
with it.

Come, let's depart,
Love though obscur'd still flames about the heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Amphialus, Argalus, Philarchus.

Amp. I could have wish'd the King
Had destin'd any to this fatall task
But noble *Argalus* ; in him there rests
Such a commanding fulnesse of true worth,
That as't will be a glory to o'come,
'Twill be a grieve equall to think 'gainst whom
The present fury of my arme must be
Unwillingly directed.

Arg. Famous *Amphialus*,
'Tis so much honour to be held your friend,
'Twere indiscretion in me to admit
A thought of being your enemy : we two

Should meet, my Lord, to revell, not to fight :
 But since th' injustice of our Fates does force
 This sad contention ; deare *Amphialus*,
 Think that two brothers may with hot resolve
 Strive to atchieve one crowne, yet still be friends.
 The lawrell destin'd for my head will wither
 If it be snatch'd from thine.

Amph. More famous *Argalus*,
 Under whose hand the great *Demagoras* fell.
 These attributes of curtesie doe speake
 Your noble natures freeness ; you and I
 Should rather exercise our able armes
 In one anothers quarrell, than imploy them
 Upon our selves. Deare *Argalus*, our fates
 Are too injust t' ingage our swords against
 Our bodies ; for in harming thee, I offer
 Wounds to my selfe ; we two retaine so much
 Affinity, by friendship, we must needs be
 One individual substance.

Phi. Good my Lords,
 Since there's that sympathie of love and nature
 'Twixt your two soules, dissolve it not ; the blow
 That shall divide your hearts will be more impious
 In sep'rating that union, than in cutting
 Your twists of life asunder.

Arga. *Philarchus*, you are so noble,
 Our wills desir'd you an indifferent Judge
 In our unwilling difference, since you are
 An equall friend to both.

Amph. *Philarchus*,
 We two are fortunes scorne that we should be
 Such friends in soule, yet by our deeds be thought
 Severest enemies. Deare *Argalus*,
 Let not thy lenity regard my life,
 Which is so worthlesse, 'tis a weight I wish
 Rather to lose than keepe : but guard thy owne,
 Preserve that precious bloud, which I shall grieve
 To see diffus'd on earth, nay rather weepe
 Than shed a drop of it.

Arg. How much, my Lord, you vanquish him with
curtesie

Whom your arme means to conquer? But *Am-*
phialus,

Since we are mutuall friends, and yet must seeme
Mutually enemies, to testifie

'Tis by our fate, not malice, we are foes,

I'll make thee my full Executour; bestow

A gift upon thee of that pricelesse worth

Posterity shall never boast its parallell.

When I am ashes, if there be a wretch

(For some there are that dare blaspheme the
Gods)

Does injure my *Parthenia*; prithee friend,

Let be thy Care to punish that contempt

'Gainst vertuous purity: and as the last

And most supreme inducement of my love,

If by thy hand I perish, let my heart

Be sent to my *Parthenia*.

Amph. The same justice

I beg of thee, my *Argalus*, to have mine

Convay'd to my *Philoclea*; and if fame

(As it may chance) traduce me after death,

Noblest *Argalus*, justifie thy friend,

Thy poore *Amphialus*; and defend the deare

Authour of my misfortune, sweet *Philoclea*; other-
wife

Posterity inform'd by bad report,

May black her precious memory; and say

A worthlesse man fell by thy sword.

Let us embrace, my *Argalus*, and take

A true, though sad, farewell; and once

Let us employ our hands against our hearts.

Arg. Kill our selves mutually; for who first does
fall,

Leads but the way to th' others funerall.

Fight.

Enter Parthenia.

Parth. Eternall darknesse feaze me : O my Lord,
 You are reported to be thrall to love ;
 For her sake you affect most, doe not make
 A breach in ebbing nature ; More ! This bloud
 Clothing the grasse in purple, does convert
 My heart to Alabaster. O *Argalus* !

Arg. O *Parthenia* ! Never till now unwelcome
 have I liv'd
 To such an abject lownesse, that my life
 Must (like a malefactor) be by prayers
 Redeem'd from death. Let us renew the fight.
 Ha ! Me thinks I tread on slippery glasse, my unsupported feet
 Dance measures on light waves, and I am sinking
 Into the watery bosomes, there to rest for all eternity.

Amph. I have seene
 So dying tapers, as it were, to light
 Their owne sad funerall ; expiring, dart
 (Being but stirr'd) their most illustrious beames,
 And so extinguish.

Parth. Angels, if ye have charity, afford
 Some Surgery from heaven. Now I see the cause
 Why my sad heart (fill'd with propheticke feare)
 Sought to have stopt your journey : and why I
 Compell'd by power of overruling Fate
 Follow'd you hither. Oh *Argalus* !

Arga. *Parthenia*, I doe feele
 A marble sweat about my heart, which does
 Congeale the remnant of my bloud to Ice ;
 My Lord, I doe forgive you, friend, farewell.
Parthenia, showre on my pale lips a kisse,
 'Twill waft my soule to its eternall blisse.

Parthenia, O *Parthenia*.

Dies.

Phi. So cracks the cordage of his heart, as
 Cables

That guide the heavie Anchors, cut by blasts
Of some big tempest. My Lord, your wounds are
many,
And dangerous, 'tis fit you doe withdraw
And have 'm cur'd.

Amph. I am carelesse growne, my life
Is now more odious to me than the light
Of day to Furies ; Madam, I am past
The thought of grieve for this sad fact, and am
Griefes individuall substance : pray forgive me,
Heaven knowes it was not malice that betray'd
Your Lords lov'd life ; but a necessitous force
To save my owne. Joy comfort you : thus Fate
Forces us act what we most truly hate.

Exit.

Phi. Deare Madam, calme your passion, and re-
solve
To arme your soule with patience.

Parth. Patience Sir ?
Doubt not so much my temper, I am calme.
You see o'th sudder as untroubled seas.
I could stand silent here an age to view
This goodly ruine. Noblest *Argalus*,
If thou hadst died degenerate from thy selfe,
I should have flow'd with pity, till my teares
Had drown'd thy blasted memory ; but since
Thou perish'd nobly, let thy soule expect
A joy, not sorrow from me : the greene oake
Lawrell, and lovely mirtle shall still flourish
About thy sepulchre, which shall be cut
Out of a Mine of Diamonds ; yet the brightnesse
Proceeding from thy ashes shall out-shine
The stones unvaletw'd substance.

Phi. Sure she is growne insensible of her grieve
Or fallen into some wilde distraction.

Parth. You mistake ;
'Tis not a fury leads me to this strange

Demeanour ; but conceit that I should sinne
Against my *Argalus*. . Should I lament
His overthrow ? No Blest foule,
Augment th' illustrious number of the starres,
Outshine the *Ledan* brothers : Ile not diminish
Thy glory by a teare, untill my brest
Does like the pious Pellican's, break forth
In purple fountains for thy losse, and then,
It shall diffuse for every drop thou shed'st
A Crimson river, then to thee Ile come :
To die for love 's a glorious martyrdome.

Exit.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Strephon, Clitophon, Alexis.

Clito. 'T Is certaine my *Alexis* ; have not I
(Who in their prefence for love dayly
die)

A caufe to blame my deftiny, and be
Opprefs'd with a continuall melancholy ?

Alex. You are your owne Oppreffour.

Clito. O wretched fate !

I in their prefence doat on every one,
Yet in their abfence am content with none.

Stre. Yet I am in a farre worfe cafe
Than any of you both alas.
This villaine *Cupid* play'd the knave,
Or at my birth his mother gave
Some of her beauty to my naturall parts,
Which doe allure even ftony hearts,
That I am weary of fo many
Good parts, and would lend fome to any.

I *Clitophon*, even every limb
About thee can with beauty trim,
And never mifs'd : I dare be fworne
There's not an inch about me worne,
Which has not, all the Maids can tell,
Waiting on it of love an Ell.

Alex. O far more happy *Strephon*.

Stre. I doe mocke me *Alexis*, I will furrender
you that happineffe with all my heart :
Were there but only two or three,
Or foure or five did doate on mee,

I grant you then 'twere very well,
 The handsome then should beare the bell ;
 But there's not in this face a wrinkle,
 Nor on my pretious nose a pimple,
 Nor a haire upon my chin,
 (But those you see are very thin)
 Nor any squint comes from mine eye,
 But that some wench for it does fry
 In loves hot furnace : Though ne're so coy,
 Each Lasse would my good parts enjoy.

Clito. Why does not *Strepson* then,
 Make use of time, and chuse the richest Jemme
 Out of this Mine of beauty, and enrich
 Himselfe by marriage ?

Strepson. My fingers itch at thee to heare thee talk
 so foolishly : Would'it have me make an Anatomy of
 my selfe ?

Or dost suppose
 That unto one I'll wed my nose,
 And to another all the rest
 Of this sweet face ? A pretty jest.
 Should I pretend my selfe to match,
 The wenches then would play at catch
 That catch may ; each get a limbe,
 Or rather with themselves in rage,
 They cruell civill warre would wage,
 And with those terrible weapons, their nailes,
 Which them in battell never failes ;
 And farre more terrible tongues, in spight
 They'd fighting scold, and scolding fight.

Enter Sapho, Aminta, Florida.

Clito. Still dearest *Sapho*, cruell Tygers may
 By prayers and teares be mov'd, though cruell
 they
 Delight in murder ; you doe seeme to take
 Your naturall fiercenesse from them, there cannot be

So much sterne rigour in humanity,
As to contemne a suppliant, and prove
To him most cruell, who does truliest love.

Saph. You are too fickle *Clitophon*, you see
Leaves in green Autumne scatter'd from each tree
By the rude winds ; you are more light than
they,

More fading than the flowrey dresse which May
Attires the prickly thornes in ; lighter far
Than frothy bubbles, or dispers'd smoakes are.
Yet I should love you, did not *Strephons* eye
Dart flames might fire a marble heart ; they fly,
With nimble wings about me ; *Strephon* see
She who refuses him, will yeeld to thee.

Ser. Would you could perswade me to't my nimble
tong'd *Melpomene*. I must not bee unjust to wrong
my friend *Clitophon*, my friend's my friend, sweet
Sapho : and you are a woman, of which gender
(thanks be to Heaven and my good parts) I have
indifferent choyse, a hundred or so. If you *Aminta*,
or you *Florida* love me, the best comfort or course
you can take

Is to run mad for my deare fake.
And hang your selves, for you'l so prove
True lovers hang'd in chains of love.

Amin. A cruell resolution : *Sapho*, well,
We must resolve not to lead apes in Hell.
And we have vow'd never to match but where
Strephon vouchsafes to give us ; for you two,
Unlesse he please, our wils can nothing do.

Stre. Come hither *Clitophon*, you love this witty
rogue, this *Sapho*.

Clit. Deare as my own eyes.

Stre. That's deare enough ; and you *Alexis* love
Aminta.

Alex. I dare not name that word, yet ther's
in me

A most severe and lasting constancy,
To faire *Aminta*.

Clit. O gentle *Strephon*, let kind pitty move
Thy honest heart, not to deprive our love
Of its true comfort.

Stre. I shall be sure now to be famous for some
thing,
Your hands, your hands, my pretty payre of turtles.

Amin. Will you forsake us *Strephon*?

Saph. Will you give me away?
Whose heart desires to live only by your affection.

Stre. I cannot helpe it, lesse I should distribute my
selfe amongst you; I'me very glad the matter is de-
pos'd into my handling; these wenches are in good
hope now that I will have one of them my selfe, and
that makes them refer themselves to mee: here
Clitophon, take *Sapho*, and you *Alexis* the beautifull
Aminta: But bee sure to confesse you have but my
reversions. You'l give mee leave to kisse your wives,
or so, when you are married, Ile not goe an inch
further, as I am a true Arcadian; and so shake hands,
and Heavens give you joy. Now *Clitophon* you're
excellent at that sport, shall's not have a frisque or so
at your Wedding, ha?

Clito. We'r all your servants.

Dance.

Saph. Now *Strephon* wee have suffered you to play
the foole all this while,
Receive our true opinions of you.

Stre. I, come, let's hear't.

Sap. Thou hast a face
So full of vilenesse, it does disgrace
Deformity it selfe; ther's not a woman,
Were she to filthy prostitution common,
That could affect thee.

Flori. Cease to torment him *Sapho*, the pretty
elfe
Begins to see the beauty of it selfe:

We must attend our Lady.

Sap. Strephon go,

And hang thy selfe, or else resolve to shew
Thy selfe no more, but like an Owle by night,
Or keep thy ill-favourd countenance to affright
Wolves from our sheep: Come lovers, now 'tis
time

To celebrate our joyes, which then renew
When prooffe has seal'd our fancies pure and true.

Exeunt.

Stre. Now doe I perceive my selfe an errant
asse, and could hang my selfe in earnest, were I
sure but to dy in jest for't: these wenches are shee-
furies, and I hope in time to see them grow so
abominably ugly, that they may hate them: for to
say truth,

These women are mere Weather-cocks,
And change their minds more than their smocks;
Have hearts as hard as stony rocks,
And tongs that lie worse than false clocks,
By which they catch men like Jacks in a box:
And so with my curses I leave them.

Exit.

Enter Philarchus. Amphialus.

Phil. 'Twould be the safest way my Lord, and
which
Would best suit with your honour; be a means
To gaine faire *Philoclea*.

Amphi. That blest name
Charmes me to adoration: O my Lord,
Philoclea's love is like a mine of wealth,
Guarded by watchfull Dragons; there attend
Legions of feares, and unrelenting thoughts,
On the unvalued treasure.

Phi. I could wish
 You would expresse a more indulgent care
 Towards your selfe : you see the angry King
 Griev'd for his daughters, and *Zelmanes* losse,
 Attempts what ever may invade your life ;
 I shall endeavour your reconciliation with him ; but
 my Lord,
 Farewell, I know you wait some opposite ; I wish
 Your actions crown'd with a deserv'd successe.

Exit Phi.

Amphialus. This honest Lord engages my ob-
 servance : how my fate
 Plays the fly tyrant with me, and involves
 My thoughts in killing passions : flames meet flames
 With equall resolution, and contend,
 Like *Cadmus* earth-borne brothers to destroy
 Each other by their fury ; feare kils hope,
 But a new rising from the former urne,
 Takes vengeance on the murd'rer : wretched I
 Live as to live were every houre to die.

*Enter Sapho. Aminta. Florida in mourning,
 Parthenia after.*

A most sad apparition suiting well
 The inward horror of my mind ! this Knight
 Sure should not be my enemy, he fights
 Under my very colours ; Noble youth,
 If what your outward figure speake, does chal-
 enge
 Relation to your mind ; I see no cause
 We should indanger our mortalities
 In this infortunate quarrell : there appears
 So great an outward sympathy, it tels
 My soul wee should not combat.

Parth. Teach your feares

This fruitlesse hope : I come not hither arm'd
With resolution big as Fate, to part,
O'recome with aery treaties ; fooner thinke
To charme the Genius of the world to peace,
When earthquakes have affrighted it, than with
Well-worded eloquence, to decline the height
Of my wak'd wrath.

Amph. Sir, you promise
An Early conquest o're me, but there rests
In mee a manly pitty, would not staine
My conquering hands in your too innocent bloud ;
I would not have your vertue, gentle youth,
Be like a toward Cedar overwhelm'd
By an outragious tempest blasted ere
It come to full growth : if for honors Cause,
And to atcheive fame, you attempt my life,
Let me desire you to employ your force
On some lesse fortunate Warriour. I am loath
To triumph in the guiltlesse spoiles of your
Yet blooming honor.

Par. Read thy friends this dialect of cowardise :
Know, to incense thee more, I'me one that hate
Thy deare *Philoclea*, with so dire a spight,
That I pronounce her one, who lives upon
The spoile of innocent vertue, that has caus'd
Guiltlesse effusion of more Noble bloud,
Than ever fill'd hers or your baser veines.

Amph. Then I see,
You come to raile, and must chastise the wrong
You do inflict on her, whose spotlesse soule
Is so much ignorant of the least guilt,
It understands it not : recant this wrong
Opinion of her purity, and leave off
To wake an anger that had rather sleepe,
Than rise to hurt you.

Part. I see then I must adde
New truths to affright your cowardise : Your mistress
Is the decay of more fame-worthy foules,
Than she has hayrs or vaine bewitching looks

T' inthrall your wanton passion : on your heart,
 My sword shall write this for a serious truth,
 And underneath it, that unworthy lie
 You have pronounc'd, in justifying her free
 From my just affirmation.

Amp. Fiends could never have so incens'd me,
Fight, Her Helmet fals off.

Blesse me ! sure some Angel's entred
 Into armes against my unworthy selfe ;
 Those golden locks, surely are *Pallas* head-tyre, or the
 Queen

Of Love has masqued her selfe in *Mars* his shape,
 So to betray my lucklesse arme to slaughter
 Of the worlds exquisite beauty.

Par. Now my joy
 Exceeds the greatest trophies : *Argalus*,
 Me thinks I see him riding in a chariot drawn by
 Doves,
 Cut the bright firmament, and there attend
 My wish'd ascention.

Amph. Some mountaine that
 Has flood the longest rage of time, unloose
 Its stony roots, fall on me, that I never
 May be on earth remembred ; deereſt Lady
 Looke up, and let me showre a flood of teares
 Into your wounds : distraction seaze me ; may I
 Like some black prodigy contemn'd by light
 Never be more distinguish'd.

Part. Nay my Lord,
 Do not let passion discompose your thoughts.
 You've done an office for me, that blots out
 All my conceit of hatred : pray, forgive me,
 I injur'd your *Philoclea* ; arm'd for death,
 I came to have it from that hand which flue
 My *Argalus* ; weepe not girles,
 I do not need your moyst religious teares
 To usher me to Heaven : Looke how an host
 Of Sainted lovers on their turtles wings,
 Conducted by my *Argalus*, approach

To waft me to Elifium ; take my breath
That flies to thee on the pale wings of death,
Argalus, O Argalus.

Dies.

Amph. Can I retaine mortality, and behold
This impious act of my dire fate ? this piece
Of new demolish'd Nature, were it plac'd
For its own Ivory figure on a Tombe
Of purest Alabafter, would be thought
One with the stones white substance : Maids, convey
Your Ladies body hence, while I depart
To find a grief out, that may breake my heart.

Exit.

Amin. Hapleffe Lady,
Let us resolve not to outlive her, but
Like constant servants, waite upon in death
Our murd'red Mistris.

Sapho. Our poore lives cannot
Redeeme her losse, nor pacify her ghost,
For her late slaughter. I have compos'd
An Elegy on her death, and beauty : heare it.

*Happy Arabians, when your Phœnix dies
In a sweet pile of fragrant spiceries,
Out of the ashes of the Myrrhe-burn'd mother,
That you may still have one, springs up another.
Vnhappy we, since 'tis your Phœnix nature ;
Why could not ours, our only matchlesse Creature,
Injoy that right ? why from Parthenia's urne
Should not Parthenia gloriously returne ?
O, there's a reason : 'tis 'cause Natures store
All spent on her, is now become too poore
To frame her equall : so that on her Herse
My trembling hand shall hang this funerall verse.*

*True loue, and beauty, none can boast to have,
They both are buried in Parthenia's grave,*

*Who was loves, glories, beauties, vertues pride,
With her love, glory, vertue, beauty dyde.*

Now girles,
Strow flowers upon the body, while our teares
Imbalme her memory ; and what ever eares
Shall heare this story, may with Justice say,

None lov'd like *Argalus* and *Parthenia*.

F I N I S .

THE HOLLANDER.

[1640.]

THE
HOLLANDER.

A Comedy written 1635.

The Author
HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

And now Printed as it was then Acted
at the Cock-pit in *Drury lane*, by
their Majesties Servants,
with good allowance.

And at the Court before both their
Majesties.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *I. Okes*, for *A. Wilson*, and
are to be sold at her shop at Grayes-
Inne Gate in Holborne. 1640.



The Persons in the Play.

Artleffe, a Doctor of Physicke.

Vrinal, his man.

Mixum, his Apothecary.

Free-wit, a yong Gentleman, and a Sutor to the
Lady *Know-worth*.

Sir *Martin Yellow*, a jealous Knight.

Popingay, his Nephew.

Fortresse, a Knight of the Twibill.

Sconce, a Gallant naturaliz'd Dutchman.

Captayne Picke.

Lady *Yellow*.

Mistrisse *Know-worth*, her sifter.

Mistresse *Mixum*.

Dalineia, the Doctors daughter.

Lovering, a Chamber-maid disguised

The Scene London.





To the great hope of growing noblenesse, my Honourable friend, Sir *Thomas Fisher*, Knight, &c.

Sir,



He knowledge of your still increasing *virtue* has begot in all men love, in me admiration, and desires to serve it : as cunning Painters expresse more significant Art in modell, then extended figures, I have made election of this little of-spring of my braine, to shew you the largest skill of my many indearments to you ; and as an Ambassadour from the rest of my faculties, to informe you how much devotion the whole province of my Soule payes to your worth and goodnes. Had I bin endow'd with such blessings (noble young man) I should have presented you a wel mand *Hawke*, or an excellent

The Epistle.

Courser, gifts (because more agreeable to your Disposition) more fit to have bin tendered you: But I am confident you know that a Booke (as it is my best inheritance) is the most magnificent sacrifice my zeale can offer; this Play therefore accept, best Sir, from him who is nothing more ambitious then of the title of your

true fervant and
honourer,

Hen: Glapthorne.

The Hollander.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Doctor and his Wife.

Doctor.



Ow doe these new Guests like us ?

Mrs. Very well :

That fortnight they've beene here, I have
observ'd

From them not the least relish of distaste ;
The Lady and her sister are so good
Themselves, their innocence cannot mistrust
Ill in another, specially in us,
Who doe assume that formall gravity

Might dash prying eyes : But is the sister
Cur'd of her Ague perfectly ?

Doct. The Spring

Does not produce an Ague but for Physicke,
She's cur'd, and onely does expect her sister,
The Lady *Yellow*, otherwise I feare
We should not have her company.

Mrs. Green-sicknesse take her,
I thought it had beene that, and then my Art
Would have beene requisite. I should have found
Some lusty youth that would have given her phy-
sicke,

More powerfull to expell that lasie humour
Than all your Cordialls : Heaven, I can but thinke
How in this seven yeares, since we came to towne,
The Tide is turnd with us : when thou wert an
Inne-

Keeping Apothecary in the Country,
The furniture of our shop was Gally-pots,
Fild with Conserve of Roses, empty Boxes,
And *Aqua vitæ* glasses : and now thou art
My most admir'd Doctor, walk'st in Sattin,
And in plush, my heart.

Doct. Applaud my wit that has effected it.

Mrs. You will grant I hope
An equall share to me ? Was it not I
That first advis'd you to fet up a Schoole
For Female vaulters, and within pretence
Of giving Physicke, give them an over-plus
To their disease. How much this has conduc'd
To our advancement, forgetfulnesse it selfe
Cannot deny.

Doct. Nor will I, my deare associate, I have
now

Atchiev'd a wealth sufficient to procure
My selfe a license, though the murmuring Doctors
That doe not bite-backe it, though they watch
All opportunities that may undoe
My estimation : we must therefore arme

Our selves with circumſpectiue care : be ſure
 Thoſe vertuous gentlewomen, who are now
 Domeſtick gueſts, have no cauſe to ſuſpect
 A miſdemeanour here, nor that our daughter,
 A virgine could as morning ayre or Ice,
 So timorous of ſociety, that ſhee ſeemes
 Neglectfull of mankind, be expoſ'd to every common
 eye,
 Frequents our houſe, we muſt be politicke, wife, or our
 ſtate,
 Will ſoone embrace a ruine.

Enter Vrinall.

Vrin. Are you the Doct^r *Artleſſe* pray ſir ?

Doct. My name is *Artleſſe*.

Vrin. Sir, I am ſent from Mr. *Mixum*, your Apothecary, to give attendance on you.

Doct. Your name is *Vrinall*, I take it ?

Vrin. You take my name by the right end ſir, my father was a brother of maſter *Mixum*'s function : marry my mother told me a Doct^r got me, for profeſſions ſake I hope you'll uſe me kindly.

Doct. Doubt not good *Vrinall*, if thou beſt not crack't, canſt thou hold water.

Miſt. Well, that is, bee ſecret, inſooth husband, the young man will be very good at a dead liſt, to ſerue our patients turnes, he has a promiſing countenance.

Vrin. A good ſubſidy face miſtris, but maſter *Mixum* has certified me, that hither come Ladies and gentlewomen, City wives and country wives, and the better fort of ſaylors wives : Nay wives of all forts, but Oyſter wives, ſome to have the falling ſickneſſe cur'd, others the inflammation of the blood, the Conſumption of the body and lungs ; if I doe not to any man or woman adminiſter a gliſter,

vomit, potion, *Iulip*, *Cordiall*, or what physicke your worship shall thinke fit, with dexterity, say I am no found *Vrinall*, and beat me to pieces.

Doct. I believe thee, but did *Tom Mixum* give you nought in charge to say to me?

Vrin. O yes sir, hee bad mee tell you hee had a fat Goose in the pens, only for your pulling: a yunker of a thousand pound *per annum*.

Doct. Sayst so, what is he, knowest thou?

Vrin. I saw him sir, he was a proper man: but I thinke has not much more wit then my selfe, he seemes of a good easie disposition, and may I believe, be led by the nose as quietly as the tameſt Beare in the garden: he has not wit enough to be a knave, nor manhood enough to be an honest man: this is my opinion of him sir, when you see him you'll understand him better.

Enter Poppingaie, Sir Martine Yellow as his man.

Pop. With licences, is not this house a receptacle for sinners?

Doct. Now you are in 't perhaps it is, what meane you?

Pop. Pish, seeme not to obscure, is it not in plaine termes, a house of ease.

Doct. There is one in the garden sir.

Pop. Where one may do his businesse without fear of Marshall, constable, or any one of that most awfull tribe.

Vrin. Surely this gentleman comes to take a purge, hee talkes so cleanly.

Pop. Shall I have answer sir? I come as hot from sea, as a Hollander from herring fishing, I have an appetite, the most insatiate citizen who frequents your mansion cannot tame; had she beene fed with amber possets, eaten sparrowes egges, or her accustomed bevendy, been the juice of Clare or Sparagus.

Doct. What abuse may this be?
Perhaps your most officious pander monsieur
That for a shilling will betray his sister
To prostitution, did mistake, begone,
Or shall I fetch a gentleman will whip
Your hot blood out of you.

Vrin. Shall I runne for the Beadles mistress?

Mist. No goe to the next Justice for a warrant,
and make haste, be sure Ile have the knave smoak'd
for abusing my house.

Pop. This must not fright me, doe you not keepe a
pimping roaring varlet, noted as much as pig, have
you not constant the souldiers in your citadell, none
such, had Hollands Leager, Lambeth Marsh is held a
Nunry to your Colledge.

Vrin. And the three Squirrels in the towne, I war-
rant a very sanctuary to it.

Pop. Come here's gold, be not so bashful, Mistress
pray receive it, I know you are open handed.

Mist. Art. Now I defie thee for a Rascall: *Vri-
nall* why run you not to the Justice, his man would
have taken your money ere this time.

Pop. Yet least I should mistake you, though I
am by all truth confident this is the house: pray resolve
me; has the Lady *Yellow* a chamber here?

Vrin. Yes sir, she lies in the yellow chamber, and
has done this two months.

Pop. I did believe it.

Vrin. Nay you may believe mee if you will: I
know neither Lady *Yellow*, nor yellow chamber, I
have not beene here above half an houre.

Doct. *Tom Mixum*, sure sent this fellow hither, he's
so unmannerly, silence *Vrinall*, what if that Lady have
a chamber here sir?

Sir Mart. Now he comes to the purpose.

Pop. Nay speake directly suppositions: include a
doubtfull sence, if she have not, I shall repent the
error of my language and crave your mercy.

Doct. Impudence I thinke, beyond my own rests in this youth, I must finde out his meaning: tis perchance some one sent from her jealous husband, whom she told me, in discontent was travel'd, prithee wife goe in, and tell the Lady *Yellow*, here is one wishes the knowledge of her.

Mrs. Art. Hang him young whiffling, he know a Lady, pity of his life first.

Doct. Doe as I bid you: *Vrinall* attend your mistress in.

Vrin. Yes, I will attend her in and in too, to do her any service.

Exeunt Vrinall, and Mistress.

Doct. Sir, the uncivill language you have given me,

Might justly stirre a passionate man to rage;
But it no more stirs me then the light wind,
If you've relation to the Lady *Yellow*:
She's one whose vertues merit that respect,
Twould be a stain to manners not to use
The meanest of her friends with due regard:
Pray sir what is she to you?

Pop. As any woman else is for my money, onely I must confesse, I have an itch, a tickling thought to her before the rest of common prostitutes: I know she'll lodge in none but vitious houses, which inforces me thinke yours is so.

Doct. Tis a misconceit,
Ime sorry for her sake whom I esteem
So chaste, the pure untainted Doves may envy
Her unstain'd whitenesse) should be cast upon
My innocent house, expect Ile send her to you,
Shee'll shape you a just answer, would she were
As they suspect her.

Ex. Doct.

Sir Mar. This Doctor is dishonest, speakes untruth,
My jealousy is just, that any man

Should so undoe his reason ; in beliefe
Of womens goodnesse, as on their loose soules,
To venture his creation ; nay transforme
His essence by them : for a cuckold is
Natures huge prodigy, the very abstract
Of all, that is wonderfull : contempt and shame,
Are accidents as proper to his brow,
As haire and whitenesse.

Enter Lady Yellow.

Pop. Is this she sir ?

Sir Mar. I nephew that's the monster.

Fop. If *Africke* did produce no other monsters
there would be more cuckolds in it then Lyons, but
to my businesse, Madam the old tradition of this house
invites your knowledge to conceive for what I sent to
speake with you.

Lady. As yet indeed it does not.

Fop. Truly it does, I hope I shall obtaine
The virgine glories of this daies encounter,
Come shall kisse, and then retire into your cham-
ber.

Lady. My chamber, sure your manners lies in your
berd, what doe you take me for ?

Pop. An excellent creature ; one whose meanest
smile

Would tempt a votary earnest at his prayers,
Before the image of his tutelar Saint ;
To vary his fix'd brow : yet I must tell you,
You are a factresse of the Divells, one
Who sell damnation pleasingly as Asps
Infuse their itching venom : a standing poole,
On whose salt wombe the too lascivious sun
Begets of Frogs and Toads a numerous off-spring,
Compar'd with you is empty of corruption.

Lady. Ist so, have at him, a strange complement
to win a Lady,
Sir by your first discourse I had imagin'd
You came to spend part of this cheerefull morne
In amorous dalliance with me, I am apt
For entertainment of it, as a bride
Long time contracted to some exquisite man
Is on her wedding night, but your quicke change,
Did not my glasse assure me no great blemish
Dwels in my cheekes, would urge me to mistrust
An imperfection in them: they are my owne sir,
I doe not weare (though its common among Ladies)
My face ith' day-time only, and at night
Put off the painted visor, this haire beleive it,
Was never shop-ware, you may venture on me,
Let but your creature keepe the doore, my chamber
Is empty for you.

Sir Mar. Impudent strumpet.

Pop. Can you be a woman,
And utter this, the hot desire of quailles,
To yours is modest appetite, you carry
A stone about you, not to warme your blood
Oppress'd with chilly cold, but to enflame it
Beyond all sensuall heat, which you would exting-
guish,
(Had you a soule about you) with your teares,
Or weepe with the continuance that tall Pines
Diffuse their gummy drops in summer, and
Faster then trembling Ificles, or snow,
At their own dissolution.

Cady. This is stranger yet sir, I see you come to con-
vert mee
Prompted with a zeale would choake ten precisians
earnest in
Their hot house of convention, alasse poore youth
thy want
Of practice in the sweet delights of love,
Undoes thy judgement, can there be a joy

Equall to this to have a sprightfull Lady,
Whose every lineament speakes captivity
To the beholder, claspe with the same strictnesse
That curling billows doe embrace a wracke,
Her lovers necke, kisse close and soft, as mosse
Does some oregrowne Oake ; but I see tis vaine,
To prate to thee whose ignorance may plead
Excuse for thy fond heresie ; goe depart,
Turne Eunuch and reserve thy voyce, perhaps
T'will purchase thee a petty Cannons place
In some blinde chantry.

Enter Doctor and Dalinea.

Doct. Ile cut off their discourse, if shee be right
ile have my benefit out of her : *Dalinea* attend her
Ladyship, Madam I feare you take cold here, your
Sister, Mistris *Know-worth* expects you too within ;
Gentlewoman you cannot complaine you have been
us'd uncivilly ; pray now depart, tis time.

Lady. They may returne to the wife man my husband,
from whom I'm sure they come, and tell him
my disposition, ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt Lady, and Dalinea.

Sir Mart. Flames rise on flames successively, the
spheare
Has no such fire as I doe harbour here.

Pop. What divine creature should the other be,
well master Doctor, we shall be even with you.

Exe. Sir Mart. Pop.

Doct. I, doe you pleasure sir, the small Riveret
Does in its cold waves, seeme to drench the sun
(When like a riotous drunkard) his hot rayes
Suckles up the pearly waters, if this Lady

Weare in her brest, the burning spots of lust,
 They shall encrease, and like the Starres, light her
 foule
 To th' firmament of pleasure. The businesse firrha ?

Enter Vrinall and Sconce.

Vrin. The businesse firrha, he's gotten into th'
 Lordly phraze
 Already, Sir the gentleman I speake off ?

Doct. Is this he ? would you have ought with
 me fir ?

Scon. *A mon Dieu*, this is the Doctor : *Foutra* I
 would faine speake to him, Sir I should bee happy to
 initiate my knowledge in your acquaintance Master
Mixum an Apothecary, at whose shop I use to eate
 Eringo Roots, did recommend me to you.

Doct. Honest *Tom Mixum*, you are welcome ;
 what's your designe with me ?

Scon. Fame does divulge you to be a man experi-
 enc'd in the Arts.

Vrin. Of coufenage and lying excellently.

Scon. Which does concerne our bodily health.

Doct. And you perhaps labor of some disease,
 And come to seeke for remedy, I can
 As *Gallen* or *Hipocrates*, read a lecture,
 On maladies, their causes and effects,
 Tell by the countenance of a man, the ill oppresses
 him,
 You by that *Linea curva* ith' altitude of your horo-
 cope,
 Should be subject to *Calentures*.

Scon. Neen up mine seale min here : ick neet, in-
 fection vanish I never was subject to disease, but the
 gentile itch which I obtained in the Low Countries.

Vrin. Twas in hot service certainly.

Doct. With licence sir, let me desire your character, I long to know you, Symptomes of worth declare you in my opinion noble.

Scon. I shall explaine my selfe by land shape a far off, my father was a Dutch man.

Vrin. Which makes him looke so like a smoak'd westphalia ham, or dry Dutch pudding.

Scon. And one in the conspiracy with *Barnevet*, at whose hanging he fled ore hither.

Vrin. And the gentle noose had knit up him, and a hundred of his country men, our land would not be pestred so with butterboxes.

Scon. Thinking to have purchas'd a monopoly for Tobacco: but that the Vintners tooke in snuffe, and inform'd the gallants, who had like to have smoak'd him for't.

Doct. An admirable project.

Scon. Afterwards he undertooke to have drayn'd the Fens, and there was drown'd, and at the ducking time at Crowland drawne up in a net for a widgin.

Doct. Pray sir what tribe was he of?

Scon. He was no Jew Sir, yet he would take pawnes, and their forfeits too, and has left me such as you see, I am a proper man: a trifling patrimony, a thousand pounds per annum.

Vrin. I admire no man begs him for a foole, and gets it from him.

Doct. May I request your name?

Sco. My name is *Sconce* sir, Master *Jeremy Sconce*, I am a gentleman of a good family, and can derive my pedigree from *Duke Alvas* time, my ancestors kept the inquisition out of *Amsterdam*.

Vrin. And brought all Sects in thither.

Scon. And tooke their surname from Kickin pot, the strongest *Sconce* in the *Netherlands*.

Vrin. An excellent derivation for a Dutch-man, Kickin-pot.

Scon. I had a good strong cofen taken in by th' enemy, laſt ſummer, Skinks Sconce Mr. Doctor, my cozen german once remov'd by a ſtratagem of hay boats a fire on them.

Doct. That ſhould have beene before they came there Maſter *Sconce*.

Scon. But tis thought our nation had recover'd it ere this, but that the villanous Dunkerkers at ſea met with the Herrinbuffes and made ſtocke-fiſh of them.

Urin. They beat them foundly then it ſeemes.

Doct. Have you no brothers Mr. *Sconce*?

Scon. Not any that I know of, as I am gentleman, nor was there any of my name till of late, that gallants have begot me namesakes in every Taverne.

Doct. But the buſineſſe you have with me is unrelated yet, and I have haſte, pray what may it concerne?

Scon. A household matter Mr. Doctor; I would be loath to be accounted troubleſome, I ſhould be none of your vulgar gueſts though: *Mixum* has inform'd me you have faire lodgings in your houſe, convenient for eaſe and pleaſure, might I be ſo much engag'd to your goodneſſe, as to affoord me a haſome one for my mony, it ſhould be an endearement conſpicuouſly trenching upon my gratitude, and render me your oblig'd ſervant everlaſtingly.

Vrin. As long as his money laſts, that is.

Doct. If that be all, for *Tom Mixums* ſake, were chambers ſcarcer, you ſhould not be denyed. *Vrinall* bring the gentleman into the dining roome, Ile goe acquaint my wife with it.

Exit Doct.

Scon. *Vrinall*, art thou ſtil'd *Vrinall*?

Vrin. It is my right and title to be term'd ſo.

Scon. Come hither my ſweet Raſcall, canſt keepe counsell, there's gold for thee, thou ſhalt have a new caſe firrha, wilt thou be true to me?

Vrin. I will steale nothing from you Mr.
Sconce.

Scon. Thou lookst not like a man of theft, I mean in a designe.

Vrin. Tis not to convey gold over, in hollow anchors, to pay your Countrimen fouldiers; if it be, Ile heare no more of it.

Scon. Pish, not that neither. *Mixum* thou knowst him, dost not?

Vrin. Twas he preferd me hither.

Scon. I did imagin't; my fine *Vrinall* reports thy Mr. to have the rarest salve.

Vrin. The weapon salve I warrant.

Scon. Which would, if I were desperately hurt, cure mee without a Surgeons helpe.

Vrin. So I have heard indeed.

Scon. Now *Vrinall*, it is our Countrie Custome onely to Stick or Snee. But couldst thou but procure this pretious salve, I would confront the glistering Steele, out-face the sharpest weapon.

Vrin. My Master is very cautious in parting with it.

Enter Freewit.

Free. Save you gentlemen, belong you to this house?

Vrin. No sir, this house belongs to us.

Free. Mistris *Know-worth*, the Lady *Yellowes* sister, she is not stirring?

Vrin. Tis a lye sir, she is.

Free. Your wit is very scurvy Sir: if you serve a Creature here to carry messages; pray deliver one to her.

Vrin. I may chuse whether I will or no though.

Scon. Nay, and he shall chuse sir.

Free. Prethee good friend let him; ile doe't my felfe.

Vrin. Nay, that you fhall not neither: what ftand I here for? But fir, 'tis not the fafhion of this liberall age, to imploy a man of merit in a meffage without confideration: your Lawyers Clark will not acquaint his Mafter with a Clyents caufe, untill his fift be be foundly greas'd: Why may not I then ufe the priviledge of my office? Sir, wee Doctōrs men take *aurum palpabile* for Reftorative: you are not unfurnished fir.

Free. O thou wouldft have money; there's for thee, prethee Intreat her prefence.

Vrin. Instantly, instantly, noble fir. Mr. *Sconce* pray bear this worthy gentleman company.

Exit Vrinall.

Free. Why fhould ſhe lodge here? all fimilitude Explaines this houfe for vicious, and this Doctōr For an impoftor: Though ſhe have bin ſicke, She might have found to remedy her difeafe, Another, and more fam'd Phyſitian Than this: She ſlayes perhaps to beare Her ſiſter company. Whatſoere's the caufe, Who dare deprave her innocence, or caſt A thought of blemish on her vertues? Light Diffus'd through aire (although ſome thicke-brow'd fogge,

Or ſickly vapour doe invade ayres ſweetneſſe) Suffers no loath'd corruption. Thornes may gore With envious pricking, the diſcoloured leaves Of the chaſte wood-binde, but can never blaſt Their unſtain'd freſhneſſe.

Scon. Now in the name of madneſſe what ailes this man? Sir are you jealous of your wife before you have her?

Free. What if I be fir.

Scon. She may chance Cuckold you after you have her for it.

Free. Good Coxecombe hold thy pratling.

Scon. Coxcombe? how Coxcombe to a naturalis'd Dutchman? Death fir, shall I blow you downe with my Can; or shew you Twibill.

Free. How Sir?

Scon. Nay, bee not angry man, I meant no harme, tis but a complementall falutation, I purchas'd of the Mr. of the Order oth' valiant Knights of the Twibill.

Free. A new Order of Knight-hood that, may I know the institution.

Enter Mistris Know-worth, Martha, as Mr. Lovering leads her.

Know. Servant welcome: *Lovering* intreat That gentleman to withdraw with Mr. Doctors man.

Love. Sir, my Mistris begs your absence.

Scon. Beggars are no chufers my friend: the shall

Undergoe no contradiction: but Madam, tis the fashion,

As I tak't, to salute at meeting, and kisse at parting.

Kisses her.

Vrin. You had best kisse her double Mr. *Sconce*.

Scon. Lady, serviture vostre & a vous assi Monsieur trefnoble.

Vrin. He lookes like a squirrill indeed: this way fir.

Exeunt Lovring, Sconce, Vrinall.

Free. I hope you grow to perfect health,
The Native beauty that once fill your cheeks,

Like to the budding Rose puts forth agen,
 After cold winters violence : and your lips
 On whose soft touch had it bin possible,
 Death would have dy'd himfelfe, begin to shew
 Like untouch'd Cherries, pale with Morning dew,
 Which once shak't off, the purple fruit aspires
 With amorous blushes to intice the small
 Linnet and wanton Sparrow from their Layes,
 To doate on its pure tincture, till they eate
 What they admir'd.

Know. —O you are pleasant fervant ; did you
 know

How neare I am to death, and for your sake,
 Your humour soone would alter.

Free. Truely, faire one,
 It is a sweetnesse in you, I could wish
 Were temper'd with lesse passion : (Your much
 care

Of my unworthy felfe ;) tis but a fortnight,
 Since last my eyes enricht their needy sight,
 By the reflection of these starres, and had
 The least ill seas'd me, you had bin the first
 Whose eares would have receiv'd it ; harmes are
 aptest

To be reported where they are least welcome.

Know. They are indeed, and one of yours is
 come

To kill my knowledge ; such a one, as had
 You worne a common heart, no strong disease
 Could have dispatched sooner.

Free. ———I feele

No inclination in my faculties
 Tending to sicknesse : I have never yet
 By nightly furtets forc'd my youthfull blood
 To a distemper.

Know. Would your youthfull blood
 Has ne're forc'd you one. Perfidious man,
 Had I atchiev'd the patience of a Saint
 (Seclude my love to thee) I should in rage

Title thee worthlesse : nay, a name above
That hatefull appellation : did you never
Injure a Creature of your mothers one *Martha* ?

Free. Ha : how meane you Lady ?

Know. In the blacke act of Sinne, when you
design'd

Her honour, as a carcasse to the Grave,
Where ever since your deed of ill was acted,
'T has slept lost and forgotten.

Free. By just truth.

Know. Invoke your falsehood, if you dare erect
On the blacke number of your heedlesse oathes
A monument to perjury. White truth,
Flies from the ranckorous poyson of your breath,
As from a stifling dampe. Can you deny.
Without a blush what I have urg'd ?

Free. My resolution staggers a tall Oake,
Whose weighty top has discompos'd his roots)
When whirlwinds doe assault it, sits unmov'd,
Ballanc'd with me, to recollect the strength
Of impudence, and deeply contradict
Her mightiest affirmation, were to wage
A feeble warre with truth. Say I did Mistris ;
Twas ere a thought reciprocally enjoynd me
A serious duty to you and your mercy,
In which you doe approach as neare heavens good-
nesse,

As heaven does blest eternity, wil't pardon
That witleffe error in me.

Know. Truth I shall not :

The harmlesse Mirtle first shall live in frosts,
And the pale Couslips flourish, ere warme showres
With quickning moysture raises them to tell
The early Violets they are not alone
The Springs prime Virgins : my peculiar wrong
I freely pardon : but if you respect
Your conscience, seeke that injur'd woman, and
Restore by sacred marriage the sad losse
Of her deprived fame. Doe it *Free-wit*, heaven

Will smile at thy integrity ; my teares
Shall strive to wash your crime away.

Ex. Mrs. Know.

Free. She weeps : so choice flowers, when extract-
ing fire,
Inforces their soft leaves to a mild warmnesse,
Doe through the Lymbecke temperately distill
Their odoriferous teares. But tis most just
To lose a chaste love, when distain'd with lust.

Exit.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus fecundus. Scena prima.

Sconce, Vrinall, with a boxe of weapon salve.

Scon. **B**Ut are you certaine *Vrinall* this oyntment is Orthodoxall; may I without error in my faith believe this same the weapon salve Authentically?

Vrin. Yes, and infallibly the creame of weapon salves, the simples which doe concur to th' composition of it, speake it most sublime stuffe; tis the rich Antidote that scorns the Steele, and bids the Iron be in peace with men, or rust: *Aurelius Bombastus Paracelsus*, was the first inventer of this admirable Unguent.

Scon. He was my Country-man, and held an Errant Conjuror.

Vrin. The Devill he was as soone: an excellent Naturallist, & that was all upon my knowledge, Mr. *Sconce*; and tis thought my Mr. comes very neare him in the secrets concerning bodies Physicall, as Herbes, Roots, Plants vegetable and radicall, out of whose quintessence, mixt with some hidden causes, he does extract this famous weapon salve, of which you now are Mr.

Scon. There's a Welch Doctor ith' City reported skilfull in compounding it.

Vrin. He? a meere Digon a whee; his salve, why it is Case-baby to my Masters: I dare be sworne tis nothing but Methegling boyld to jelly, the blades of Leeks, mixt with a Welch Goats blood; then stamp,

and straind through a peece of *British* Freeze, or one of the old laps of *Merlins* Jerkin.

Scon. Probable *Vrinall*. That Welch Doctor I doe not like : I did attempt him for the weapon falve, and like a *Turke* hee answer'd me, that *Hollanders* were *Fewes*.

Vrin. They are a rebellious nation that's certaine.

Scon. And that the falve was onely made for Christians ; there is a City Captaine too ; I know not how you stile him.

Vrin. Not *Iohn a Stiles*, the Knight of the post is it ?

Scon. No, no, a very honest gentleman ; but he's reported to have atchiev'd the falve in *Lapland* among the witches, and to be very liberall in imparting it to his friends, an Aldermans daughter *Vrinall* may, and they say a witty gentlewoman.

Vrin. Is't possible, Mr. *Sconce*? they have few sonnes of that condition.

Scon. Had a desperate hole made in her by a gentleman, with his But-shaft, as in her Country garden he was shooting at Penny pricke ; was, when none else could doe it, cur'd by this Captaine.

Vrin. By this light a trifle, a meere trifle, the very scraping of our Galley-pots performes more monstrous wonders : there was a Puritane Mr. *Sconce*, who, cause he saw a Surplisse in the Church, would needs hang himselfe in the Bell-ropes.

Scon. Why did not the Sexton ring him by the eares for it ?

Vrin. Him my Mr. seeing, did for experience sake anynt the noose wherein his necke had bin, and it recovered him.

Scon. Is't possible he should so easily escape a hanging ! but on good *Vrinall*.

Vrin. Nay sir Ile tell you a greater miracle : You heard of the great training last Summer master *Sconce*?

Scon. O when the whole City went in Armes to take in *Iflington*; marry I heard the Ale-wives curse the report of their Muskets, it made their Pies and Custards quake ith' Oven, and so come out down-back't, which almost broke the poore Harlots.

Vrin. I then Mr. *Sconce* there was at least three-score blown up with a basket of powder, thirty of their lives my Master fav'd.

Scon. Rarer, and rarer yet: But how good *Vrinall*?

Vrin. He dres'd the smoake of the powder as it flew up Sir, and it heald them perfectly.

Scon. O that any body would blow me up, to see how I could cure my selfe. Still on good *Vrinall*.

Vrin. Nay there are thousands of this kinde: but now I thinke on it since, it did commit a villanous mischiefe.

Scon. Could it ever doe a mischiefe *Vrinall*?

Vrin. Yes, yes, it has done a most notorious one, sufficient to exauctorate its power, and almost annihilate the vertue of it.

Scon. What was't good *Vrinall*?

Vrin. I could e'ne weepe to tell you sir: tis suppos'd twill never recover the favour of gentlemen and City wits, they are quite out of conceite with it.

Scon. But why should they be so *Vrinall*?

Vrin. I scarce dare answer Sir, for feare you hate it likewise. Twas such another mischiefe.

Scon. Prethee what? nay on my gentility *Vrinall*.

Vrinall. Why sir, it cur'd two Serjeants, and their yeomen.

Scon. How? two Serjeants.

Vrin. Who otherwise had drunke Mace-Ale with the Devill.

Scon. A Capitall crime that fame, to cure two Serjeants.

Enter Doctor, his wife: Mixum, his wife.

Doctor. Tom Mixum I thanke thee for the man

Thou sentst me ; tis a most serviceable knave ;
I've set him to pull yon bird of Paradise, yon parcell
Dutch : thou sentst him hither too.

Mix. I knew he was for your purpose, Mr.
Doctor : this is the gentleman I told you had one
thousand pound *per annum*, and would be a match
for Mr. *Doctors* daughter.

Scon. There was a touch for him indeed *Vrinall*.

Doct. It will, indeed, now I consider on't, I had
rather shee should marry a wealthy gull, than a witty
Beggar ; Wife and Mr. *Mixum*, will you discourse a
little with the gentleman, sound his intent and prone-
nesse to a match, and as you finde him use him ; Mr.
Sconce I should be glad to wait on you, did not urgent
affaires withdraw me.

Scon. Mr. *Doctor* I saw you not before : I am
sorry sir, you will be gone so soone, I should have
chang'd some fillables with you.

Doct. Another time sweet Mr. *Sconce*.

Tom Mixum, Vrinall, Exeunt with Doctor.

Mrs. Mix. A very good fortune Mrs. *Artlesse* for
your daughter, and not to be neglected : shall I speak
to him, or will you forsooth ?

Mr. Art. Perhaps hee'l speake to us : see kind
gentleman.

Scon. Lady, my manners does command mee
leave you : you would perchance be private by your
selves, or peradventure *Vrinall* were more behoofefull
for your company : then I adiew Viroes.

Mrs. Mix. Pray stay sir, we have some businesse
with you, (let me alone to trye him Mrs. *Artlesse*)

besides wee had rather be private with a gentleman, then by our selves : they say you Dutch-men are the kindest men, and love a woman heartily, you kisse so finely too.

Scon. You shall feel that presently [*kisses her*] there was a touch for you : Nay Mrs. *Artlesse* you shall not blame my manners, I have a lip, a piece for you [*kisses her*] and there was a touch for you Lady.

Mrs. Mix. So please you sir, I have another touch for you too [*kisses him*] Must trie his disposition Mrs. *Artlesse*.

Scon. A very strong touch that same ; she will be-leaguer me I thinke, and her Cannon shot will bee kisses, they almost blow mee over. Surely the Minikin is enamoured on me.

Mrs. Art. Motion it to him Mrs. *Mixum*.

Mrs. Mix. Pray give me leave to feele his minde first, Mistris *Artlesse* : Tis pittie sir, you are so long unmarried ; you are an exceeding handsome Gentleman.

Scon. Yes, yes, I know that well enough, I might serve for a gentleman Usher, were my legges small enough : there are Ladies would consume halfe the revenews of their Lords, on such a man of Chine and pith as I am.

Mist. Mix. Fie master *Sconce*, thinke not of Ladies sir, they are so imperious, a man must serve them as they doe command, at every turne and toy comes in their head ; they'l puffe and fret else, like their taffata petticoats with often brushing up ; I will protest to you, you had better set your mind upon some honest country Gentlewoman, or Citizens Daughter, Master Doctor has a handsome girle (though I say it before her mothers face) only she wants the audacity, which a man would put into her ; would you were married to her : Sir, she may doe worse, I dare assure you.

Mist. Ari. Yes, indeed may you master *Sconce*, have you not seene her yet ? tis a pretty puling baggage, so it is, marry ere I would make her a Lady, shee should

be a new Exchange wench, your Citizens wives they are the goodeſt creatures, live the fineſt lives.

Miſt. Mix. Very right, miſtris *Artleſſe*, good ſoules, did you but know ſir, what tender hearts they have, how kind they will be to a gentleman that comes to deale for their commodities, they will uſe him and it were their owne husbands.

Scon. Ile lay my life this muſk-melon has a minde to uſe mee ſo : I care not much to give her a touch, or ſo, ſhe's of the right ſiſe, but Miſtris *Artleſſe* ſhould I have your good will, if I could love your daughter.

Miſt. Art. Certainly ſir, were you of Engliſh blood, I ſhould like you better.

Miſt. Mix. Fie Miſtris *Artleſſe*, when I was a maid, I had a deſire to be a kinne to all nations : I have tried ſome Engliſh men, and they are like my husband, meere meacocks verily : and cannot lawfully beget a childe once in feaven yeares.

Scon. A touch, by this light, that's the reaſon there are ſo many baſtards in the city.

Mi. Mix. Your Spaniard as a neighbour of mine, told me who had liv'd among, is too haſty, he will not give a woman time to ſay her prayers after ſhe is bed : your French is with a woman as with an enemy, ſoone beaten off, but miſtris *Artleſſe*, if you will marry your daughter to the moſt compleat man, let him be Dutch : they are the rareſt men at multiplication, they will doe it ſo readily.

Scon. They be indeed very good Arithmeticians.

Enter Lady Yellow, Miſtris Knoworth.

Miſt. Art. Here comes the Ladies : Miſtris *Mixum* we'l depart, they muſt not know our conference.

Miſt. Mix. Adiew kinde maſter *Sconce*.

Exe. Mrs. Art. Mrs. Mixum.

Scon. Adiew min vroom, I have a pestilent mind to this talking harlotry, I will to her, but if I should obtain the Neapolitan beneach, a creeke ith' backe, or so, from her, 'twould be but a scurvy touch, that for me, I should be forc'd to swim ith tub for it, or be hang'd by the armes, and smoak'd like a bloat herring, I had forgot my pretious salve, should I be serv'd so, 'twere but dressing the weapon that hurt mee (which I can have at any time) and be found agen, ha other donfella's: Madams, they are creatures of Plush, and Sattin, Ile accost them.

Know. This is the gentleman I told you of, I wonder what his quality may be, our Landlord the Doctor is a much fam'd man, and surely very honest.

Scon. It shall be so, my English is not compleate enough to hold discourse with Ladies of regard, my naturall Dutch too is a Clownish speech, and only fit to court a leagurer in: no your French shall doe it, and thanke my memory, I am perfect in it, tis your most accomplish'd language, there's scarce a gallant but does woe his mistress in the moode, but if they should not understand me: well I will expence me it.

Sconce cringes to the Ladies.

Lady. He meanes to speake surely in cringes.

Scon. *Madame tres puissant en le command, de tous ceurs de cest monde, ie que jui jemon & invite en tant de lieux que ie ne scay ou aller pour abrir mon sayn: a vn bewtie digne de mon acceptance.*

Lady. Heyday, what's this, how should he know Who can speake French.

Know. He supposes it, prithee answer him sister.

Scon. *Suiuant vostre treschier virtue, Je sui si liberal*

Que ie abandonne renie & renounce a tout mis biens

*De mon vid mon Engin mon alayne mon sang &
mon*

*Penſir (pour ie ne ſaurioye, que dire) proueior mon
Ceur mon affection tout a voſtre plaiſeur.*

Lady. Aproché's ie ne vou's morderay pas.

*Scon. Si ie ne vous fay traitement t' el que
A vous appartient, ie eſpere que voſtre
Noblez te contera de mon bon intention.*

Enter Sir Martine, Poppingay, and Vrinall.

Vrin. There is the Lady you enquire for.

*Sir Mart. Thank thee my friend, there's for
Thy paines, depart.*

Exit Vrinall.

Nephew ſtand cleare, obſerve.

*Scon. Sil y'a choſe en mon petit pouvoir en quoy
ie vous puiſſe*

Servir & aider commandes moy librement.

*Lady. Vous Eſte fort & liberal de ſuparoll mon-
ſieur.*

*Sir Mar. At it ſo cloſe, ſo now he wrings her
hand,*

*And ſhe ſmiles on him : and her ſiſter laughs
At the laſcivious poſture, that I could
Command a ſlaſh of lightning, or uſurpe
A minute the prerogative of death
That I might force a ruine on them, ſuddaine
As water falls from mountaines, yet ſo wretched,
They might deſpaire and damne themſelves, what ſay
they ?*

Pop. They ſpeake French, I underſtand them not.

Scon. kiſſes the Lady.

*Mart. O that's the ages bawd to luſtfull con-
tracts,*

Hell feife them, may their lips, like twins
In mifchiefe grow together, that their foule breath
May have no vent, leaft like fome poisonous fogge,
It doe infect the aire.

Kiffes her hand.

*Scon. Per dona mi Madam apré's le's leures le
maine.*

Sir Mart. Againe, why ftrait,
If I ftand ftill, they'l to the very act,
I fhall behold my felfe transform'd to beaft,
And like an innocent lambe, when the keene
knife's
Prepar'd to flit his wefand never bleat
But in calme filence perifh; villaine divell
Hadft thou as many lives as thou haft fins,
This fhould invade them all with fwift rage
Of fire or whirlwinds.

*Runs at Sconce, hurts him in the arme, Sconce
difarmes him.*

Lady. Heavens bleffe yee
Innocent gentleman: fifter my husband.

Know. I feare he has mifchiev'd him.

Scon. You thinke you have hurt me wonderfully I
warrant.

Pop. Good fir be more your felfe.

Laughs.

Scon. Give me thy hand, tis but a touch ith
arme man, thou art a valiant fellow, I warrant thee a
twibiller, run a tilt at a man before his weapon is
drawne, your Lady would not have don't I me fure,
but tis no matter, thou haft done me a curtefie, or
otherwise I fhould not take't fo patiently, (I fhall by
this meanes experience my precious weapon falve)
hold, thou wilt fight no more, there's a twibill for
thee, thy fword Ile keepe till wee next meet, *Ladies*

beſo los doights de voſtre blanch mains, adiew comrade
remember I am beholding to thee.

Ex. Sconce.

Pop. He's gone, but has left his hanger behinde
him.

Lady. Siſter prithee ſpeak to him, he has put me
in ſuch a fright, I cannot.

Pop. Sir be not ſo extreamely paſſionate,
Diſcourſe your grievance mildely, heare her anſwer,
Then cenſure juſtly of her.

Know. Brother I admire
A perſon of your breeding ſhould tranſgreſſe,
Civility ſo highly, to attempt
Upon a gentleman, who to my knowledge
Injur'd you no way.

Sir Mart. He is your champion, and you his
Ladies.

Know. How ſir?

Sir Mart. His prostitutes I might have ſaid O
creature,

Who art ſo bad, the preſent age will queſtion
The truth of hiſtory, which do's but mention
A vertuous woman, with what impudence
Canſt thou behold me, and a ſhivering cold,
Strong as the hand of winter, caſts on brookes,
Not freeſe thy ſpirits up, congeale thy blood
To an ere'laſting lethargy. The ſtarres
Like ſtraglers, wander by ſucceſſive courſe,
To various feats yet constantly revifiſit
The place they mov'd from : the Phænix whoſe ſweet-
neſſe

Becomes her ſepulcher, aſcends agen
Veſted in younger feathers from her pile
Of ſpicy aſhes, but mans honor loſt
Is irrecoverable, the force of fate
Cannot revive it.

Lady. Sir tis paſt my thoughts,
What ſhould incenſe you to this jealous rage

'Gainst me your loyall wife, when no one blemish
Lyes on my soule that can give testimony
Unto my conscience that I have not ever
Truely and chastely lov'd you.

Sir Mart. Yes just so the greene
Willow and shady Poplar love the brooke,
Upon whose bankes they're planted, yet infect
By frequent dropping of their witherd boughes,
Its wholesome waters ; that thou shouldst be faire
And on the white leaves of thy face beare writ
The character of foulness, swallow up
In thy abyss of sin, thy native pureness,
As the high seas that doe with flattering curles
Intice the spotlesse streames to mixe their waves
With the insatiate billowes, that intombe the innocent
rivers.

Lady. O me unfortunate woman.

Pop. Good uncle speake more kindly to her, alasse
she weepes.

Sir Mar. I see it nephew,
So violent raine weepes ore the purple heads
Of smiling Violets, till its brackish drops
Insinuate among the tender leaves,
And with its waight oppresse them : these are
teares,
Such as distill from henbane full of poison,
And craft as she they come from : tell me woman,
Who hast not shame enough left in thy cheekes
To cause a blush, darst thou usurpe the name
Of good or vertuous, when these eares can wit-
ness

Thou didst sollicit yesterday this youth,
To fate the ravenous heate of thy desire,
With all the eloquence well worded lust
Could borrow to adorne its painted fowlness.

Lady. Was it you indeed ? I'm glad I know't
deare sir,

Had I the chastest temper, that fraile flesh
Could ever boast of, your strange usage of me,

Would undermine it : to forsake my bed,
 Before my blood scarce relish'd the delights
 Attending on young nuptials, so that I
 Expect no anger from you if I seeke
 That from the charity of other men,
 Which your neglect (though you in duty owe it)
 Will not allow me.

Know. Well said sister.

Sir Mar. Life sheel tell me straight
 She will retaine before my face some slave,
 Some strong back'd monster to performe her hot
 Desires with able activenesse, the slow
 Motion of Snayles that carry on their heads
 Their shelly habitations to the pace
 Of my dull rage, is swift as erring flames,
 Which had it not been leaden wing'd ; as sleepe,
 Ere this had feis'd the monster.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha, the man is sure distracted, ha,
 ha, ha.

Pop. Heyday, here's laughing and crying both
 with a winde,
 As boyes doe, a juglar's but an asse to a right
 woman.

Lady. Good sir will you walke ? the gentleman
 hee's in a terrible sweat, should he stand still, he may
 chance catch an Ague.

Know. A Cardus posset were very soveraigne for
 him, I perceive his fit is comming.

Lady. How doe your husband, sweet heart, what
 not speake ? I thought your jealousy ere this had
 driven you into France, but now I see you feare to bee
 sea-sicke, you have found mee out it seemes ; I hope
 ere long you will provide Gossips for the child I goe
 with, marke you ducke.

Sir Mar. If I stay, my rage
 Will hurry me to mischief, better leave her
 To certaine ruine, then betray my selfe
 To danger of it, when strong tides meete tides
 In a contracted chanell, they their force,

Resigne to th' wearing of the troubled waves
A frothier livery, then when Oceans
Encounter with full liberty, the windes
Imprisond in the Cavernes of the earth,
Breake out in hideous earthquakes, passions so
Encrease by opposition of all scornes,
Tis most opprobrious to be arm'd with hornes.

Ex. Sir Mar.

Lady. He leaves you here sir as his spie, do's he not?

Pray wait upon your master, I suppose he is so.

Pop. Pardon me Madam, he is my uncle.

Lady. Which of his sisters sonnes are you?

Pop. The Lady *Poppingaies*.

Lady. My cosen *Harry Poppingay*; I cry your mercy sir: your good mother knowes, and grieves Ime sure, to see her brother wrong me as he does: should I tell her how you dealt with mee too, she would chide you soundly.

Pop. Your goodnesse Madam will forgive it on my submission and sorrow for it.

Know. Weel beg it for you sir.

Lady. Sister he has it, were it possible
To worke a reclamation on this man,
From his fond jealousy, I would not wish
A change to be an Empresse.

Enter Dalinea.

Dal. Madam, my mother does entreat your Ladyships company in your chamber, Mrs. *Mixum* has brought the conferves my father did appoint her.

Pop. Tis the same face, or else some Angel does
Assume this shape to mocke mortality,
With the true forme of beauty.

Lady. Nephew pray see us oftner, and use all meanes to gaine your distracted uncle from his frensie, sister shall's walke ; *Dalineia* be it your care to see my Nephew forth.

Exe. Lady and Knoworth.

Dal. I shall Madam.

Pop. Life she speakes too

A tempting language, such was our first mothers voyce,

While she was innocent, most perfect woman.

Dal. Would you have ought with me sir ?

Pop. Yes bright vertue.

Dal. That title relishes flattery for ought you know :

I may be vicious.

Pop. Goodnesse deludes it selfe then,

I cannot flatter Lady, you mistake me :

What I shall speake, comes from an innocence

Yet undefild by falshood.

Dal. Speake quickly, if it concerne me, otherwise I must

Entreat a licence to depart.

Pope. You cannot

Affoord example of such cruelty

To following Lovers, to deprive my sight

So soone-of yours, for whose least view, the darke

Cimmerian, blinded with continuall sleepe,

Would rowse his heavy eyelids.

Dal. Nay, and you

Begin to run a complement out of breath,

You'll drive me hence indeed : (believe me sir)

Had I not lik'd you well, my modesty

Would scarce have suffered the least enterchange

Of words (but since it has done) pray be brieft,

What tends your conference to ?

Pop. I love you Lady

With the religious fancy, that one Saint

Affects another ; such a heate as mine
Was that, with which the first who ere knew love,
Had their soules warm'd (essentiall) not as now
The common garbe is to adore a lip,
Or any other lineament, but for
The abstract of perfection, which do's glory
In being deriv'd from one so good as you are,
Am I become your captive.

Dal. This to me,
Sounds as the empty whistling of the ayre
Does in some hollow vault, unspotted truth
Informes my ignorance, there's not a person
In all the multitude of men loves chastly.

Pop. Be so charitable
As to believe I can, who never yet
Knew flame was vicious, my desires retaine
Their maiden purity, no other object
Did ere attract my soules unblinded eyes,
But your faire selfe.

Dal. Then I believe you sir,
No man will be so worthlesse to dissemble
With me, who cannot thinke but all the world
Intends the same reality that I doe :
Yet tis an errour, which perswasion scarce
Shall free me from : that every woman ought
To love a man with that indifferent heate
She fancies other women, without sence
Of difference twixt the Sexes.

Pop. Soule of sweetnesse,
How equally an Angels intellect
Informes her sacred Reason : to love chastly,
Could not have bin defin'd with juster strictnesse,
Had we produc'd the constancy of Swans,
Or never changing Turtles, as our patternes,
(T'had but describ'd chaste love) the Palme that
prosperes,
(Not but by's fellow) and the Vine that weaves
Of her owne leaves a thinne, yet glorious mantle

For her naked lover. Doe but embleme what
Her truth has utt' red : but resolve me faire one,
Could you affect so ?

Dalin. If that were all
Requisite to love, I could ; but there's obedience
A Nuptiall wreath brings with it, which I feare
My frailty would scarce keepe, and to become
Perfidious to a vow were such a sinne
As I should quake to thinke of.

Pop. You alledge
Vaine difficulties : I perceive your looks
Would be propitious to me, did your will,
Asham'd perhaps to suffer suddaine conquest,
Not play the Tyrant with them, and call backe
The crimson Nectar from your well-form'd Cheeke
To guard your heart from yielding : come, let's
kisse,
The modest heate proceeding from my lips
Will thaw your soule to softnesse.

Dal. Away, we may not ;
If true——chaste love had rested in discourse,
I could have beene its votary, but a thought
Of any thing beyond it, is to me
Dangerous as sicknesse : farewell fir.

Ex. Dal.

Pop. Sure some white Cherubim,
Comming to teach the irreligious earth
The ancient truth ; in its swift flight to heaven,
Pronounc'd that happy farewell to the foules
Its musicke had converted. I've not lost
In my first tryall, like some ventrous man,
Who findes the Indies, though he get small wealth,
Yet he sets forth agen, in hopes at last
To lade his winged vessell : Ile returne,
That fire's not out, which does in Ashes burne.

Exit.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Sconce solus, dressing his weapon.

Scon. SO, now it workes : the operation I believe is not on the suddaine, and my wound rangles as fast as if hee had runne his Rapier through a Head of Garlicke, or wash'd it in Aqua fortis ; and this weapon false, so much extold by th' Twiball Knights, commended by *Mixum*, deified by *Vrinall*, and adored by my believing selfe, procures no more miraculous effect, than if it were *unguentum album*. Well, I am confident yet, there's no defect ith' *unguent* ; my blood, my blood is sure anathemated ; carries some curs'd impediment about it, that disannuls the vertue and incomparable force of the divine false. This Dutch blood of mine, guilty of Bacon grease, and potted Butter——Soft, who are these ? my Cozen *Fortresse*, Generall of the Twiball Knights ; and his assistant *Pirke*, with Mr. *Mixum* ; twere a detriment to valour to complaine before them.

Enter Mixum, Fortresse, and Pirke.

Mix. Yonder's your Cosen talking to himselfe : pray Gentlemen draw neare. Mr. *Sconce* I brought these friends to visit you.

Scon. Thanks good Mr. *Mixum*, Cosen *Fortresse*, and my Diminutive Captaine *Pirke* ; give your hands, you are welcome, very welcome.

For. Health to the Weather-cocke of my Kin, the noble Signeur *Ieremias Sconce*.

Pirke. Propitious, and auspicious be thy starres, man of renowne and merit : ha thy arme in sling my *Palmerin* : Confusion Captaine *Fortresse*, he weares a wound about him.

Scon. No, no, a touch, a meere touch, a Flea-bite, Captain *Pirke*.

Mix. Is't not recover'd by the salve Mr. *Sconce*?

Scon. Yes, as good as whole ; the weapon salve will remedy it.

Fort. Yes, past all chance it will : twill mundifie and purge your body Cosen : I use to combate three or foure at once, every spring, purposely to be let blood a little : it does me good all the yeare after.

Scon. I am very glad of it. But tell me Cosen *Fortresse*, how fares it with the residue of the blades, the valiant Twiball Knights, the famous brethren, doe they walke in Coat gelt, or all a mode in *Dunkirke* Cloaks?

Mix. Those fashioned Cloaks I never heard of before : I mervaile my Tayler gets not a patterne of them ; Pray sir, what is a *Dunkirke* Cloake?

Pirke. Not know a *Dunkirk* upper garment, a leaguer Cloak ; behold my *Io*, this Cane, this staffe of office ; this wee stile the Millitarie Caster.

Mix. Twill hardly keepe a shoure of raine out that.

Scon. Are they confin'd to Chamber still, for want of Boots, or Linnen ? I love to heare of their prosperities.

Fort. Why Cosen they are well, but in the accus-tom'd garbe, the frugall brimme, and petty feather : they expect most carefully thy admittance into our Order.

Scon. 'T shall be done after my wedding Cosen. I have got, dost heare firrah *Pirke* a girle of mettall, the

Doctors daughter Bully, *Fortresse*: Flesh of Milke and Roses Blade.

For. But Cosen, tis necessary, you inrole your selfe into the Family before you wed: our order, like the Knights of *Malta*, does admit no persons espoused: but with this difference, if they receive the Order Batchellours, they may then marry and yet retaine the title.

Scon. Say you so Cosen?

For. Certaine truth my *Io*: we met upon our grand Exchange last night, our place of trade and consultation; and there concluded some decrees, necessary for supporting our Commonwealth.

Pir. How perdition Captaine? how durst you meet without me? or conceite that decree valuable, which the voyce of Captaine *Pirke* has not assented to. Refuse me sir, the brethren of the Blades shall rue their bold confrontment: vengeance doe you take mee for a boy, or some *Pigwigin*? consult without me?

Scon. Patience, good Captaine *Pirke*, I would faine heare them.

Pirke. He reads his necke-verse, reads them in my pefence: Death rob me of the priviledge of my place and dignity Captaine, confound you, I could shew you *Twibill* for it.

Mix. What does this *Tom Thumbe* meane troe?

For. Why sirrah Dandiprat, you might have given attendance.

Pirke. What without a summons, you can send *Iacke Shirke* your Beadle, to congregate the meaner branches of the Brotherhood, not a Picke-pocket I warrant you, but had notice of it: and must I be forgotten? by my man-hood tis base.

Scon. You have given the Captaine too bold a touch Senior *Pirke*; thou art just like the Mouse to the Elephant, borne to vex him: but prethee for my sake let him read them.

Pirke. Your sake prevales, or otherwise——

For. Attend then Cosen *Sconce*; our Orders Ile assure you are such, as the most envious Justice, nor their Goose-quill Clarks, that smell at new Bridewell, and Finsbury shall not exclaime on. *Imprimis*, it is generally decreed.

Pirk. How, generally without me? Fire of *Styx* this is insufferable.

Scon. Good Captaine *Pirke*, on cosen *Fortresse*.

Fort. That no knight of the Twibill; as Whiskin or allye gentleman shall presume to lead or convey any of the sisters of the order, *viz.* Striker, Cockatrice, or Gynimeg through the watch after twelve, unlesse he see them asleepe, or be in fee with the Constable, under the penalty of being sent to the house of Correction.

Pirk. Renounce me sir, this order Ile not signe to, it favors of cowardise, feare to convey a sister through the watch, tis against Our noble institution.

Fort. Next it is enacted, that none of the groomes of our wardrobe shall offer to deprive any man of cloake, coate, or hat, unlesse it be in the darke, as they feare to answer it at the next assises, and be burn'd in the hand for it.

Scon. Twould be a hot touch for them cosen *Fortresse*.

Fort. Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and customes, to wit divers Rookes, and Saint Nicholas Clearkes shall certainly use no more flights to get more then they can clearely come off with, under penalty of being carried up Holborne in a cart, and at Tiburne executed, which may tend to the dissolution of our whole fraternity.

Scon. But have you concluded nothing for the sisters, I long to heare them?

Fort. O yes cosen, we have confinde them to a certaine price, a stipend reasonable, so that they shall not need to dive into pockets.

Scon. They will doe that if you would hang them cosen.

Pirk. I doe disclaime that order, Captaine *Fortresse* your wisedome should have well considerd at what charge they are, for coach or hand litter, specially those of the gentile garbe, next their ushers must be maintaind, paint payd for, cloaths provided and the matron satisfied, these things considerd, could you bee so cruell as to confine them to a price by valour sir, I am asham'd on't.

Fort. Tis mended by the next order, they are prescrib'd from wearing Plush and Sattin, unlesse in petticoats.

Scon. You will not have them like the Jewes at Rome weare party coloured garments, to be knowne from Christians?

Fort. By no meanes sir, we would have every one take notice of them, but Marshalls men, Beadles, and Constables, and therefore have ordain'd that they shall weare Beaver Hats, Poak'd Ruffles, Grogam Gownes, or at the best wrought Taffata, Foxe Skinne Muffes, Moehaire peticoates, Bodkins and Crof-cloaths edg'd with gold lace.

Mix. This is the habit of our Rotterdamians.

Fort. The only shape to hide a striker in: ever while you live, your city is most secure from officers, and most notorious to gentlemen, they will take up your city ware at any rate. Besides while they flanted it in plush, 'twas an abuse to gentlewomen and Ladies, we have er'd in questioning them for females of our tribe, and had our pates broake for it.

Scon. But cosen is this edict generally confirm'd by all the society of the Twibillers Knights and Ladies.

Fort. Tis universall cosen, only for Captaine *Pirkes* name, wee left a blanke, there's the decree sir, read it if you please.

Pirk. Twas the safest course to leave a blanke for me, or I had Blank'd your whole decree! I had by magnanimity.

Scon. *Imprimis*, I Captaine Furibundo Fortresse.

Mix. A fearefull name that fame.

Scon. Knight great master of the order of Twibill: Lord of no Cloke, Viscount Ratan, cane and one spur.

Mix. You are but an ill cocke of the game it seemes.

Scon. Count Freefe, gray Felt, and mony-lacke, Duke of Turnbull, Bloomesbury, and Rotten Row, Lord paramont of all Garden-Alleyes, Gun Ally, and Rosemary Lane.

Mix. He has more titles then the great Turke. Proceed fir.

Scon. Chief commander of all Twibills, dangerfeild and whiskins, who will quarell in Tavernes with a man, and not fight in the field with a mouse. And of the residue of the fraternities of huffes, divers dammes and decoyes, sole sultan and grand signeur, have to the premisses set my mighty hand, together with hands of our trusty and our couragious assistants (this blanke's for you Captaine *Pirke*.) *Holofernes Make-shift*, *Rosiran Knock-downe*, and twenty six more of our principall companions of the order.

Fort. Nay there are others too, bury not their appellations in oblivion, they merit memory.

Scon. To which at our command also are sub-sign'd our most illustrious and remarkable sisters (they are slit nos'd perhaps) (there was a touch for them cosen *Fortresse*) *Donna Iesabella Garreta*, mother of the maids of Lambeth Marsh, with her conspicuous consort, at the three skipping Conies in the towne, (a touch that) you meane the three Squirrels, you are cunning cosen *Fortresse*, together with our most industrious servant *Pythagoras Pigge*.

Pirk. I gave him that name from his transmigration into cast suites, who has put his petie toes to it, and finally the woman that sings ballads, has her name trunled at the taile of it.

Mix. I mervaile master Doctor has not set his hand to this.

Scon. Seald with the feale at armes of our order, viz. Three Rooks volant in a field sanguine, two broken jugs the supporters, and a Twibill for the crest, and given the second day of this present month, at our mansion royall, or place of meeting in the long graviel'd walkes in our usuall fields.

Enter Doctor, Vrinall, Freewit, Sir Martine.

Sir Mar. Well Master Doctor you'l remember me,
And have an eye unto my nephew, I trust
Her with you. Farewell sir.

Exit Sir Mart.

Doct. Doubt it not good sir *Martine*.

Fort. Captaine *Pirke* pray retire unto the brothers of our Society: entreat them to prepare againe to morrow, for my cosen *Sconces* enseafement.

Pirk. Upon compulsion sir, I should refuse, marry on faire entreaty I doe flye, good and high fates looke on you.

Ex. Pirk.

Doct. Sonne *Sconce* (I'm bold to call you so) how do's your arme?

Scon. Indifferent sir, but yet I have not found that rare effect ith' weapon salve you spoake of, *Vrinall* I feare since it cur'd the two serjeants and their yeomen, the vertue has beene much extenuated.

Doct. Twas your ill dressing the weapon: give me your sword sonne, this is of the right salve the welsh Doctor makes, this shall save my credit.

Annoints the weapon.

Now *Vrinall* take this weapon, lap it warme in linnen cloaths, and locke it in my sonne, your anguish sonne will soone be mitigated.

Scon. I have a touch of it already sir.

Free. I have seene experience of this weapon
falve, and by its most mysterious working knowne
some men hurt, past the helpe of surgery re-
cover'd.

Mix. Marke you that master *Sconce*, the gentleman
may be believ'd.

Free. Yet I cannot
With my laborious industry invent
A reason why it should doe this, and therefore
Transcending naturall causes, I conclude
The use unlawfull.

Scon. He is unlawfully begotten sir, dares tearme
it so, there was a touch for him cosen *Fortresse*; I cald
him sonne of a whore, and he would take no notice
of it.

Doct. But pray sir, why should it be unlaw-
full?

Free. Cause Conscience and religion difallow
In the recovery of our impair'd healths,
The assistance of a medicine made by charmes,
Or subtile spells of witchcraft.

Scon. His mother was a witch, saies this maide, so
there was another touch for him cosen *Fortresse*,
son of a witch, but he understands not that
neither.

Doct. Conceive you this to be compounded
so?

Free. Ile prove it master Doctor.

Scon. The prooffe of a pudding is the eating, in
your teeth sir, a pudding in his teeth: you know what
I meane cosen *Fortresse*, another touch for him, but
al's one, he has wit in's anger, and wil not understand
me.

Fort. If he durst blunder for it Cosen *Sconce*.

Free. Yet to avoide a tedious argument,
Since our contention's only for discourse,
And to instruct my knowledge, pray tell me,
Affirme you not that this same falve will cure
At any distance (as if the person hurt

Should be at Yorke) the weapon, dres'd at London,
On which his blood is.

Doct. All this is granted 'twill.

Scon. Nay we'l grant you more fir (that it will not) and yet prove it, and you shall prove your selfe a (so you shall.) There had been another touch for him cosen *Fortresse*, but I fear'd hee would have understood me now, ere you shall prove it.

Fort. Silence cosen *Sconce*, let's heare the whiffler if he cannot verifie his words, sink me my Jo, he shall taste arme of dangerfield.

Free. Out of your words fir Ile prove it Diabolical, no cause

Naturall ; begets the most contemn'd effect,
Without a passage through the meanes, the fire
Cannot produce another fire untill
It be apply'd to subject apt to take
Its flaming forme, nor can a naturall cause,
Worke at incompetent space : how then can this
Neither consign'd to th' matter upon which
Its operation is to cause effect ;
Nay at so farre a distance, worke so great
And admirable a cure beyond the reach
And law of nature ; yet by you maintain'd,
A naturall lawfull agent, what dull fence can
credit it.

Scon. Very authenticke this, well if the divell have tane the paines to be my surgion, my arme I feare will be posselt, I feele an evill spirit in it already.

Fors. Respect the Doctors answer.

Doct. Sir, you speake reason, I must confesse, but every cause

Workes not the same way ; we distinguish thus :
Some by a Physicall and reall touch
Produce : So Carvers hewing the rough Marble,
Frame a well polish'd statue : but there is
A virtuall contact too ; which other causes
Imploy in acting their more rare effects,

So the bright Sun does in the solid earth,
 By the infusive vertue of his raies,
 Convert the fordid substance of the mold
 To Mines of mettall, and the piercing ayre
 By cold reflexion so ingenders Ice ;
 And yet you cannot say the chilly hand
 Of ayre, or quickning fingers of the Sunne,
 Really touch the water or the earth.
 The Load-stone so by operative force,
 Causes the Iron which has felt his touch,
 To attract another Iron ; nay, the Needle
 Of the ship guiding compasse, to respect
 The cold Pole Articke ; just so the salve workes,
 Certain hidden causes convay its powerfull
 Vertue to the wound from the annointed
 Weapon, and reduce it to welcome soundnesse.

Scon. The salve is legitimate agen, Cosen *Fortresse*, O rare Doctor.

Mix. Nay, you shall heare him tickle the gentlemen I warrant you.

Free. 'This, Mr. Doctor, is
 A weake evasion, and your purities
 Have small affinity ; the glorious Sunne
 As tis a generall instrument of heaven,
 In all its great productions, and the Ayre
 An Elementall agent, naturally
 Ingender Mettalls in the earth, and Ice
 On the selfe frisking waters : The Load-stone
 As tis a simple body, may afford
 That vertue to the Steele by secret power
 Of all-commanding nature. But that this,
 This weapon salve, a compound, should affect
 More than the purest bodies can, by wayes
 More wonderfull than they doe, as apply'd
 Unto a sword a body voyd of life,
 Yet it must give life, or at least preserve it.

Scon. Pish, he talkes like an Apothecary to the Doctor.

Doct. You mistake, it does not,

Tis the blood sticking to the sword atchieves
The cure : there is a reall sympathy
Twixt it, and that which has the juyce of life,
Moystens the body wounded.

Fort. Rare *Paracelsian*, thy Annalls shall be cut in
Brasse by Pen of Steele.

Free. You may as well
Report a reall sympathy betweene
The nimble soule in its swift flight to heaven,
And the cold carkasse it has lately left,
As a loath'd habitation ; blood, when like
The sap of Trees, which weepes upon the Axe
Whose cruell edge does from the aged 'Trunke
Dislever the green Branches from the Veines,
Ravish'd, forgoes his Native heate, and has
No more relation to the rest, than some
Desertlesse servant, whom his Lord casts off,
Has to his vertuous fellowes.

Enter Mistris Know-worth.

Know. Mr. *Free-wit* return'd agen, and in dis-
course
With Mr. Doctor : Ile not disturbe your confer-
ence.

Doct. So please your Ladyship we had even
done.

I am glad she's come to rescue me.

Scon. There was a touch for him Cosen *Fortresse*,
viçtus, viçta, viçtum, he lookes like a Schoole-boy van-
quish'd at capping verses : harke you sir, repent your
errour, and in time you may bee sav'd ; you see the
vertue of the salve the Doctor had drefs'd his Speak-
ing [weapon with it. It hurt you, and it has cured
you Beware you fall not into a relapse : there was an-
other touch for him Cosen *Fortresse*. Doctor give
your hand (father I should have said) some fam'd Hif-

torian, some *Gallo-Belgicus* shal Chronicle thee and
thy falve, there was a touch for him Cosen *Fortresse*.
Come you shall see my Mistris.

Exeunt Sconce, Fortresse, Mixum, and Doctor.

Know. Mr. *Freewit* have you yet found the in-
jur'd

Woman out, I motion'd at last parting?

Free. Truly Mistris, had she bin worthy the seek-
ing, your

Command should not have beene protracted, but

'Twere a staine to my owne honour to be in-
fitive

After a prostitute, and a blot to your

Discretion, should nice judgments know you enjoyn'd
me

So manifest a folly.

Know. 'Twas a greater, to be the author of her
shame,

Whom now you slight so infinitely.

Free. Could I slight her more,

'Twere a due justice which I owe my selfe,

(In hazarding the forfeit of your love)

Undone by her, but your most serious thoughts

Will sure convert your soule from the intent

Of my most certaine ruine, which your last

Discourse perhaps, for triall of my faith,

Seem'd to invert upon me.

Know. You mistake;

Needlesse are second trialls, when a first

Proves you perfidious; doubtlesse you confirm'd

Your love to her, with the same sad protests

You've done to me (yet left her) for her sake,

And in revenge of womans innocence, martyr'd by
you,

I here to heaven pronounce a sure disjunction

Of our loves and vows for ever.

Free. O reserve that breath,

Which ought like sacred incense to be spent
Onely on heaven; or in delivering notes
May charme the world to peace, when raging
warres

Or Earth quakes have affrighted it. Consum't
On no such use, horrid and ominous,
As if it threatned thunder to the earth,
Or would infect the genius of the ayre
With Mists contagious (as if compos'd
Of Viper steame) O and you were wont
To be so good, that vertue would have sigh'd
At the unwelcome spectacle) if you
Had appeared woman in a passion,
(Though of the flightest consequence) O do not
Renounce that Saint-like temper, it will be
A change hereafter burthenous to your soule,
As sinne to one, who all his life time blest
With peace of Conscience, at his dying minute,
Falls into mortall enmity with heaven,
And perishes eternally.

Know. These words

Have not the effectuall Oratory you first had,
When I was confident, as day of light,
Your youth had beene as destitute of vice
As of deformity. So a sweet streame,
Whose bubling harmony allur'd the Birds
To court its moving musicke, when it mixes
With impure waters, with the noyse affrights
The eares. before delighted in it.

Free. This is too severe a Justice, and extends
To cruelty, had some intemperate rage
Purpled my hand in murther (though the guilt
Would have beene written in a larger Text
In Conscience blacke booke; yet the punishment
Had not bin halfe so hideous. I should for that
Have suffered bnt a temporary paine
At worst; and my truly repentant soule
Perhaps have had free entrance to the place
Consign'd to penitents, when now, like some

Manacled Captive, or diseased wretch,
On whom each minute does beget a death ;
I like a flow fire by my owne soft flames,
With Tortoyse speed extinguish.

Know. Sir, your words
Are superficiall, as a shadow which
The morning Sunne produces and blacke night
Renders forgotten : and no more excite
Beliefe in me : that what you utter's truth,
Then Mandrakes groanes doe a conceite of death
In persons resolute, while I have yet
A specious memory left, that once my heart
Tendred you dearly ; I would counsell you
First to indeavour to finde out that maid,
(If that succeed not) not to thinke of me,
As one affianc'd to you by a neerer
Interest then other women are that never
Had conversation with you.

Free. Had a frost,
Sharpe as a tedious winters Northerne blasts,
Congeal'd your mercy, my unfained teares
Should with moyst warmth dissolve it, mistris you
Approach so neare the attributes of heaven,
That had you liv'd ith' superstitious age,
More pretious gums had fum'd upon your altars,
Then on all female deities. O forgive me,
A rigorous tyrants breath will scarce pronounce
For one and the first crime, so strict a sentence :
You shall not goe yet if you will recall it,
Lovers will bleffe your piety, and subscribe
To your superlative goodnesse.

Know. Pray desist, affoord me liberty to retire, I
cannot alter my resolution.

Free. Yet reclaime it ;
Some divells spleene has lately fraught your brest,
And banish'd thence milde pittie, boistrous winds,
Force so the gentle and untroubled seas,
To swallow up some ships, its naturall calme-
nesse

Would have transported safely with their wealth
To their desired harbors) were my thoughts,
Not fix'd with that religion upon you
That are my prayers (when I repent) on heaven,
I should not thus transcend the lawes and strength
Of manhood, and like some distressed babe
Left by its parent to the desolate woodes,
Or ayres cold charity, so long implore
A new and holier union twixt our soules,
Then ere had link'd them : which when you have
tied,
Time shall depend like summer on your brow,
And your whole life be one continued youth,
(Such were the springs in paradise) and when
You passe to be a sharer in heavens blisse,
Virgins and innocent lovers spotlesse teares,
Hardned to pearle by the strong heat of sighes
Shall be your monument.

Know. I shall relent
Spight of my settled will if he continue
These moving supplications : Sir because
You shall not blame my cruelty, or judge
Tis for regard of any thing but my honour,
I doe forsake you, if ere to morrow night
You finde that woman, get her to renounce
Freely her title to you, I agen
On promise of your future loyalty
Will stand the triall of your wavering faith,
Perhaps be yours agen : you have
Receiv'd my utmost meaning.

Exit. Know.

Free. How I adore
This constancy of worth in her, though
It make against my selfe, well I must to my taske,
That labour's richest that most paines doth ask.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Doctor and Lady Yellow.

Doct. **T**IS a strange humour Madam, and condemnes
 Your judgement of much indiscretion,
 Did I not know it lawfull; nay no way
 But that for the recovery of your health,
 I should not urge it thus, you are lately falne
 Into a desperate melancholy, and your blood
 Can no way purge so well as by
 Performance of what I have declar'd.

Lady. Truth fir I weigh not at so high a rate, my
 life
 That to prolong it to an irkesome age,
 I should destroy my honour, neither doe I
 Finde any such strange sicknesse raining on me
 As you have urg'd; pray as you love me fir,
 Unlesse you meane to drive me from
 The house, repeate this argument no more.

Enter Sir Martine and Vrinall.

Vrin. Why looke you fir, my master has
 Perswaded her as much as lay in him, and
 He has a tounge able to cofen the divell: but twill
 not doe,
 She is too honest believe it, for your nephew Sir *Martine*, shee

Has kept her chamber ever since she came,
None but my selfe has seene her.

Sir Mar. It shall be so, the holy law of heaven
Made us one individuall, the strickt league
Twixt man and wife, ought to confine both
foules

To a most constant union, injur'd woman.

Lady. My husband and on the suddaine, speake
you to me fir.

Vrin. His mouth open'd Ime fure, fir the Dutch
Gentleman.

Doct. O my sonne *Sconce*, come hither *Vrinall*.

Lady. This acknowledgement cannot
Be serious from him, good *Sir Martine*
Has your wilde fancy not impos'd enough,
Temptations on my fraylty that you come after
So many strange indignities, againe to delude
me.

Sir Mar. Tis misery of customary finners when
they meane

A reall truth, then their precedent ills,
Deprive it credit, Madam not that night,
That sacred night which spred its starry wings,
(Like Curtaines shadowing the Altar) ore
Our Hymeneall couch ; could witnesse more
Sincerity of indissolving love 'twixt us,
Then does this minute if your soule,
(Which is so passive it may justly challenge
A Martyrs temper) can dispense with pas'd
Absurd distastes, and like a Saint for humane
Condition is too vengefull freely pardon
What I amisse have acted.

Lady. As you are my husband fir, and consequently
my head.

Vrin. How many Ladies in towne are of that
minde.

Lady. And ought to be the guider of my
youth,

I will not stand on that nice terme of honour,

With you whom duty ties me to obſerve
 With more then ſuperficiall care, t' injoyne
 A penance for your folly ; the light ſmoake
 Findes not a ſurer buriall in the ayre
 (To whoſe embraces with ambitious haſte
 On azure wings it ſoar'd) then has your guilt,
 In this forgiving boſome, this pure kiſſe ſeales the
 agreement.

Sir Mar. She offered firſt too, and methought ſhe
 kis'd

As ſhe would eate my lips, the ravenous touch

Sir Mar. ſtarts.

Of her hot fleſh has ſeard me up like graſſe
 In ſummer time, and her fowle breath like blaſts
 Of Southerne windes, has quickned my dead fire
 Of jealouſie, nay rais'd it to a greater
 Heate then my former.

Lady. What ayle you fir on a ſuddaine ?

Sir Mar. Viper, toad, out of my preſence, ere my
 juſt wak'd

Rage, get to its height, whence like a Falcon
 towring

At full pitch ore the trembling fowle, it will ſeaſe
 on thee.

Doct. Madam tis beſt to leave him, I feare
 he's abſolutly franticke ; *Vrinall* looke to him, leaſt
 he act ſome violence on himſelfe, pleaſe your Ladſhip
 withdraw.

Lady. Soft patience guard my heart : wheres no
 offence,

One ſafely may rely on innocence.

Exit Lady and Doctlor.

Vrin. Why fir *Martine*, how doe you fir ? not
 ſpeak ? now by my life, he lookes like a ſtaggerell
 newly come to his Hornes, flings his head juſt in that
 manner they do not touch the feeling, yet *Sir Martine* :
 in time they may be three and foure at top, and ſerve

to hang hats and cloakes on in the best knights hall in towne.

Sir Mar. O *Vrinall*.

Vrin. O *Vrinall*, what a pittifull noate was there, that very sound has almost crack'd me to pieces : *Sir Martine*, good *Sir Martine* what ayles you? or rather what ayles your wife, that you hum and haw so after kissing her, her breath is favory, I dare bee sworne shee has neither eaten Onions nor drunke Aquavitæ.

Sir Mar. O no, she is like a too ripe, so extreamely sweet,

Shee poisons like the hony which small Bees
Sucke from the Aconite, the Panther so
Breaths odors pretious as the Sarmaticke gums
Of Easterne groves, but the delicious sent
Not taken in at distance choakes the sense
With the too muskie favour.

Vrin. You should have kis'd her as the Court fashion is, upon the cheeke, but pray sir, why are you so jealous : yet cannot prove your Lady has a trick with her toe, or turnes oftner than an honest woman (if shee do) had not you better like an old Stag, cast the cognifance of your order into the hedge, then like a wanton Pricket, runne full Butte at every one you meet, as who should say ; take notice of my horns. I am ashamed of it so I am.

S. Mar. Do'st not believe I am? a hideous cuckold.

Vrin. And must you needs cry Cuckow therefore. There are knights in towne who know their Ladies to be Hens oth' game, and live by tredding, yet like mettle Cockes they never hang the Gills for't, they are sure faire Gamesters use to pay the boxe well : especially at In, and In, (the Innes of Court Butlers would have had but a bad Christmas of it else) and what care they, so they can purchase plush, though their wives pay ith' hole for it.

Sir Mar. Can there be such monsters?

Vrin. Monsters, they are men *Sir Martine*, such as you are: onely they are velvet browd a little: but heare me Sir, if a man would venture faire offer to give a certain knowledge of your wifes honesty.

Sir Mar. Doe that, and be my genius *Vrinall*.

Vrin. You would have an evill Angell of me, Ile tell you sir; my master intends privately this night to wed his daughter to the Dutch youngker *Sconce*, the house will be at quiet, and your Lady left alone in her chamber, her sifter Mistris *Knoworth*, being to goe to Church with them.

Sir Mar. What of this?

Vrin. Soft and faire *Sir Martine*, I will ith' evening steale you into the Ladies chamber when she's in bed, come to her, and in the darke, (thats the only time to deale with a woman) (and as another man) trie what you can doe with her: if she consent (the worst) you doe but cuckold your selfe, if hold out, being a woman alone, in bed, and in the dark having a man standing by her, you may then conclude her an honest wife, and your jealousie foolish, as your vexation needlesse, you thinke I have no wit now I warrant.

Sir Mar. According as my soule could wish.

Vrin. Why law you then, who's the foole now? *Sir Martine* come in the evening, I will not faile you.

Sir Mar. Nor I hopes of triall, fare you well, A jealous man has in his heart his hell.

Ex. Sir Mar.

Vrin. Well knight, if I doe not fit your jealous head, let me bee sung in ballads for an erranter cox-combe then your selfe.

Enter Mistris Artlesse, Mistris Mixum, and Dalinea.

Mist. Art. Well said minx, you will not have him but you had best consider and doe as I and your father would have you : or you shall trudge for it, you shall be his wife.

Mist. Mix. Nay in fadnesse Mistris *Dal.* you are too blame, the gentleman is an honest gentleman, I and a kinde man I warrant him to a woman ; your mother and I have made triall of him, and finde him of a very good disposition, come chicke you shall have him.

Mrs. Art. Nay let her chuse and bee hangd, proud baggage who will refuse a gentleman of my owne chusing, but Ile send him to you and see if thou darst deny him, for thy life, come Mistris *Mixum.*

Exeunt Mistris Artlesse and Mistris Mixum.

Dal. Was ever innocent virgin thus betrayd
By cruelty of parents, who for wealth
Have sold my youth to slavery, the cold
Athes of injurd maids surround my heart,
Or some divine dew, stead of blood replenish
My swelling veins, circle my thought with Ice,
Thou power of chastity, that like the fresh
Primrose uncropt, by any hand, I may
Returne my selfe as pure and white
To earth, as when I came from't.

Vrin. How doe you Mistris *Dal.* alasse poore gentlewoman, would they have thee coverd with a Frisland horse, a Dutch Stallion : now shame upon their foules that wish it, he's neighing here already.

Enter Sconce.

Scon. *Vrinall*, my cofen *Fortrefse* and the reft oth' Knights will be here prefently ; pray you prepare the muficke and the wine, I would not faile in the moft diminute ceremony.

Vrin. Of a moft abfolute coxcombe, I fhall provide them fir.

Exit Vrinall.

Dal. Now begins my horror,
The fatall Bell fhould it proclaime my death,
Were fpheare-like muficke to his night-crowes voyce ;
Yet I muft heare it and retaine my fenfe,
Continue fubject to a daily noyfe
From the ill boding monfter.

Scon. Lady or Madamofell, Vfroe or Seniora what you please, or in what language to be entituled the Miftris of my thoughts, the complemental garbe is customary, and though I have learn'd by converfation with the Twibill Knights to kiffe my hand, believe me I had rather beftow my lips on yours ; our naturall Dutch contracting is the beft, without deceit or fhadow, there we only goe to th' taverne and be ungue browd, then drunke together. Ther's all our ceremony, and tis lawfull marriage too.

Dal. Would you would fir, better confider with your felfe and match where your own cuftomes are obferv'd, my feare my quality will never fuite the liking of your Dutch manners.

Scon. Manners Lady, you miftake I've none at all ; ere we will difagree about manners, Ile be as clownifh as an Upland Bore, foutra, tell a Dutch man of manners ?

Dal. Yet fir have fo much charity.

Scon. We deteft that worfe then the former, tis Papifticall, and was with that religion banifh'd our reform'd Commonwealth : but to our bufineffe, pretty

soule, I shall give thee touch mon and get a burger of thee.

Dal. Gentle fir, there ought to be in manhood a divine

Pitty, believe me as I tender truth,

I cannot fet the smallest of my thoughts

On your ill welcome love, therefore I beseech you

Not to proceed in my unfortunate match

Which will be fatall to us both, for goodnesse

Have so much mercy on me.

Scon. An excellent touch that, as if there could be mercy in a Dutch-man, and to a woman? if there had beene any, the Nuns at Tilmont had not beene us'd so horribly last summer: why should you say you cannot love me? tis a false touch Ime certaine of it, I shall know anone, till when receive your lips in pledge that no such words shall issue forth of them, adiew Lady, anone we must to the old touch of Matrimony.

Ex. Sco.

Dal. The hand of death

Shall give me first a bride to some darke grave,

Where I will mixe with wormes before the Priest

Knit so unjust an union, the kinde grasse

Will sure be greene still on my Sepulchre,

And spotlesse Virgins annually dance

A fairy ring about it.

Enter Vrinall and Poppingay in disguised cloathes.

Vrin. Now if you doe not catch a Roach in her troubled waters, I shall conclude you a gudgion: speake to her, a woman has ever a hole open to receive a mans tale, believe it you shall have my assistance, and if I doe not second you confidently, may my tongue be cramped, my wit

breech'd; and the machina of my invention ruind perpetually.

Pop. Fairest creature.

Dal. Had you said wretched'st, Mistris you had given me

My proper attribute.

Pop. Can there be on earth,
A savagenesse so great as will conspire
To afflict so rich a goodnesse? yet by your eyes
Adorn'd by those cleare pearles which doe trans-
forme

Even sorrow to a lovelinesse beyond
Indifferent beauty, I conceive some fiend
Rested in humane shape (for man would never
Have dar'd so vile a sacrilege) in hope
By your pure teares, t'extinguish his owne flames
Caus'd this distemper in you.

Vrin. Pish you are long to speed, be
Short and quick, that pleases Ladies.

Pop. I had a younger brother, though not fully
blest

In your sweet knowledge, yet once his tounge
Was his hearts bold embassador, and deliver'd
A true narration of his zealous love,
Which is in him so permanent, that when
His eares receive a notice that your faith
Is plighted to another, twill be Juice
Of balefull hemlocke to his braine, convert it
Either to suddaine madnesse or a sleep,
Cold and erelasting.

Dal. I remember once
A nephew of Sir *Martines* did sollicit
That which he term'd my love, but I con-
ceiv'd
His meaning rather was to cause discourse,
Then that his strict intention had resolved
His promises performance.

Vrin. Did I not tell you she would come
about?

Pop. Trust me Lady,
The solitary Nightingale who sings
To her lost honour a harmonious ditty,
Loves not the thorne so dearly, to whose pricks
She sets her featherd bosome, as I me sure
My brother tenders you, the gawdy light
May sooner be obscur'd by wandring smoake :
Nay the eternall essence of the foule
Become corporeall and revivite earth,
After its flight to paradise, ere he
Descend to variation of his love,
Could you affect him.

Dal. Had your brother been
Of the same disposition and soft sweetnesse
That I perceive in you (though this be our
First interview) there could not have beene molded
(Had I beene borne to entertaine loves heat)
A man that would so fitly sympathize
With my condition, nor whom I should fancy
With more intire perfection.

Vrin. Strike home, and sure the iron's hot
already.

Pop. Behold him Lady,
Whose every motion does as from the spheare,
Receive a lively influence from your looks ;
The modest silence of the temperate Even,
When zephire softly murmurs to the flowers
A wholesome farewell undisturb'd by stormes,
May sooner rest in one continued night,
Then can my foule in quiet without just
Assurance of your love, which if you grant,
Times native Belman, the shrill Organd Cocke
Shall cease to carroll Mattens to the morne,
The earely Larke that whispers to the Sun
A constant Augury of a beauteous day,
Shall lose his light plumes in the checkerd Clouds,
Ere I my resolute chastity, nor can you
Invent evasions to decline my suite,
Since on its grant relies the only hopes

Of your redemption from the barbarous armes,
Of him you were espous'd to.

Dal. This surprize,
And your strong vows would batter a resolve,
Downe in a brest that could be flexible
To easy love, but since I cannot frame
My conscience to a warrantable zeale
Toward any man, Ile rather fixe my hate
(For that must of necessity accrue
To him that weds me) on a person worthy
Contempt, then on your selfe, whose worth do's chal-
lenge
A noble and reciprocall regard
For your affection, blessings on ye fir,
Thinke not amisse of me.

Exit Dalinea.

Vrin. Now the curse of a tedious virginity light
on ye, you will not be tupp'd by a Dutch Ram, a
Hausen Kender, a Westfally Bore-pig, now the ini-
quity of a swagbellied Hollands Burgers get thee with
childe of a dropsie, if thou marriest him, why how
now Master *Popingay*, stroken with a Plannet? tis a
female Star, as changeable as the Moone, goe to your
chamber, I heare company approaching, this Dutch
Butter-Firkin shall bee melted to grease ere he shall
have her trust to it.

Pop. Passion on passion fall when hopes are
spent,
The best of comforts is a forc'd content.

Exit.

Vrin. So here comes my blades, now plot but
hit,
And *Vrinall* shall be stil'd the Lord of wit.

Exit.

Enter Sconce, Fortresse, and Knights.

Scon. Cosen *Fortresse* welcome, welcome Captaine

Pirke, valiant brothers, nay gentlemen, then your accoutrements be of the vulgar cut, be not daunted, tis hereditary to Low Country souldiers to weare off reckonings, the time shall come the little worrne shall weave, and filken tribute pay to men of service, give me your hands gentlemen, I shall be one of you anone, but Cosen *Fortresse*, what bashfull youth is that that dares not thrust his nose out of his coate, for feare the winde should blow it to his face, ha?

Fort. Tis flat enough already, this my Jo, nay show thy Phisnomy, h'is our quondam trusty attendant, but now Knight of the Twibill, Pithagoras Pig.

Scon. Is this the famous off-spring of great hog? we should be kindred certainly, my Ancestors were Bores, give me thy fore-foot sirrah, and tell me coz, why dost not wander into a new skin? this begins to crackle vilely.

Pirk. O tis for want of basting fir.

Fort. No my Jo, hee casts his skin but once a yeare, like the poore snake: well, he has done our Order speciall service; but coz, where are the preparations the vancarriers coz, to the solemnity of your instalment? renounce me, if you vilifie the institution by disregard of properties, this hand shall never crosse the Twibill ore thy head, nor give thee thy avant chevalier, while thou art mortall my Jo, I say I shall not.

Pirk. No matter fir *Sconce*, by the head of valor, my selfe shall dub thee.

Font. Who you King *Twadle*? Mushrome you dub him?

Pirk. Yes, I *Gog*, *Magog*, I dub him *Gargantua*.

Ent. Vrin.

Scon. Nay good cosen *Fortresse*, Captaine *Pirke*, this *Vrinall* I could e'ne fill him to the brim with

curfes, but here's my agent ; come where are the mu-
fitioners *Vrinall*?

Vrin. They will bee loud enough by and by, I
warrant you.

Fort. This is legitimate blood of the Spanish
grape my Jo.

Scon. Lufty facke credit me coz, twill give the
touch, *Vrinall* make fast the doore, and leave us, and
give us notice if any body approach.

Vrin. What hafte this gull makes to cheat him-
felfe in private, muft the muficke enter ?

Exit. Vrin.

Fort. No by no meanes, weel call to them through
the doore, varlet avoide. Now coz, to beginne our
ceremony : firft, drinke to me.

Scon. I like it well when it begins with drinks, tis
a figne twill end merrily ; this cup is abominable too
little, one can fcarce wet his whistle out of it, it fhall
be this goblet, a voftre grace, coz *Fortrefse*.

Fort. Sir *Pithagoras* we doe create you skinker, it
fhall goe round my blades, you fhall dible in liquor
of account ; here brother *Make-shift*.

Make. Gramercies Captaine.

Pirk. Choake you fir, learne manners, offer to
drinke before betters, tis an affront to feniority,
defstroy me if I can fuffer this, no forfake me Captaine
I cannot.

Scon. There was a touch for you brother *Make-
shift*, but good little *Pirke* be patient.

Mak. This Preface is very Cannonical my *Io*,
nay, I fhall learn the phrafes instantly.

Pig. Have you all had it brothers ?

Pig. All but my felfe Sir *Holofernes*.

Scon. Who my coz *Pig*, off fup off thy wafh my
Jo, at worft thou canft but be fwine-drunke ; but coz,
fhall we difpatch ? I long to be inftald.

Fort. I now we'l to't, come hither Captaine,
fing the hymne preparatory to Knight-hood, but

wet your pipes first, Ganimed, they'l fqueake the better.

Scon. An admirable touch this, what's next troe?

Song.

Fort. Now coz *Sconce*, our Order does constraîne us to a frisk, a dance about you, as the Fairies tred about their great King *Oberon*.

Pirk. But can this musicke play the Twibill dance, none else will satisfie.

Scon. Musicke you must play the Twibill dance he sayes, dance so while.

Dance.

They dance, the wine shall tread a sink apace into my belly, you have lost one of your best heels cosen.

Fort. No me Jo, twas off before the ceremony is halfe accomplish'd, you are our wardrope keeper, brother *Knockedowne* have you brought the vestments of our Order?

Knocke. Fuse Captaine not I.

Pirk. Rot me fir, you would be made to fetch them.

For. How, not our robes of honor the ensignes of our chevalry?

Knock. Sinke me, fir you know they are in tribulation.

For. Hell take the Broker: we must perforce imploy one of our owne suits.

Knock. Take my Buffe Jerkin Captaine.

Make. Death keepe it on, you'll shew your dirty shirt.

Pirke. Found you fir, you lye: I fathome in your guts, hee has none on.

Make. How, sonne of foule Adultery, the lye?

For. What doe you blunder, whiffers Pigge, are you grunting too : shall I whet my Twibill on your bones mips of debility ?

Scon. Nay, Cosen, Gentlemen rather than you shall fall out, Ile be content to bee dub'd in my own cloathes : nay pray you Gentlemen.

For. Tis against order, and we must observe ceremony.

Scon. O by all meanes Coz.

For. First then receive this cap of maintenance.

Scon. Cap of Maintenance doe you call it ? I will maintaine when this old Cap was new, 'twas a Dutch felt, but now tis nine degrees below a straw Hat ; I doe not like this touch : but Coz I shall have my Bever agen I hope ?

Fort. How ? suspitious my *Io* : Brother *Knock-downe* disroab his necke of this old linnen, favours of a winding-sheet : this is *Decimo Sexto*, feares no rump-ling : Now Cosen *Sconce*, you must discusse your doublet.

Scon. That will be damn'd instantly ; pray heaven my skinne scape.

For. Here fir, receive this Military Cassocke, 't has seene service.

Scon. 'T has been shot through both the Elbowes ; this Military Cassocke has I feare, some Military hang-byes : this Twibill Knight-hood is but a lousie Order, would I had ne're medled with it.

Fort. Now you appeare something above an Embrio : *Makeshift* helpe to untrusse his breeches.

Scon. I shall be whipt instantly : But Cozen *Fortresse*, is there no redemption for my Breeches ?

Pirke. Sume me Captaine, tis not requisite he should put off his Breeches.

Scon. Thankes good Captaine *Pirke*, twas a friendly touch that.

Pir. May not his transitory money serve to excuse his breeches ?

Fort. To him it may.

Pir. A Twibill Knight ought to regard no money, but the glistring steele.

Scon. Well, since it must be so, there take my money.

Knock. Paw sir, you lose the priviledge of the Order, if you respect your money.

Scon. Now doe I looke like—— as if I were new come from the Lottery: or what say you Sir *Holofernes*, to the Picture of the Prodigal in the painted Cloath? Sure I have now perform'd all the Ceremonies; if not, Ime sure I have nothing else left to performe withall.

Fort. So, now kneelee downe, while thus I thee create: *Ieremias Sconce*, Knight of the order of Twibill. Now avaunt Chevalaire.

Omni. Health to our worthy Brother, *Ieremias Sconce*, Knight of the Twibill.

Fort. But brothers, there is Sacke yet to be drunke, in Celebration of this Knight-hood.

Scon. I like this drinking heartily; there's some goodnesse in 't; will you beginne, my Captaine Generall; Ile call you so now.

Fort. *Pythagoras*, fill his Bowle up. Capt. *Pirk* this *Cornucopia* to my Leiftenant Generalls health; Ile call you so now.

Scon. A place of Marke and Charge that.

Pirke. Man of valour, respect this Cup to the health of our Leift. Generall.

Mark. A vous brother *Knockdowne*.

Knock. Here Sir *Barrabas*.

Scon. Altogether gentlemen, a health Musitians,
found.

Gentlemen all *tres humblement serviture vostre*: I ha done you right.

Fort. Expect me *So*; heart of my father, you must for consummation of your installment, drinke a cup a piece to each of us.

Sconi Twas my intention Generall: to you all in

generall, helpe *Pith.* let it be two Captaine, tis pittie to put so many worthy men in a pint pot.

Pirk. Soule of my valour, y'are ship'd fir, you must drinke five together.

Scon. Y'are wanton Captaine, a wag upon my Knight-hood, you meane to measure the profundity of my belly, twill bee a hard taske to doe it to a Dutch-man——looke you Captaine.

Fort. Thou shalt be my *Bacchus* Io, he drinckes as if hee had eaten Pickle Herring.

Scon. This Cup was as deepe as Fleet-freet Conduit. Sound me my *Io*, I ha' made a new River in my Belly, and my Guts are the Pipes: Tother cup good wreckling, vertue shall be vertue still, so long as I can stand Captaine.

Fort. That will not be long I hope.

Enter Vrin.

Scon. This Coller spoyles my drinking, or else this Sack has horse-flesh in't, it rides upon my stomacke. O *Vrinall*, Ime a Knight of the Twibill honest *Vrinall*.

Vrin. Take heede you'll crush me fir to pieces. Gentlemen yonder are the Constables at the doore to apprehend Captaine *Fortresse*.

Scon. Some more sacke firrah, I shall be married anon.

For. That's I, tis for the linnen brothers: Hell my *Io*, how shall I scape them?

Scon. More Sacke firrah, the tother touch sweet Pig, the tother touch.

Vrin. There is no way but one fir, they have beset the house; my Master is perswading them. Follow mee, Ile by a backe way set you safely out with your company.

For. Noble *Vrinall*: come Blades here's purchase for us.

Exit Vrinall cum Knights.

Scon. This is but foure Cups captaine Cofen Pigge. *Skinke* my parting Cup, and then Ime gone : ha ! where be you Gentlemen, I am not blinde, or play you at Boe-peep ? they are gone, this is a pretty touch, my touch my *Jo*, with my money and Cloathes, a pretier touch still, let me see, they have left some Sacke behind them, there's my comfort yet.

Ent. Popping. and Louring in womans cloaths.

Who's this ? my wife that must bee.
Come hither wife, thou see'st the worst of me
I am but drunke : Kisse me *Boranke* : never feare, I
will not spoyle thy gorget. Hark in thy eare my *Io*,
shall I have a gentle touch ? twill doe no harme, wee
are to be marryed anon thou know'st ; I shall get
wife children on thee.

Lov. What wouldst thou ravish me libidinous
Swine ?
Strive, and thou dyest.

strikes up his heeles.

Scon. Twas an unkinde touch that, my *Io*, you
might have false under me, 't had beene the fitter
place for a woman, pray helpe me up agen.

Lov. Yes, to thy death, if thou deny t' performe
what I enjoyne thee.

Scon. How, kill a Knight of the Twibill, and in
the Ensignes of his owne Order, ere it shall be said
to the disgrace of Knighthood, that any of the fra-
ternity was kild by a woman, Ile doe any thing :
Lead on, Ile follow you.

Pop. Thus they must strive,
Who in loves subtle Merchandise will thrive.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Doctor, Vrinall, Mrs. Artleffe, and Mrs. Mixum.

Doct. **T**His stealth was unexpected, tis almost
Beyond believe, my daughter should
thus change

Her perverse humour, and embrace his love
Which when I motion'd to her, the darke shade
Seem'd not a greater enemy to blest light
Than she appeard to it : and that she should
Cosen my hopes, and without me her mother,
Or any friend resigne her will to his,
And strike the match up, puzzles my best faith,
Though I rejoyce at it.

Vrin. You have reasons fir to doe so, your daughter had more wit then you expected, tis the quality of maids, to deny what they desire : had you but seene how nimbly shee trod over the threshold, you would have sworne she had beene mad of the match : I stood and heard him aske her : shall wee goe to the Church ? Church answerd she, ist not too late quoth he agen, never too late to doe well replied she agen : (though it were at midnight) and then the Dutch younker tooke her up into a (what doe you call it) a sedan (and heaven speed) away they went, marry to what Church, he's gone I know not, only I heard him sweare he would not come at Pen-crudge.

Mrs. Art. And why not ; tis an ancient Church, and all old things must not be cast away, there has

beene many an honest couple given to the lawfull bed there, so there has.

Vrin. No matter for that, he protested he would be marryd in a Taverne ere that Pencridge, there's no drinke nere it, but at the Pinder of Wakefield, and that's abominable, and he has vowd to season their bargain with a cup of Sacke ere they returne.

Mist. Art. Hee will not bee drunke on's wedding night I hope; my daughter would have a sweet bed-bellow of him, if he should.

Vrin. There is another loving couple gone with them too for company, who will be man and wife if the Priest say Amen to it.

Doct. Who are they of our knowledge?

Vrin. O yes sir, tis Master *Lovering*, the attendant to Master *Knoworth*, and Sir *Martines* Niece that came but yesterday.

Doct. Is't possible? twas some flie policy of her Uncles to bring her hither, Master *Lovering* knew her before it seemes.

Vrin. Too well I feare sir, they would not have marryd in such post haste else.

Mrs. Mix. Well Master Doctor, I hope my gloves shall bee better then the ordinary, I had no small hand in this match, you know.

Doct. Tis nine a clocke at least: twill not be long ere they returne, wife pray goe in and see all things in readinesse for their lodgings.

Mrs. Art. They will have more stomacks to their beds then to their suppers.

Doct. To morrow we'll celebrate their nuptiall feast: *Vrinall* be you carefull of the doores; let none come in but our owne company.

Vrin. Ile locke them up, and keepe the keyes my selfe sir, Mrs. *Mixum* your husband is with them, and in his absence I would desire a word with you.

Mrs. Mix. I love to talke with any man in my

husbands absence ; sweet *Vrinall* I will fulfill your pleasure, will you goe Mistris ?

Ex. Vrin. Mrs. Art. & Mrs. Mix.

Vrin. So now have at her.

Doct. Have I not plotted finely ? has my braine Not won the lawrell garland the famd breath That wafts the honor of deserving wits Among the humorous multitude (as lowd As it speakes conquering triumphs) shall proclaime My politicke merit, who have raied my selfe From worse then to name in the judging world, To an indifferent wealth, which though I've got By wayes sinister, such as erre from truth : Nay might incurre a punishment no eyes Has ere discern'd them, but with wonder how I should atchieve such fortune, now compleat In this alliance.

Enter Lady Yellow and Knoworth.

Lady. Sister let's to our chambers and to bed, That time approaches.

Doct. Your good Ladiship (I hope) will honour me so much
As for an houre to dispense with rest,
And see my bride in bed.

Lady. Your bride good Master Doctor, who should that be ?
I understand you not.

Doct. My daughter Ladies, that to me
And all the house seem'd so averse from marriage,
Is this night stolne forth with younker *Sconce*,
And is by this time wedded to him.

Lady. Beyond wonder, well fir,
We'll have her bride garters, it shall goe

Hard else, sister could you have thought it?

Doct. You may both credit it, instantly they will returne, and then Ile wait upon you.

Exit Doctor.

Lady. I pittie the poore girlē
That she should be so suddaine in her choyce,
Enthrall her soule ith' manacles of fate,
(For such are nuptiall bonds) experience sister
Inforces me to lament her.

Know. How equally we two
Divide true sorrow, sympathize in griefe,
As in our blood and nature : sister you
When your affectionate fancy fix'd your heart
Upon your husbands love, had no suspicion
Of his unmanly jealousie, and I
When I confin'd my love to *Freewits* breast,
Judg'd him as void of falshood, as the spring
When it has rested in green robes, the Earth
Is of bare nakednesse, but we are both
Deceiv'd by our credulity.

Lady. For you,
Discretion may release you from the care
Of his affection, you are free (as light)
(Which in the darkeſt night retaines some splendor)
From the obedient slavery, due to marriage ;
But I no burne-markd captive is engag'd
With more officious zeale to serve his Lord,
Then I my husband, I muſt either periſh
Like the chaste ice, when from a Chriſtall Rocke,
It fees a ſad converſion into fowle
Corrupted waters, by his jealous flames ;
Or breake thoſe ties whoſe diſſolution
Would betray my innocent vertue to a ruine,
Sure and eternall.

Know. But yet counſell me,
I love this man ſo that if honour would
Diſpenſe with his offence, I ſhould forgive him,

And take him to my bosome.

Lady. Alas! you cannot,
What noble soule (though halfe starv'd) would be fed
With base reversions, conscience too forbids
The supplantation of another, sister
Strive to forget him.

Enter Vrin.

Vrin. Mrs. there is a gentleman without, has knockt for entrance as if he had beene a Constable, his businesse is with you, and his name *Freewit*; I told him you were in bed, and he swore he would come to you through the doore, shall I admit him?

Know. This is his last night, his businesse carryes weight, pray let him in. Be now propitious Love: is any with him?

Vrin. There is enough of him, unlesse he made lesse noise. Ile send him to you.

Lady. Sister, now give him his latest answer, and resolve
Upon some choise more happy: here he comes.

Enter Freewit.

Know. How, as a Bridegroome?
Deckt with the Ensignes of young Nuptials,
A wreath of Flowers, and Bayes, and yet me
thinkes
His hand displays a Willow; what should this Em-
bleme?
Master *Freewit* we scarce expected you thus late.

Free. You'll please to afford my manners an indulgent pardon,
For pressing to your presence thus: but tis

Perhaps our extremest interview, and so
May challenge the prerogative of excuse,
For the audacious errour.

Know. Would I could,
With as much safety to my honour, grant
Remission to your other fault.

Free. My thanks
Are humble debtors to you for it, Mistris,
The nimble minutes have with crafty theft,
Stolne time away, reduc'd your limited houre
To an unwelcome period : I have sought
With the same diligence good men seeke heaven,
What you injoyn'd me, but the raine that falls
In Summer time upon the parched dust,
May easier be restor'd to the moyst Clouds,
Then she to my discovery. Wherefore since
Her losse is certaine, and the losse of you
Depends on her, to fatisfie your soule
That I have man about me, I am come
With the same confidence your scorne has taught
me,
To tell you, I as lightly prize your love,
As you have valued mine : nor can you blame me,
since 'twas your owne desire.

Know. Credit me Ime very glad on 't : pray tell
me fir,
Why you come thus adorned with Nuptiall wreathes ,
Into my preſence ? is 't to invite me to your wedding,
or expreſſion
Of your contempt, I have not merited so harsh an
uſage.

Free. Neither : This branch of forsaken Willow I
reſigne
To your owne wearing, that when after times
Shall know our mutuall parting ; 't may report,
That we were both forsaken, though we sever
With the unwillingneſſe that flourishing trees,
Divest themselves of greeneneſſe, yet no blemish
Of harsh unkindneſſe shall defile our thoughts :

We'll part faire, though for ever.

Lady. This gentleman seems so noble, I repent that I advis'd her from him.

Free. This Laurell wreath, that circles
My uncaptiv'd brow, I doe justly challenge,
Since I have conquerd the greatest enemy,
Mankind can combate (passion) yet the dew
(That on the red lips of blushing Rose
Bestowes a weeping kisse) leaves not so sadly
The amorous flower, that curls its purple leaves,
To hide it from the Suns enforcing Rayes,
As doe my thoughts your memory, which did
once

Preserve it as inviolable, as heaven
Does the bright foules of innocents.

Kno. You might
Have had so much humanity, as to have kept
Your purpose to your selfe: though your loose
finne

Constraines my honour to renounce your love,
I would not have my eares disturb'd with this
Relation of your contempt, for so
Trust me I take it *Freewit.*

Free. Why, good Madam?
Can you condemne my too officious truth,
Of a conceite of falsehood, when the spring
Of my Revolt, derives its head from yours.
You for a triviall, and scarce knowne offence,
Could without scruple banish me your heart,
When Angels should, for a desertlesse kisse
From an impure lip, have renounc'd their blisse,
Ere the most urgent reason of suspect,
Should upon me have practis'd a contempt
Of you: Had not your breath expos'd a mist
Of infidelity before the eyes
Of my cleare seeing soule, and left it blinde
As the blacke Mole, that like a Pioner digs
A winding Labyrinth through the earth to finde
A passage to the comfortable light,

He never has fruition of.

Lady. But sir,
Suppose my sister did it for a prooffe,
Of your affection, and now should reclaime
The harsh prescription she impos'd, you would not
Continue in this temper.

Free. Madam ever.
The Cedars juyce, whose bitter poyson gives
The most strong body unavoyded death,
Preserves the Carcasse by its dying force,
Voyd of corruption : so has dealt her love
With me ; its reclamation strucke me dead,
And since my Exequies has kept my heart
From entertaining a corrupt regard
Of future slavery.

Enter Doct. Vrin. Mrs. Artlesse.

Vrin. They are entred, sir, I heard Mr. *Mix.* say
as I let them in, that they were married.

*Enter Mixum with a Torch, Poppingaies in Sconce
his cloaths, leading Dalinea ; Lovering leading
Sconce attired in Popping. womans cloaths.*

Mix. Nay, come an' end gentlemen and your
wives, Mr. Doctor wil not be angry though I have
usurp'd his office, and beene the father to his
daughter.

Doct. You are not a cunning baggage ? you would
none forsooth when I propos'd it to you ; but when the
fit came on you, you could then runne madding, and
never let the Sexton ring the Bell to give us notice :
had it beene any one but Mr. *Sconce*, you should have
fought a portion ; but since to him, we pardon it : take
her sonne, heavens give thee joy of her.

Vrin. You would scarce say so, knew you as much as I doe.

Pop. We thanke you sir, and rest your dutifull children.

Lad. Ha ! my Nephew *Popingay* !

Doct. Mr. *Popingaies*, Sir *Martins* Nephew ! I am abus'd, undone, my daughter's confend *Vrinall*, a tricked put on mee, Mr. *Popingay* to wed my daughter.

Pop. Twas with her owne consent Sir, and she my wife by your free gift.

Mrs. Art. Your wife, your whore she is as soone, she is Master *Sconces* wife, and that you shall finde, so you shall, let me come to the baggage husband, Ile scratch her eyes out.

Doct. Ere he shall enjoy her, Ile spend the best part of my wealth he shall not have a penny portion with her, depart my house I charge you : *Vrinall* call in my neighbours, ere Ile be us'd thus.

Vrin. Harke you sir, you know I know you and your wayes.

Doct. What talk'st thou varlet ?

Vrin. Goe to, be patient, then give this gentleman your daughter ; nay be friends, and love him too, or all shall out.

Doct. Thou wilt not betray me villaine ?

Vrin. But I shall discover you and your practises, nay to the Justice,
This gentleman is the same Sir *Martin* brought hither as his Niece.

Doct. Plots upon plots against me.

Vrin. But the great one is still behinde : if you will be friends quickly with them, so ; if not, your impostures all come out.

Doct. Is it even so ? well since I am ore-reach'd,
Better sit downe in peace, than with disgrace :
Mr. *Popingay* consideration of your just desert,
Now his perswasion has suppress'd my heat,
Enjoyns me to forgive your loving theft ;

Accept my daughter with as good a heart
As she is mine: come hither wife, say you so
too?

Mrs. Art. Nay, since you say it, it must be so.

Pop. Humbly I thanke you: such another
gift,

Should Nature offer all her pretious store,
Could not be given Mortality: but truly sir,
I had much adoe to winne her.

Dal. You have me now;

But I professe untill we came to be
Conjoyn'd ith' Church, I tooke you for Mr. *Sconce*,
but now rejoyce

I was deceived so, I shall study to love you.

Doct. Now you name, where is Mr. *Sconce*?

Scon. Tis my cue now. O father I'me here they
have given mee a touch, a very scurvy touch, I am a
brother of the Twibills, and I am married too, but I
need not feare being a Cuckold.

Vrin. Mrs. you know the Gent.

Know. My servant *Lovering* married to Mr.
Sconce!

You'll get brave boyes I doubt not.

Scon. I and wenches too; come hither, we will be
man and wife, that's certaine, nay and lie together, so
we will, you shall behave your self well enough like a
woman: but that you have a stiff impediment for bearing
Children: but give me thy hand, shal's be drunk
together?

Vrin. He is scarce sober yet I thinke.

Scon. Ile tell you father, ere I went to the Church
I had gotten a touch in the Crowne, the Twibil
Knights, confusion on them my Jo, had made me
drunke, and got my cloathes, and how I came by these
I know not: But ha, let me see, this should be my
suite, tis it, by valour it is: doe you heare goodman
Foxe, how crept you into this Lyons case?

Pop. What meanes this new married man?

Scon. Do you jeare me, with a touch of that?

harke you husband, Though I be your wife, you shall not hinder me from claiming my owne Breeches. Mistris a word with you too, you put a gentle touch upon me did you not? But I shall know you hereafter, Ile say no more, and touch you boldly for it.

Lov. Y'are very merrily dispos'd Sir: had it not beene to have done Sir *Martines* Nephew, I should not have beene fool'd so.

Ile trie his temper though.

Know. No matter *Lovring* thou art a Gent. And since I am resolv'd from Master *Freewit*, That heele not have me now (though I were willing)

To roote the least remembrance of him
Out of my breast, by this my happier choyse,
Ile marry thee.

Scon. But let him marry you though if he dare, Ile sue the Statute of Bigamy upon him, he shall be hang'd for being double married.

Free. In this one act
She onely appeares woman, all the rest
Speake her a Saint. I did not thinke her heart
Could have resum'd (though 't had rejected me)
A baser choyse. Sir you've good Fortune: Mrs
I will not wish you ill successe in your
So suddaine Love: but it was cruell in you
To give away your foule, (as in despight)
In my loath'd presence: yet to shew how much
I prize your satisfaction, I resigne
My interest in you to him, and thus freely
Bestow him on you: will you have him Lady?

Pulls of Loverings Periwigs, he is discovered to be Martha.

Lady. Heaven blesse me sister, this is the same maid
Whom Master *Freewit* is reported to have

Got with Child : this is strange.

Free. Nay, be not amaz'd Mistris it is she :
You had best call her to a strict account
How long tis since I lay with her.

Know. O *Freewit*, what meanes this mad delu-
sion ?

Scon. My wife turn'd a woman indeed : this is a
touch indeed, I had best be gone, for feare she chal-
lenge me.

Vrin. O stay your patience good Mr. *Sconce*.

Free. Now let heaven, and all that can be titled
good beneath

Divinity, conjoyne to frame a piece
Of vertue great as this ; yet be deficient
In the atchievement ; for some cunning Artist
To draw her in this posture (to be plac'd
(In Alabaster, white as her owne figure)
Or some greene meade, or flowry valley, where
Posterity of Virgins yearely might
Offer a teare to the blest memory
Of perfect feminine goodnesse. Let me dye,
Gazing on you, and I shall flye to heaven
Through your bright eyes.

Doct. Sir, what meanes this extasie ?

Free. Ile tell you, and Mrs. trust each word,
As the just accent of Oraculous truth :
Knowing your ardent love to me, I feard
It might embrace a change, and therefore shap'd
This woman in the habit of a man,
Got her unknowne to you, prefer'd to serve you :
(Which she could not have bin without discovery,
In her owne shape) not to o're-looke your life,
Or watch your actions, but to raise report
That I had bin false : so to trye if that
Would stagger your resolve, which I have found
So noble, that the happinesse of Fates
Can give no more addition to my blisse.
Madam beg you my pardon.

Know. O fir you have it,
And I my best of wishes, but why did you
Employ a woman thus disguis'd, suppose
She had beene got with childe, you must
Have beene the father of it.

Free. I knew she was too honest, and beside,
I put her to the acting of't, because
She being the accuser of me for her selfe
Might without the least scruple of suspect
Free me from her owne calumny, nay here's another
Can witnesse this for truth.

Know. How *Vrinall* Master Doctor's man turnd
to *Tristram* Mr. *Freewits* man, and *Marthaes* brother?

Vrin. So it appeares by the story Mrs. I am glad
fir you put my sister in this disguise, she has got a good
husband by the shift, take your wife fir, she is no worse
a woman then my owne sister.

Scon. But let me see and feele you better, it is
no periwigge this but are you my husband, a woman,
wife?

Lov. I your wife am fir.

Scon. Master Doctor you wish me well I know,
I have married here I know not whom, you have excellent
salves and unguents fir.

Doct. They are at your service all.

Scon. Thanke you good Mr. Doctor, have you
never a one that will eat off the wen of manhood,
make all whole before, that will eunuchise a man, I
would faine be a Hermaphrodite, or a woman to
escape this match, I do not like it.

Enter Mrs. Mixum.

Mrs. Mix. Help gentlemen, help Mr. Doctor, yonder
is a man would ravish me whether I would or no,

may kild me, I thinke he has] puld out the longest
naked weapon, O there he is.

Ent. S. Mar. drawne.

S. Mar. She shall not scape me where she
Fenc'd with fire, strumpet thou diest.

Doct. Who's this, Sir *Martin*, what doe you meane
fir ?

Mris. I, this is he *Thomas* doe you see what a
terrible thing hee has got ? was that fit to use to a
woman ? I was but laid in the next roome, to sleepe,
and he would have done something to mee so hee
would, had not I beene the honestest woman.

Lady. Is't so Sir *Martine* ? I have now just
cause

To suspect your loyalty, and that your fond
Jealousie proceeds out of intemperate lust,
Could I not serve, but underneath my nose
You must be rioting upon another ?

Sir Mart. Shame and confusion sease me.

Vrin. You may see Sir what comes of your jea-
lousie, but feare not Sir, your wife will pardon it, there's
no harme done.

Mrs. Mix. But there might have beene, had not my
honesty been the greater.

Lady. Well Sir *Martine*, though you have in-
jurd

Me most infinitely, I doe remit all if you will pro-
test

Nere to be jealous more.

S. Mar. Amasement and my shame hinders my
utterance,

Let me breath in sighes my true repentence,
And henceforth

That jealousie in man if't be unjust
Is ill, nay worse then in a womans lust.

Know. But pray you brother, who brought you hither?

We shall rejoyce to have you at our wedding,
And see this reconcilment.

Vrin. I Madam, I; under pretence to have attempted his wife, but I sent him in to *Mrs. Mixum*, who I knew would fit his turne.

Mrs. Mix. And so I could have fitted him as well as another woman.

Scon. Brother *Vrinall* you are a knave, brother *Vrinall*, and have showd all a cozening touch.

Vrin. No sir I sav'd you from being cozend, my sister shall have some portion, here's a hundred pieces in this purse.

Scon. Sinke me my Jo, my owne purse.

Vrin. It is indeed Sir, I got it from your Twibill brothers, and this your watch too, and your cloths which Mr. *Popingay* weares, by locking them into a roome, and threatning punishment, if they denied, the blades shall now resume freedome, this key will let them out, come forth gentlemen, here is your brother Master *Sconce*.

Enter the Twibill Knights.

Scon. Captaine generall, give thy hand bully, Captaine *Pirke*, my cosen *Pig*, and all of you; though you would have cheated me tis no matter, you shall dance at my wedding, and be drunke too, my Joe, you shall.

Pirk. Confusion rot the bones of *Vrinall* perdition shall slay him.

Free. Madam I hope we shall keepe our nuptiall feast with Master Doctor.

Know. As you dispose it sir, I have resign'd my will to yours.

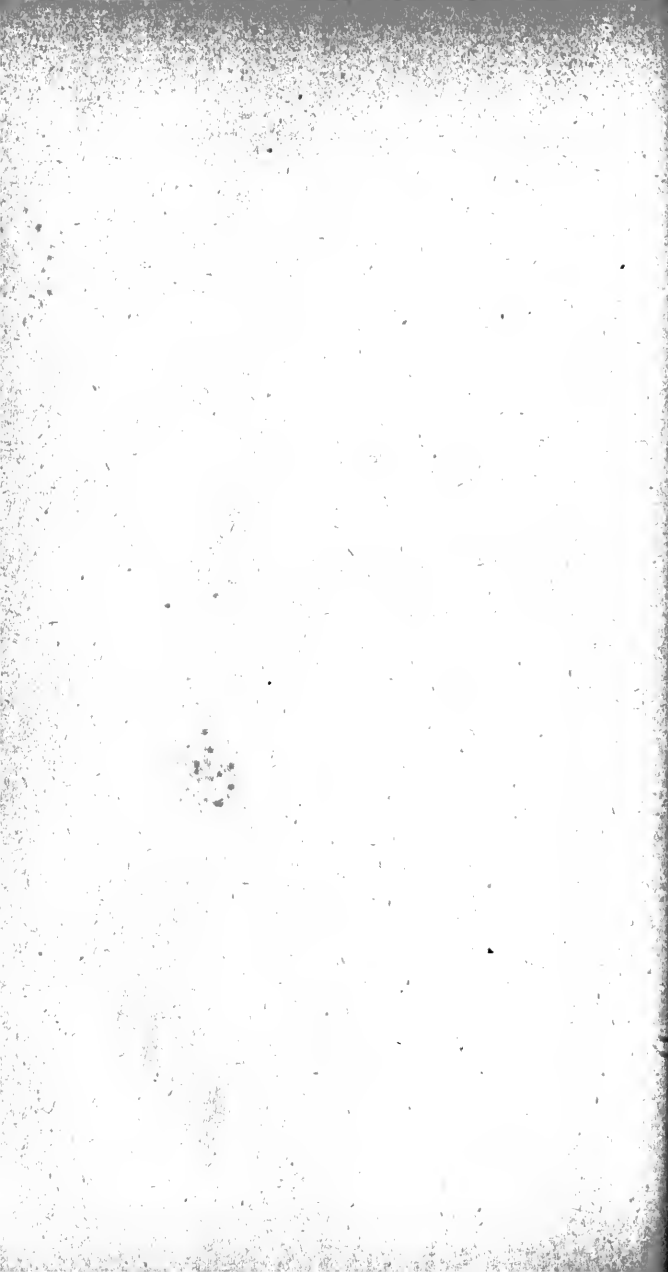
Pop. Unckle I hope you'll pardon me, that I de-

ceiv'd your expectation in watching my Aunt, she is too vertuous : father your blessing, and then we are happy.

Doct. Take it.

Thus all are pleas'd I hope : what this night cannot
(For celebration of these feasts) performe,
To morrow shall, and from this minute I
Renounce all waies finifter to get wealth.
Things that ith' period prosperously succeed,
Though cros'd before, are acted well indeed.

FINIS.



WIT IN A CONSTABLE.

[1640.]



WIT IN

A Conſtable.

A Comedy written 1639.

The Author
HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

And now Printed as it was lately Acted
at the Cock-pit in *Drury lane*, by
their Majesties Servants,
with good allowance.

LONDON:

Printed by *Io. Okes*, for *F. C.* and are to be fold
at his shops in Kings-street at the signe of the
Goat, and in Westminster Hall. 1640.



To the Right Honourable
his singular good Lord
T H O M A S
L O R D
WENTWORTH.

My LORD,

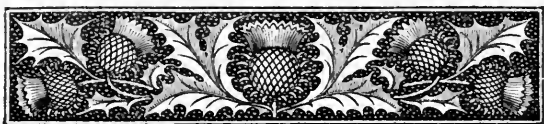
SO many are the noble attributes
inherent to *your Heroicke Nature*,
that 'tis difficult to distinguish
whither they be *divers*, or one intire *virtue*,
but impossible to define which ought to be
accounted the Superlative in so perfect a

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Harmony: to ascribe to *one* more then to *another*, were to derogate from the justice of *either*. I cannot therefore proclaime 'twas any particular, but *your* generall *Goodnesse* which has imboldn'd me to intrude this *Poem* on the Patronage of *your* Name, as honourable in *vertue* as in *Greatnesse*: nor shall I tender any excuse for the presumption, since I am assured *your Lordship* cannot conceive an anger from the true devotion of

Your humblest honourer,

Hen ; Glapthorne.



The PROLOGUE.

YOU need not feare me Gentlemen, although
I come thus arm'd ; tis but to let you know
I am in office ; in my owne defence,
And to secure me from the violence,
Which might from you (who now my Iudges sit)
Be off' red to this Trophee of my wit :
And cause I know that you will obay
Authority, I doe charge you, like the Play :
Thinke who I am, how often I may catch
You at ill houres in Tavernes, or ith' Watch ;
In Fraies sometimes ; nay sometimes (not to trench
Too much upon you) with a pretty wench.
All this is possible, and Gentlemen,
Consider how my rage will use you then,
If you should now, as sure tis worth your feare,
Be in the censure of my wit severe,
Vext I'me implacable ; and though the Tribe
Of Constables doe us't, Ile take no bribe
To let you passe : These sturdy knaves will take
Not the least mercy on you for my sake :
Nor will the Iustice free you : (to your smart)
You'll find, he and his Clarke will take my part.
I can but gently warne you to prevent
A danger, nay a certaine punishment,
Should you dislike : for if the Play doe fall
Vnder your votes, Ile apprehend you all.



The Persons in the Play.

Thorowgood, *a young Gentleman, futor to Clare.*

Valentine *his friend, a futor to Grace.*

Knowell *their friend.*

Sir Timothy Shallowit, *a Country Knight.*

Sir Geffery Hold-fast, *a Knight of Epping.*

Jeremy Hold-fast, *his Sonne.*

Alderman Covet.

Busie, *a Linnen Draper, the Constable.*

Tristram, *servant to Jeremy Hold-fast.*

Formal, *servant to Alderman Covet.*

A Parson.

Foure watch-men.

Clare, *niece to Alderman Covet.*

Grace, *his Daughter.*

Maudlin, *servant to Clare.*

Nel, *daughter to Busie.*

Fidlers boy, Drawer, Attendants.

The Scene London.



Wit in a Constable.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Holdfast, Tristram.

Holdfast.



WID you ere we departed from the Colledge
Orelooke my library?

Trist. Yes sir, I spent two dayes in
forting Poets from Historians,

As many nights in placing the divines

On their own chayres, I meane their shelves, and
then

In separating Philosophers from those people
That kill men with a license : your Physitians
Cost me a whole dayes labour, and I finde sir,
Although you tell me learning is immortall,
The paper and the parchment, tis contain'd in,
Savors of much mortality.

Pold. I hope my bookes are all in health.

Trist. In the same case the Mothes have left them,
 who have eaten more
 Authenticke learning then would richly furnish
 A hundred country pedants ; yet the wormes
 Are not one letter wiser.

Hold. I have beene idle
 Since I came up from Cambridge, goe to my 'sta-
 tioner
 And bid him send me *Swarez* Metaphysickes,
Tolet de anima is new forth,
 So are *Granadas* commentaries on
Primum secundæ Thomæ Aquinatis,
 Get me the *Lyticke* Poets. And ———

Trist. I admire
 How he retaines these Authors names) of which
 He understands no fillable, 'twere better
 I bought the *Authenticke* Legend of Sir *Bevis*,
 Some six new Ballads and the famous Poems
 Writ by the learned waterman.

Hold. *John Taylor*, get me his nonsense.

Trist. You meane all his workes sir.

Hold. And a hundred of *Bookers* new Almanacks.

Trist. And the divell to boot,
 Your fathers bookes in which he keeps th' accounts
 Of all his coyne will scarce yield crowns to afford
 Your fancy volums : why you have already
 Enough to furnish a new Vatican,
 A hundred country pedants can read dictats
 To their young pupills out of *Setons* logicke,
 Or *Goliuss* Ethicks, and make them arrive,
 Proficients learn'd enough in one bare twelmonth
 To instruct the parish they were borne in : you
 Out of an itch to this same foolish learning
 Bestow more money yearly upon bookes ;
 Then would for convert sisters build an almes-
 house.

Hold. You will displease my patience *Tristram*.

Trist. I speake truth : if you shud want, your
 learning scarce would make you

Capable of being town Cleark, or at best,
To be a famous Tyrant unto boyes,
And weare out birch upon them : or perchance
You may arrive to be the City Poet,
And fend the little moysture of your braine
To grace a Lord Maiors festivall with shoves,
Alluding to his trade, or to the company
Of which he's free, these are the best preferments
That can attend your learning.

Hold. I say *Tristram*,
The spirit of my learning stirs me up
To give thee due correction.

Trist. Would you study ?
As does young *Thoroughgood* your noble Cosen,
Not bookes, but men which are true living volums :
You would like him, be held rich ith' esteeme
Of all the illustrious wits that decke the city
When the extent of your admirers is
Confinde to fresh men : and such youths as only
Know how to frame a fyllogisme in *Darij*,
And make the ignorant believe by Logicke
The Moones made of a Holland Cheese : and the
man in't.
A swagbellied Dutch Burger.

Intrat Thoroughgood.

Thoro. Cosen *Holdfast*, a good day attend
Thy learned piamater : prithee tell me
How doe the *Cabalists* and antient *Rabbins*
And thou agree ? will they be sociable,
And drinke their mornings draught of Helicon
With thee : have they instructed you to prove yet
That the world runs on wheelles ? or that the sea
May be drunke off by a shole of Whales ? such
things
You know there are in nature.

Hold. O far stranger.

Thoro. Peace you booke-worme,
 Fit only to devour more paper then
 A thousand grand tobacco men or a legion
 Of boyes in pellets to their elderne gunnes.
 Dost thinke to live this life still? you're not now
 Amongst your cues at Cambridge, but in London,
 Come up to see your mistris beautious Clare,
 The glory of the city: goe and court her,
 As does become a gentleman of carriage,
 Without your Tropes and figures Inkehorne termes,
 Fit only for a Mountebanke or Pedant,
 Or all your Physickes Metaphysickes and Me-
 teors,
 (Tomes larger farre and more replete with lies,
 Then *Surius*, *Gallo-Belgicus*, or the welsh
 Bard *Geffrey Monmouth*) shal be straight-way made
 Pitifull Martyrs.

Hold. Why cosen I had thought.

Thoro. Thy selfe an errant ideot, that's the
 fittest
 Thought for thy braine more dull then a fat
 Burgers,
 Or reverend countrey justices, whose wit
 Lies in his spruce clearkes standish, thou wert
 begot
 Surely ith' wane oth' Moone, when natures tooles
 Were at lame *Vulcans* forge a sharpening,
 Thou art so lumpish.

Trist. He has already spoyld
 His eyes with prying on Geneva prints,
 And small dutch Characters: his watching makes
 him
 Looke like a grand-child of old *Errapaters*,
 Some leane Astronomer who to get ten shillings,
 For that's a large price for an Almanacke,
 Has wasted himselfe to the bignesse of his *Jacobs*
 staffe,
 Which is so limber, 't cannot stand to take height of
Venus rising.

Thoro. He sayes truth : besides your study has
attain'd already,
Learning enough to informe your minde the know-
ledge

Of arts fit for a gentleman, wert not better
For you my sprightfull senior to advance
Your bever with a hatband of the last
Edition in the Court, among the noblest
Youthes of our nation, then to walke like *Faustus*,
Or some high German conjurer, in a cap
Fit for a Coster-monger, to weare your purle
Or cut worke, band then this small snip of linning
That's proper only for *Tom Thum* : or some of queen
Mabs gentlemen-ushers.

Tri. This Cassocke were a pretty garment for a for-
tuneteller.

Thoro. And this cloake of tinder comely for a
ballad-feller,
Life sir, you are borne here to an ample fortune.
Your father absent knowes not how you've altered
Your disposition : I must reclayme it,
Thou shalt with me and court the beauteous
Clare

Reserv'd for thee, a purpose ith' meane time,
Our chiefe companions, shall be wits more pure,
Then your quicke sophisters, or slie logicians,
Wee'l talke of the bright beauties of the age,
Girles whose each looke deserves to be a theme
For all the nimble poets, two dayes practise
In our brave arts will teach thee to forget
Philosophy as fruitlesse and abjure
All other Ethicks, but what's usd mongst us,
As most erroneus.

Hold. Well You shall perswade me,
Ile be an errant asse, or any thing
For thy sake coz, but shall we have such wenches
As are at Cambridge, handsom as peg Larkin.

Thoro. O farre before her, cosen thou shalt read
Aretins Politicks, and *Ovids* Art.

Shall be new read thee and wee will refine
Thy Academicke wit with bowles of wine.

Hold. *Tristram* shall toth' Colledge and fell my
bookes immediately.

Thoro. Spoke like the son of *Phœbus* and my
cofen.

Trist. My studious master.

Thoro. Sell thy Dictionary.

Hold. Ile not keepe a prayer booke.

Thoro. They are out of fashion.

Hold. Nor a Calender, to looke the age oth'
Moone in, *Trist.* be sure

You burne *Greens* groats worth of wit; I scorne to
keepe

The name of wit about me.

Trist. Tis confest fir,

But for the numerous Rhemes of paper, which

Are pil'd up in your study, give them mee,

I have a brother in law ith' towne's a cooke.

Ile give them him to put under his bake meates.

Hold. Take them: I will not leave a pen within
my lodging,

I will forget to write, or set my hand to any thing.

Thoro. Unlesse 't be to a bond.

Hold. Ile goe put this blest designe in exe-
cution,

Cofen, anon ile meet you at your chamber.

Thoro. What in that reverend shape? the gentle-
men

That I converse with, will believe thee some Itine-
rant

Scholler, have thee whipt by th' statute.

Hold. I would be loath, now I am past a fresh
man to bee had into the buttries.

Thoro. Still these termes? study to forget them,
Ile send my man to you with a new suite of mine
I never wore yet,

Be sure to put it on right, you mere Schollers

Know no degree of garment above Serge,
Or Satanisco : tie your band-strings neatly
And doe not eat the buttons off, put not
Your Cuffs both on one hand ; twill tax your judgement

Of new inventing fashions when accoustred,
Come to my chamber, and Ile furnish you
With language fit to accost your mistris.

Hold. Rare, I've got more learning from him in
halfe an houre,

Then in a whole lifes practice out of bookes.
Follow me *Tristram*, farewell deare cosen.

Ex. Hold. Trist.

Thoro. How I could laugh now, were my spleen
large enough : a hundred such lame stupid Ideots
were enough, if marry'd,

To precise Burgers daughters to replenish
The city with a race of fooles, and root
The stocke of knaves quite out of it, he loves
books :

Not that he has a scruple more of learning
Then will suffice him to say grace, but like
Some piteous cowards, who are oft thought valiant
For keeping store of weapons in their chambers,
He loves to be esteem'd a doctor by
His volumnes : but I shall fit his schollership : whose
these ?

Alderman *Covets*, *Formall*, byth' proportion :

Ent. Formal and Clare.

That rib of mans flesh should be *Clare*, dost heare
My honest Cadis garters : who for care
And close attendance on thy charge deserves
To be grand porter to the great Turkes *Seraglia* :
how hight that vayl'd damsell ?

Form. She has been at Brittain's burse a buying pins & needles

To worke a night-cap for my master fir.

Thor. Pox upon him, is not her name *Clare*, niece to Alderman *Covet*?

For. Her father was a country Squire of large révenew and her mother.

Thoro. I shall be forc'd to heare him blaze her pedigree,

Ide beat him, but that clubs and paring shovells oth' city

Would be so busie about my eares : they'd spoyle

My hearing two months after. Gentle Lady

Pardon my error if I doe mistake, are not you mistress *Clare*?

Clar. *Formall* at last, would have resolv'd you, and I held my

Peace of purpose, cause I knew his slow discovery would vex

Your nimble patience.

Tho. You are a Gipsie, but does thy unkles humour hold of wedding

His daughter to fir *Timothy*.

Clar. Yes, or to young monsieur *Holdfast* whom he faves is

Learned enough to make Cheap-side a Colledge,

And all the City a new Academy, but have you

Thorowgood perform'd what I advis'd you to?

Thoro. Yes, my girle: good *Formall* use thy motion to convay

Thy ears a little a farther off, there's mony

To buy thee a new payre of garters: *Clare*

Thou shalt no more behold me in the garbe

And noble ornament I us'd to weare, my fashion shall be altred.

Clar. To the schoolars,

Young *Holdfasts* likenesse.

Thoro. O by all meanes girle, thou shalt behold this comely hat transform'd

To frugall brim, and steeple crowne, this band
Of faire extent chang'd to a moderne cut,
Narrower then a precisians : all this gay
And gawdy filke I will convert to Serge
Of limber length : like some spruce student (newly
Exalted for saying grace well, to be fellow
Oth' Colledge he had studied) I will
Salute thy reverent Uncles spectacles,
And without feare of his gold chaine, ile woe thee
In metaphores and tropes Scholastick till
The doting Senator with a liberall hand
Give thee his dainty darling to become
My spouse inseparable.

Clar. This suites well
With my directions.

Thoro. True girle true, farewell *Clare*,
I kisse thy white hand : Sir resume your charge,
I've done my errand : let not your old Sir *Amias*,
Know of this conference, if you doe, that twist
Of spinners thred, on which your life depends
Shall be shorne off like a horse mane. Farewell.

Form. Mans life indeed is but a thred, good day
fir.

Exe. Clare and Formall,

Ent. Valentine & Sir Timothy.

Thor. Attend your charge friend, *Valentine*, *Sir Timothy*.

You'r well incountred, may I inquire the affaire
Which happily has brought you up toth' City ?
May I know it ? is't not to purchase a Monopoly
For Salt and Herrings ? for state businesse,
Unlesse it be to see the great new ship,
Or *Lincolns Inne* fields built : I'me sure you've none
here.

Tim. Very right fir.

Thor. But for thee : my noble man of merit, thou art welcome,
 Weel be as kind to one another boy,
 And witty as brisque poets in their wine,
 Weel court the blacke browd beauties of the time,
 And have by them the height of our desires :
 With ease accomplished.

Val. Noble *Thorowgood*,
 Did I not owne you by the name of friend,
 Already these indearments would ingage me
 To beg that title.

Tim. Very right, and me too.

Thor. You fir, you've reason,
 I know you for the most Egreious knight
 In all the country.

Tim. Very right, I am indeed esteem'd so.

Thor. One that lives on Onions and Corne-fallets.

Tim. Right agen,
 Sure he can conjure, I had one to my breakfast.

Thor. Nay no Herald
 Can better blase your pedigree. I've heard
 Your father my most worthy knight, was one
 That died a knave to leave you so.

Tim. Passing right still.

Thor. And pray right witty, and right honor'd
 fir,

What may your businesse seeme to be ith' city,
 Are you come up to learne new fashions ?

Tim. Exceeding right agen.

Thor. To change this ancient garment to a new
 one

Of a more spruce edition.

Val. Yes, but before,
 For I am privie unto all's intentions,
 He means to see and court his mistris.

Thor. Who's that ? my doughty Impe of spur and
 sword,

Some faire *Dulcinea de Toboso*.

Val. No, tis *Grace*, daughter to Alderman *Covet*.

Thor. I doe commend thee my deare *Don*, and will

Be thy assistant, goe and see thy horse drest,
And then approach my chamber.

Tim. Very right, I kisse your fingers ends.

Ex. Timothy.

Thor. Doe you, *Valentine*, know
The Lady he intends to Court.

Val. Onely by report,
Which speakes her most accomplish'd.

Thor. Oh she 'll make
An excellent Asse of him : she has a wit
More sharpe and piercing than a Wasps sting, she
speaks

All fire ; each word is able to burne up
A thousand such poore Mushromes : had her mother
Not beene held honest, I should have believ'd
She'd bin some Courtiers By-blow, or that some
Quicke Poet got her.

Val. How's her feature ?

Thor. Rare, past expression, singular, her eyes
The very sphears of love, her cheeks his throne,
Her lips his paradise, and then her minde
Is farre more excellent than her shape.

Val. You give her a brave Character ; is't possible
To have a sight of her ?

Tho. Yes, by my means, scarce otherwise wilt
thou have her,
Speake but a syllable, 't shall be perform'd
As sure as if *Don Hymen*, in his robes
Had ratifi'd the contract.

Val. You are merry sir.

Thor. When didst thou know me otherwise : yet
now
In sober sadnesse friend, couldst thou affect

A woman, as there's few of them worth loving,
Thou canst not make a nobler choise : Ile bring
thee

On to the skirmish, but if thou retreat,
Beat backe by th' hot Artillery of her wit,
Which will play fast upon thee : maist thou live
To be enamour'd on some stale Hay, or Matron
Of fourescore, that may congeale thee to a frost
Sooner than forty winters : or be wed
To an insatiate Chamber-maid.

Val. Defend me

From thy last curse ; feare not my valour.

Thor. This foole shall serve both her and us for
sport ;

Lets to our taske ; and if our project hit,
Ile sweare all fortune is compris'd in wit.

Excunt.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Covet, Clara, Maudlin.

Cov. You will provoke me.

Clar. No matter :

Although you be my uncle, and so nature
Binds me to observe you, ile not be oblig'd
To what the phlegmaticke humour of your age
Strives to enforce upon me : I was borne
Free, an inheritresse to an ample fortune,
Of which you doe pervert the use, and trust me,
Ile be no longer tame and suffer it.

Cov. Suffer what ? you're us'd
Too well : if you complaine of this, I shall
Study to be more harsh.

Clar. Doe ; you shall not, as you had wont,
Thinke to attire me in blacke Grogram,
Daub'd o're with Sattin lace, as if I were
Daughter, and heire apparent to a Tayler,
Who from the holiday Gownes of fixe neat fish-
wives

Had stole the remnants made the thrifty garment.
Nor shal you fir (as tis a frequent custome,
Cause you're a worthy Alderman of a Ward)
Feed me with Custard, and perpetuall White-broth,
Sent from the Lord Majors, or the Shriefes feast,
And here preserv'd ten dayes, (as twere in pickle)
Till a new dinner from the common hall
Supply the large defect.

Cov. You'll leave this language ?

Clar. Leave to use me so then :

Y'ave made my felfe, your daughter, and my
woman,

Sup with a penyworth of Lettice, under
Pretence 'twould make us fleep well : your full mor-
fells

(Had not the vertue of Clay wall, and Oatmeale
Preferv'd my maid) ere this fhe'd bin shrunk up
Toth' bignesse of a Squirrill.

Maud. Any Dwarfe

Might without fretching his fmall fingers, have
Spand me about the waste.

Clar. Nor fhall you,

(As fure tis your intention) marry me
To th' *quondam* fore-man of your fhop, (exalted
To be your Cash-keeper) a limber fellow,
Fit onely for deare *Nan*, his fchoole-fellow,
A Grocer's daughter, borne in *Bread-freet*, with
Whom he has ufed to goe to *Pimblico*,
And fpend ten groats in Cakes and Chriftian Ale,
And by the way has courted her with fragments,
Stoln from the learned Legends of Knights Errants,
Or from the glory of her fathers trade,
The Knight o' the Burning Peflle.

Cov. Sure the Devill

Has entred her ith' likeneffe of an Eele,
Her tongue's fo flippery : Minion——

Clar. Ile not be frighted

As are your Prentifes, with Little eafe,
Or fhewing them the Beadle. In plain termes,
I doe not meane to incorporate with a Salter,
Or any of thofe thriving trades, to have
My fhooes lickt o're each faturday night
By th' under prentife ; they fhine fo brightly
With foot and kitching-ftuffe, that I next morning
May fpare my glaffe, and drefse my head by their
Greafie reflection : yet let me tell you,
I muft be marry'd instantly : a virgin
Of my full age, fetting afide all niceneffe
May juftly claime a husband.

Cov. Have but patience, ile wed thee to a Knight.

Clare. What is hee, one oth' Post fir, or some such

As was in the old famous Ballad mention'd :

He that has forty pounds *per annum*, by

Which Charter I should be undutifull,

And take the wall of my ag'd Grandame : No,

Ile have a Courtly gentleman, whose wit

Shall equall his estate, and that so large,

As't shall afford me a sufficient joyncture.

Cov. This Knight shall do't, or if you like not him,

What say you to Sir *Geffery Holdfast's* sonne,

The famous Schollar ?

Clare. If he be a Parson ;

And I his wife, I sure shall make my friends

Lucky to horse-flesh ; No, I will have one

That shall maintaine my Coach, and foure faire horses :

Not such thin jades, nor such a crazy Chariot,

As i've seene us'd by Citizens to convey

Their wives with leisure to their Country houses,

(For feare the late Plum-pudding they had eaten

Fryed to their Breakfast, should with too much jogging

Broyle on their queasie stomacks) One that shall

Maintaine me a Sedan, and two strong varlets,

That so I may not need the Common men Mules,

With their wood-Litters, with nineteene at end of them,

The usuall shelters, which the Gallants carry

Their wenches to their Chambers in : In brieve,

If you can find me any where a husband

That I can like, I will allow your choyse ;

If not, ile take my owne ; so good day to you.

Pray meditate upon it.

Ex. Clare, Maud.

Cov. This is the maddest wench : would I were rid of her,

She vexes me more than her Portion's worth ;
But if she stoope not to my Country Knight,
Sir *Timothy Shallow-wit*, or to young *Holdfast*,
(Whom I had rather marry to my daughter)
She shall ha grafing.

Enter Formall.

For. Sir, there are a brace of gentlemen without,
Desire admittance to you.

Cov. Let them enter.

For. I shall denote your pleasure. *Ex. For.*

Cov. Some young heires,
To borrow money upon Morgages.

Enter Holdfast, Brave, Tristram.

Hol. I shall observe my Cosens rule, nere fear me.

Cov. Save you fir.

Hol. You do not think me damn'd fir, you bestow

That salutation on me.

Cov. Good fir no.

Whom would you speake with here ?

Hol. Sir, my discourse

Poynts at one Alderman *Covet*.

Cov. I am the party.

Hol. Good Mr. *Covet*, I covet your acquaintance :

I understand you have a daughter is
Of most unknowne perfections.

Cov. She is as heaven made her.

Hold. She goes naked then,
The Tailer has no hand in her; may I see
her?

Cov. I must desire your name first.

Hold. My name is *Holdfast*.

Cov. Sonne to sir *Geff. Holdfast*.

Hold. His proper sonne and heire, and I am
come

To see your Daughter and your Neece.

Cov. Came you from Cambridge lately.

Hold. I come from *Cambridge*:

What do you see in these my looks, should make
you

Judge me such a Coxecombe.

Cov. Your father writ me word, his son that
should

Come up to see my Daughter and my Neece,
Was a rare schollar, wholly given to's bookes.

Hold. My father was an arrant asle for's labour,

I ne're read book in all my life, except
The Counter scuffle, or the merry Gossips,
Raynard the Foxe, Tom Thumbe, or Gargantua,
And those i've quite forgotten: I a schollar!
He lyes in's throat that told you so.

Trist. On my Conscience

You may believe him: he scarce ere saw booke,
Vnlesse the Chronicle in an iron Chaine,
In's fathers Hall: for learning sir, except
What's in a Horse, a Hawke, or hownd, he knowes
not.

How to expound your meaning.

Cov. I mar'le sir *Geff.* knowing my averfion
From any of these courses, should bring up
His sonne to all of them: nay, write me word,
Knowing my love to learning, he had him
A schollar purpofely: pray sir resolve me,
Are you sir *Gefferies* sonne?

Hold. I am a Bastard elle.

Cov. Sir *Gefferies* sonne of *Eppinge*?

Hold. Yes, of *Eppinge*,

One that will venture five hundred pounds upon his horse,

Soone as the proudest hee that lives in *London*,

Ile play my Crop-eare 'gainst my Lord Majors Steed,

And all his furniture : I doe intend

To scoure *Hide Parke* this summer. *Trist.* didst give him

His Oates this morning ? Shall I see your daughter.

Did he drink's water hastily ? Your Neece

I'de be acquainted with.

Cov. Sir, you must pardon me, you're not the man

I tooke you for.

Hold. You did not take me for an Affe I hope.

Cov. O by no meanes, but they cannot be seene

Conveniently this morning : another time,

At your best leasure, I shall not deny you,

Please you walke in, and taste our Beere ?

Hold. I know 'tis but oth' fixes ; and I hate

Liquor of that complexion : pray commend me

To both my sweet-hearts. *Tristram* come lets backe,

And, as my Cofen faves, drinke lusty sacke.

Exeunt Holdfast and Tristram.

Cov. There's some deceite in this, perhaps some gallant,

Knowing my purpose with Sir *Geffery Holdfast*,

Has tane his name upon him : ile dispatch

A messenger straight to him : whom have we here ?

Enter Thoroug. and Formall.

Form. Sir, that's the Alderman my Master.

Thor. Is this the venerable Man, to whom
This goodly Mansion is impropriate :
I should negotiate with his reverence
About authentick businesse.

Cov. This rather
Should be fir *Geff.* sonne, his words and habit
Speake him most learned. I'me the person, pray
Let me be bold to crave your name.

Thor. My *appellation* or *pronomen*, as
It is tearm'd by the *Latins*, is *hight Ieremie*,
But my *Cognomen*, as the English gather,
Is called *Holdfast*.

Cov. This is he certainly ; are you, I pray
Sir *Gefferies* sonne of *Eppinge* ?

Thor. The *Nominalls*, the *Thomists*, all the
sects
Of old and moderne Schoole-men, doe oblige me
To pay to that Sir *Geffery* fillial duty.

Cov. I'me glad to heare it, tother was some
varlet,
I shall finde out and punish : Sir y'are wel-
come ;

I gesse your businesse ; tis about a match
Or with my Neece, or Daughter : which you like,
Shall be at your dispose : if not, your businesse.

Thor. My businesse is of procreation, or as
The Civill Lawyers learnedly doe paraphrase,
Is of concomitance, Cohabitation,
Or what you please to terme it.

Cov. How am I blest, that this rare schollar
shall
Be match'd into my family ? Within there ;
Neece, Daughter, both come hither.

Thor. One at once fir

Twill satisfie ; the Canon does prohibit
Us Polygamy.

Enter Clara, Grace.

Cov. Sir, this is my onely daughter, this my
niece,
Pray know them better.

Thor. Faire types, nay Orbs of beauty, I salute
you,
Each in his proper altitude.

Grace. Heyday, this is some Fortune-teller.

Clare. Tis *Thorowgood*, you must not seeme to
know him.

Cov. Daughter and Neece, this is a gentleman,
My care has pick'd out, as a most fit husband
For one of you ; which he can soonest fancy,
Heare him but speake, and he will put you downe
Ten Universities, and Innes of Court,
In twentie fillables. Good Mr. *Holdfast*
Speake learnedly to th' wenches ; though I say't,
They have both good capacities.

Thor. Most rubicund, stelliferous splendant Ladyes,
The ocular faculties, by which the beames
Of love are darted into every soule,
Or humane essence, have into my breast
Convey'd this Ladies lustre : and I can
Admire no other object ; therefore beauty
Your pardon, if I onely doe addresse
In termes Scholasticke, and in Metaphors
My phraze to her.

Grace. I shall not
Envy my Cofens happinesse.

Thor. Y'are full of Candor ;
If you will love me Lady, ile approach your
eares,
Not in a garbe Domesticke, or termes vulgar,
But houely change my language, court you now,

In the *Chaldean*, or *Arabicke* tongues,
Expound the *Talmud* to you, and the *Rabbines*,
Then read the Dialect of the *Alanits*,
Or *Ezion Gebor*, which the people use
Five leagues beyond the Sun-rising, in stead
Of pages to attend you, I will bring
Sects of Philosophers and quaint Logicians,
Weel Procreat by learned art, and I
Will generate new broods of Schollers on you,
Which shall defend opinions far more various
Then all the Sectaries of Amsterdam
Have ever vented.

Covet. Learned, learned young man,
How happy am I in thee ?

Thor. Doe but love,
Ile call the Muses from the sacred hill
To Eucleat your beauty : I my selfe
(After in loftier numbers I have sung
Your fam'd Encomiums) will convert to poet,
And for your sake Ile write the city annals,
In famous meter which shall far surpasse
Sir *Guy* of *Warwicks* history : or *Iohn* Stows upon
The custard with the foure and twenty Nooks
At my Lord *Majors* feast.

Cov. How am I raviht !

Thor. Whose brave shew hereafter
Shall be no more set forth with stalking pageants,
Nor children ride for angels nor lowd actors
Pronounce bold speeches ; I will teach his Hench-
boyes
Serjeants and trumpeters to act and save
The city all that charges : Nay Ile make a new
Found engin ; which without fire shall keepe his
Whitebroath warm til his return from Westminster
Nor shall the Aldermens daughters, who have
Dreamt at least fix nights before of gilded
Marchpane, forfeit their serious longing : Ile have
Horses with their Saint *Georges* on them, that shall
gallop

Into their handkerchers.

Clar. You promise wonders.

Covet. Hold your tongue, hees able
To performe more by's learning.

Thor. The crosse

And standerd in Cheapefide I will convert
To *Hercules* pillars: and the little conduit
That weepes in lamentation for the Church,
Remov'd that did leane on, it shall be still
Like the great tun at Heidleberge filld with wine,
And alwayes running, that the prentises
Shall not on Sundayes need to frequent Tauerns,
And forfeit their indentures.

Covet. Still more miraculous.

Thor. The great conduit

Shall be a magezin of sacke, and Smithfield
A Romish Cirque or Grecian Hippodrom,
My Lord Maiors gennet shall not die without
An Elegy, nor any cittizen breake,
But have a dolefull ditty writ upon him.

Val. Save you gentlemen.

Covet. Noble sir *Timothy*, and your friend both
Welcome, this is my neice, & that my daughter,
pray

Be pleas'd to know them, Sir honor me to walke,
I'de have some private conference with you,
The hour sir *Timothy* is at your command.

Grace. Cofen what would these gentlemen?

Clare. Truth I know not,

Ile venture my discretion to his nose there,
And that appeares a rich one, they are two
Country Ideots whom thy father would
Put upon us for husbands.

Grace. Very likely,

Pray gentlemen your businesse.

Tim. Speake for me *Valentine*.

Val. Ladies wee'r come to see you, fame does
give yo

The attribut. of faire and witty.

Clare. Yet

Our wits you see fir will not serve to keepe
Fooles from our company.

Tim. Very right yfaith.

Val. That tartnesse

Becomes you prettily, and might serve to fright
Young linnen-drapers or some millaner
That does with gloves and bracelets stolne from's
Master

Court you, a haberdasher would have shak'd
His blocke-head (as if he had beene trying a Dutch
Felt out) and with a shrug departed, but we are
Gentlemen Ladies, and no city foremen
That never dare be ventrous on a beauty,
Unlesse when wenches take them up at playes
To intice them at the next licentious Taverne
To spend a supper on them, we are creatures
Deserve you at your best and noblest value,
And so expect you'll use us.

Tim. Very right, this is

A countrey gentleman my neighbor I
A trusty and coragious country knight.

Clare. I doe believe you fir, your face does
tel me,

You'r one that feed on bacon and bagpudding,
Your nose by its complexion does betray
Your frequent drinking country Ale with lant in't,
Have you no hobnayls in your boots, driven in
To save the precious leather from the stones
That pave the streets of London.

Grace. Is not fir

Your cloake new turn'd, the aged three pil'd velvet
Was not your grandams peticote this jerkin
Made by your grandfire at his first translation
From Clowne to Gentleman, and since reserv'd
An heire loom to the family, and this sword
The parish weapon?

Tim. Very right agen.

Clare. Now for you fir.

Who of two fooles doe yet appeare the wifest,
 Can your ingenious noddle thinke that we
 Bred in the various pleasures of the city,
 Would for your sake turne beasts and grafe ith'
 country,
 We cannot milke, make wholsome cheefe, nor
 butter,
 And sell it at next market and lay up
 Out of the precious Income as much coyne
 In thred bare groates, mill-sixpences, and pence,
 As will suffice to finde the house in Candles
 And Sope a twelvemonth after.

Grace. Nor can wee
 Spin our owne smockes out of the flax which growes
 Behind your Dovehouse, no, nor card the wooll
 Must make us peticoates things (to say truth)
 Not worth the taking up.

Val. They've Magicke in their tounes
 They have so daunted me, I thinke I shall
 Turne foole and get me 'hem without reply.

Clare. All the company,
 We can injoy there is each day to walke
 To the next farmers wife, whose whole discourse
 Is what price Barly beares, or how her husband
 Sould his last yoake of Oxen : other meetings
 We cannot have, except it be at Churchales,
 When the sweet bag-pipe does draw forth the Damsells
 To frisque about the May-poles, or at Weddings,
 Where the best cheare is, wholsome stewd broth made
 Of legs of porke and turnips.

Grace. Yes, at Christnings,
 Where the good wives, stead of burnt Wine and
 Comfets,
 Drinke healths to th' memory of all christian
 soules
 In Ale, scarce three houres old : eat cakes more
 tough
 Then glew or farthing gingerbread : then talke
 Of the last Blasing Starre, or some new monster :

Then drinke, and cry heaven bleſſe us from the Spaniard,

While the learn'd Vicars wife expounds the Ballad
Of 'twas a Ladies daughter in *Paris* properly,
And ſo breakes up the wife aſſembly.

Val. And you

That are the precious paragons of the City,
Who ſcorne theſe harmeleſſe ſports: can have your meetings

At Iſlington, and Green Goole faire, and ſip
A zealous glaſſe of Wine till the parch'd floore
Be moiſtned with your virgin dew, then prattle
How that you dreamt laſt night that *John* the Mercer,

Or *Tom* the Drapers man at London-ſtone
Was in your bed, and what ſweet work he made there.

Tim. Very right, and kis'd you oftner
Then ere the good man did his Cow, and hug'd you
As the Divell hug'd the Witch, that's right now.

Val. When you'r married

(For that you will be, or elſe run away
With Coſtermongers, Mountebankes, or Taylors)
Your husbands are more ſubject to you then
'Their bondmen are, whom by profuſe expenſe
You breake beyond redemption from the Indies,

The ſtraights, or Barbary, ſee them lodged in Ludgate,
And then turne pricking ſemſters, till that trade
Fayling, you take your ſelves (as to the laſt refuge)

To the old occupation; till the Marſhall
Carry you to Bridewell, of which you'r free,
Even by your fathers charters that have beene
Sometimes the maſters of it, there Ile leave you,
So farewell wild cats.

Tim. Very right as I am a gentleman.

Grace. I like his ſpirit well *Clare*, ſuch a fellow
Or none ſhall be my husband.

Enter Thorowgood.

Thor. Helpe me to laugh good wenches, I haue
talk'd

Thy Unkle *Clare* into so free an humour,
That hees resolv'd straight to take forth the li-
cence,

And marry us ith' morning.

Clare. What od fellow's this ?

Know you him Cosen *Grace* ?

Thor. Prethee good wit noe more, we've over-
come

All forraigne enemies, and tis unfit
To war among our felves.

Grace. This is the pedant

My father brought to mocke us, good thine
stuffe,

Get thee home to thy parish and instruct
Thy people wholesome Doctrine, for us,
We have no zeale to learne.

Thor. Life they'l perswade me out of my
felfe,

Clare, Grace, know you not me, not *Thorow-
good.*

Amb. *Thorowgood*, pray put your trickes on some
body,

More easie to be wrought on, *Thorowgood*, Ha ha, ha.

Exe.

Thor. What should these wenches meane, the five
and sheares

Cannot resolve this mystery : they know me
Better then I can know my felfe : 'twas she
Advis'd me to this habit to deceive
Her uncles prying eyes, and why then

Should they abuse me thus? the rest were made
But fooles in Quarto, but I finde my selfe
An asle in Folio : Ile away, and if

*I quit them not with an abuse as fine,
Ile say there is no quickning spirit in wine.*

Exit.

Explicit Actus Secundus.

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

*Enter Thorowgood, Valentine, Knowell.**Know.* ARE they so witty fayst thou ?*Val.* You'd best try
The acutenesse of their intellects.*Thor.* You may endeavor
With the large talent of your masculine wit
To exceed their female sharpnesse you shall finde,
Though you [be] firme and stiffe in your defence,
These city lasses able to take downe
Your most couragious fury : pray endeavour't.*Know.* That gentleman, were to usurpe your pre-
fence,
I finde no inclination, yet I thanke you,
To rest a foole upon record as you doe.*Val.* How's that, my impe of understanding ?*Know.* By being so egregiously abus'd
By two poore City infants, things that never
Have heard wit nam'd, unlesse 'twas when their
fatherHas cal'd his *Formall* foreman witty varlet,
For cheating handsomely ; had they been some
Illustrious dames, the glory of Cheape-side,
Stars of the City, that are daily haunted
By this great Lord that courtly kisse their gossips,
It had beene possible their conversation
Might have infild into them so much language
And wit sufficient to withstand the assaults
Of some young Innesacourt man.*Thor.* Yes, who never

Had mooted in the hall or seen the revels
Kept in the house at Christmas.

Know. Some such gamster might have
Come off with credit, though hee'd ventur'd
His whole estate of wit on them and lost it,
But you the rookes oth' age to be oredone
At your owne game by city girles.

Val. Thou art an asse,
A very coxcomb, there are girles ith' City
Able to oredoe at their owne game a hundred
Such feeble fellows as thy selfe, but *Thorowgood*,
Leaving this infidell to his mis-beliefe,
Are you resolved that I shall undertake
The new designe we plotted?

Thor. With what speed
Can be convenient, sir *Timothy*
Shall be our instrument.

Know. If there be wit in't,
Honour me to assist you.

Thor. A revenge
Upon these peevish wenches, one of them
Loves me intirely, nay has vow'd me a marriage,
And did advise me to assume this shape,
To cheat her uncle.

Val. And for the other,
By many a shrowd cast of her eye upon me,
I doe suspect for all her quaint dissembling,
She's taken with my good parts.

Enter Maudline.

Thor. Thy face I must confesse,
Is full of choyce allurements, see their maid,
How fares it with your witty mistress,
My gallant type of beauty, is the stomach,
Come down, I'm sure you are furnish'd
With some excuse or lamentable epistle,
To reconcile me to them.

Maud. Sir I am
As ignorant of the interpretation of your words,
As of your person.

Thor. Shee not know me neither?

Maud. But if there be one *Valentine* among
you,
A well accomplish'd gentleman.

Val. That's I, that's I.

Maud. Then fir,
I would require your privacy some minutes.

Val. Weel be as private as thou wilt, my girle,
Your patience gentlewoman.

Know. I wonder *Thorowgood* what bufineffe
She can have with him.

Thor. Heel declare it.
See they are parting.

Val. Tel them Ile advise ont.

Maud. You will be speedy.

Exit Maudline.

Val. Yes, yes, nere doubt my haste, say Ime their
fervant.

Thor. The bufineffe *Valentine*.

Val. Dost not thou know it,
Euen by instinct?

Know. We cannot prophecy.

Val. Thou art a foole then,
Does not the harmony of my good parts
Speake me the conqueror of all beauties *Thorow-*
good.

The wenches are on fire for me.

Tho. Their bloods
Are alwayes hot ith' Dogdayes : but good *Valentine*
Be ferious, did their maid bring newes of love
From either of them?

Val. From both, from both, now wert not for the
statute,
'Gainst Bigamy my tender conscience
Would not much be opprefs'd to have two wives,

But one of them thy Pinnace, thou shalt man her :
But I delay too long, I must goe meete them ;
I long to be a kissing, pray heaven their breath
Smell not of Marmalade, 'twill turne my stomacke.

Tho. You'll practice our designe I hope.

Val. Methodically : farewell boyes.

Ex. Val.

Tho. Pray be you Sir *Timothy*, know his entrance :

Tis such another mad-cap my Scene is.

Enter Holdfast.

Hold. Nay, come forward Land lord Spoild elfe.

Trist. Buf.

Tis my Cofens lodgings, pray be bold in't,
As is my Chamber. Cofen this is a Constable.

Tho. He comes not with a warrant.

Hold. No, Ile warrant you,
I brought him Sir to see you ; he's a wit,
A very wit, or as the modernes terme it,
A sparke, a meere sparke, such a one as I am,
Since I left off those idle toyes cald books,
He'll take Tobacco too, and with a grace
Spit ith' rub'd chamber, though his testy wife
Crye fie upon him : he's a very sparke,
And worthy your acquaintance.

Trif. Come forward fir, you stand as if you'd
cofen'd

One of them with bad linnen ; pray advance,
My Master is your Leader.

Buf. Save you gentlemen.

Tho. Y're very welcome Sir, my Cofen speakes
you

A Citizen of ranke.

Know. That you beare office

Of honour in your parish.

Tho. That y'are witty,
Or as he sayes a sparke.

Know. Nay, a good fellow.

Buf. Tis granted gentlemen,
This is my Character, I am by trade
A Linnen Draper.

Tho. Would trust me
For forty ells of Holland?

Buf. Ha, how's that fir?
I have more wit I thanke you : cause you seeme
A Gentleman of quality, I care not
To venture as much Cambricke as shall make
Your Crush a gorget, but no farther, fir,
There is no wit in 't : how 's that Mr. *Holdfast*?

Hold. You are a sparke still Landlord.

Know. Ile sweare in this he's witty.

Buf. Tis my humour,
My wit has halfe undone me long ere this ;
But for my wit Ide beene an Alderman,
And twirld a pondrous chaine upon the bench,
With as much grace as can the formalst of them :
I should have fin'd for Sheriffe, but all *Guild Hall*
Hearing I was a wit, cry'd out upon him,
Twill breed an alteration in the Senate,
To have a wit amongst them. How's that fir?

Know. And so you mist preferment.

Tho. And continue
Ith' state of wisdome still, an humble Constable?

Hold. Yes, and an honest one, ile say that for
him,
He ne're stop'd wench in 's watch.

Buf. How's that? I scorne it,
I've stopt a hundred in my time : how's that fir?
You relish wit I see.

Know. Tis so acute,
No pallat but must taste it ; shall 's to th' Taverne?
Y'are for a cup I hope?

Buf. For now fir,

It is my frequent-use, when I have set
My watch, to view the Taverne, drinke a quart,
And then backe to my businesse, and there wit in 't.

Thor. Tis granted sir: Come gentlemen, an
houre

Is our extent of time : good Mr. Constable
It shall be yours. Cofen I have some businesse
Concernes your knowledge, as we passe along
I shall informe you.

Exeunt.

Enter Valentine, Grace, Clare, Maudlin.

Val. You see Ime come
Vpon your summons.

Clar. Sure you mistake,
There's none here is so fond of you to court
Your cheap and vulgar presence.

Val. Here's a Letter
Speaks other language, you might cloath your dis-
course

In the same phrase, or I shall laugh your folly
Into a milder temper, and then leave you.

Clar. You'r very confident.

Val. No, you're too coy,
Ime now ith' humour to be tempted to
Love any of you : take me while the fit
Is on me, for ime sure twill not endure
Longer than does a wealthy widdowes grieve
For a loath'd husband. Speak, ha you a mind to
me ?

Speake quickly, or for ever more hereafter
Be sure to hold your peace, and that's a taske
Farre worse then death to any of your sexe.

Clar. Her blushes does betray her, wer't to
me,
He should finde other usage. Sir my Cofen,
I know not how transported by her love,

Above her reason, has enthrald her heart
 To your dispose. I hope fir you'r so much
 A Gentleman, you will make civill use
 Of her affection ; twill be worth your care fir.
 Besides the rich endéarements of her youth,
 She's Mistris of a fortune that may challenge
 A noble retribution for her love.
 Weele not disturbe your conference.

Ex. Clar. Maud.

Grace. Cofen, cofen, you will not leave me
 thus ?

I pray let me goe fir.

Val. Thus farre into my armes girle, that's the
 place

Thou oughtst to rest in : you expect I warrant
 That I should court you now, and with an armie
 Of oathes, stufte with as many finicall falsehoods,
 Protest I love you : by this light I know not,
 Tis folly to dissemble, whether or no
 I can affect thee ; yet thou seemst to weare
 That pretty harmlesse innocence in thy looks,
 It wins my credulous thoughts to believe
 Thou maist be vertuous.

Grace. Sir, I hope my owne
 Too forward zeale, in tendring you my love,
 Will not in your good thoughts beget an ill
 Opinion of my modesty.

Val. Never fear't :
 That freeness more engages my just faith
 To embrace thy affection. I have seene some
 Ladyes,
 Coy as a Voteresse below their suiters,
 Yet with a tough-backt groome, have knowne them
 fin
 With most libidinous appetite in private ;
 But Ime as fearelesse girle, that ought amisse
 Can staine thy soule, as thou wert confident
 In setting thy most constant choise upon

A stranger ; yet I must desire the reason
Why you did love me : for my owne good parts,
Certaine they're not so attractive as to conquer
A beautie at first sight.

Grace. Since I have
Disclos'd my affection to you, (although love
Oft times admits no reason) ile endeavour
To satisfie your question ; the first cause
Moov'd me to love you, was my father.

Val. Hang thy father
In's owne gold chaine : but such another word,
And never hope to have me ; dost thou thinke
Ile be beholding to an eight ith' hundred,
To such an empty caske as is thy father,
(Who soon did get his wealth by the old proverbe,
Of fooles have fortune) for a wife ; but that
I have some mercy in me to believe
Thou maist be virtuous ; I would not match
With any of my squeamish Ants of *London*,
For all the wealth ith' Chamber.

Grace. Sir, you ask'd,
A question of me, and will not permit
Me give a civill answer ; as I said,
My father——

Val. Father agen, farewell ; my eares doe blister
At the harsh sound : would thou hadst beene a
Bastard,
So thou hadst no title to his blood :
Another father, like a whirlwind, blowes me
Hence from thy sight for ever.

Gra. Pray heare me.
Intends to match me to Sir *Timothy*
Shallow-wit, a creature onely fit for scorne ;
Which to prevent, and taken with the fulnesse
Of your true worth, I rather chuse to cast
My reputation on your noble pittie,
Than stand the desperate hazard of my ruine.

Val. She loves me by this light, this is no
tricke.

Now to my *Thorowgoods* project: th'art a good wench,

A harmlesse wench, and I believe a sound one,
And I will have thee; give me thy hand: yet stay,

Ere I doe cast my selfe away upon thee,
You here shall promise Mistris, to become
A most obedient wife, and not according
To th' ancient tricke inherent to the City,
Raile till you be my Master.

Grace. Never feare me.

Val. Nor shall you, when you're at my house ith' Country

Be niggardly, or spoyle a dinner for
Want of the tother ounce of Sugar, nor
Repine to see me merry with my friends,
Or curse my brothers, when they sojourn with me,

Nor starve my servants when I am from home,
I must be drunke sometimes too, then you must not

Whine and cry out, were I a maid agen,
Ide never marry any that does take
This wicked Herbe Tobacco. These injunctions,
And some few hundreds more of the same nature,
Seald and deliver'd to me by your promise,
I may be wonne to wed thee, nay to bed thee,
And get a race of such Heroicke children,
As shall intice posterity to conceive
Some good came from Cheapside. Your lip shall feale this.

Grace. You see your strengths upon me.

Val. Tis my good girle:

Thy father, armed with the trained bands o'th City,

Shall never pull thee from me: to confirme thee
How much I love thee, ile disclose a plot
I had to gaine thy affection.

Grace. Tis some good one,

Pray let me heare it.

Val. You see my youth and feature will admit
A womans Character ; if I were cloath'd
But in the habit, should I not appeare
A bouncing *Mary Ambree*.

Grace. Some such creature ; but to your project.

Val. I have prepar'd mee
A handsome female shape, my man without
Has them under his cloake ; and I perswaded
Sir *Timothy*, in hope that I would court thee
In this behalfe, to have presented me
Here for his Neece ; you marke me.

Grace. Very well ; but now
This thy designe is uselesse.

Val. By no meanes ;
It must be put in action ; come goe in,
And helpe to dresse me : Sir *Timothy* expects
To meete me in that shape here : and besides
In that disguise, secure I can at any time
Steale out with you, and marry you.

Gra. Your reason
Shall governe my obedience.

Val. Come let's in then.

Enter Timothy, Covet, Formali.

Tim. Tis very right that sir, but yet methinkes
A wholsome song, sung to a fine new tune,
Should not be much amisse : my boy here has
one,

And Ide be very loath, although I cannot
Sing, as they say, my selfe, that she should heare
What those, I keep, can doe ; is not this right now

Cov. Your pleasure shall prevaile, though to say
truth,

Sonne *Shallow-wit*, for sonne I still shall call you,
 I never lik'd a Song, unlesse the Ballad
 Oth' famous *London* Prentice, or the building
 Of *Britaines* Burse: for Musicke, lesse the Vir-
 ginalls,

I never car'd for any. Does but cloy
 The eares, but never fills the purse sonne.

Tim. Very right indeed; tis too light
 For such a purpose.

Form. With your leave sir,
 Musicke is most delightfull, and young Mistris
Grace, and her Cosen surely will receive it
 With thankfull Equipage.

Tim. Honest *Formall*,
 Th'art in the right still; come exalt thy voyce
 My little Impe of gut and haire: My Mistris
 Shall know there's something in me.
 How doe you like it?

Sings.

Form. Tis very odoriferous.

Cov. I shall beginne
 To love it better then I have done; tis a good
 boy,
 A very pretty boy, and ile reward thee.
 There's a threepence for thee.

Tim. Very right.
 Father you are too bountifull.

Cov. He shall take it,
 Indeed he shall; tis manners to receive
 Mony from your betters boy; but here's my Neece.

Enter Clare.

Tim. Very right, I had almost forgotten, pray
 where's mine?

Cov. Why, have you a Neece Sir *Timothy*?

Tim. Yes, yes, I've two or three, but one I
 sent

Hither, to view my Mistris in a Coach
An houre agoe at least. Sure she is come.

Cov. *Clare* did you see the gentlewoman?

Clar. None such came hither yet Sir.

Tim. That's not right though,
A poxe upon her for her paines.

Enter Maudlin.

Maud. Mrs. your Cosen does desire some conference with you.

Cov. *Maudlin*,
Did there a Gentlewoman arrive here lately,
To see my daughter?

Maud. There is one within,
In busie conference with her.

Cov. Very right that, he's pleading for me now.
Fairst Damsell that's my Neece; pray tell her,
here's
A Knight, a simple Uncle of hers, or so, desires
her
Company. But here she comes, my Mistris with her;
Neece
Tis well done, ile give thee the tother thousand to
increase

Thy portion for't: Mistris, and how, and how do yee
like my Neece, a plaine Country girle, or so.

Cov. A very handsome woman, I could love
her,

Did I but know her portion. Mistris welcome.
Whats in that house is yours?

Grace. Sir *Timothy*,
You have much grac'd me by the sweet acquaintance
Of this good gentlewoman. Pray Cosen know her;
She's worthy your endearment.

Clare. I shall be proud
To doe you service.

Val. I most fortunate
To be esteem'd your creature.

Tim. Very right
Shees a poore niece of mine, yet she can speake
You may perceive or see.

*Enter Thorowgood, Holdfast, Tristram,
Knowell.*

Cla. Life *Thorowgood* with young
Holdfast, pray heaven my folly
Has not undone me.

Thor. You'l please to pardon
Our rude intention sir, we have some businesse.

Cov. Please you declare't.

Thor. This gentleman and my selfe,
Come to informe you that this sparke my Cosen,
Is sonne and heire to sir *Geffrey Holdfast*,
And since I heare you have dispos'd your daughter
To that good knight, I in his fathers name,
Desire your niece should be his wife.

Cla. Pray Sir speake
In your owne cause he needs no advocate.

Cov. I've beene abus'd,
Is this Sir *Geffreys* son the scholler?

Thor. The very same sir.

Hold. I am the sparke sir.

Know. *Valentine*, ith' name

puls off his periwig.

Of madnesse: man why in this shape?

Thor. *Valentine*, Ha, ha, ha.

Tim. Very right, my niece is *Valentine*.

Thor. And how ist bully, hast not found these
girlles

Of a hot appetite, how often ha ?

Val. Has my Land-lady
Provided me a cullis, life my backe
Does needs a swathband.

Cov. What meanes this gentleman ?

Thor. Nothing fir,
But to informe you what strange things your neice,
And daughter and, nay never blush he has
Perform'd it better then your uncles foreman.
I know he has.

Covet. *Timothy* this abuse must not be thus
put up,
Did not you say I was your Neice.

Tim. Very right, but it was *Valentine*.

Know. He has beene here all night too.

Grace. Cofen we are basely betray'd.

Cla. Take courage.

Thor. Doe you thinke fir, my Cofen shall mixe
with such
Stale ware that keepe their gamsters in their cham-
bers.

Know. Or this knight have *Valentines* reverfions ?

Tim. Very right, I scorne it.

Thor. Keepe them, they'l serve to fet up some
twife
Broken Merchant, or undone Linnen-draper, come
away

Valentine, thou hast made a brave discovery. Fare-
well,

My witty virgines, you are payd' now. *Exeunt.*

Cov. Ile be reveng'd for this, and if it cost me
Halfe my estate. *Formall* send post for fir *Geffrey*,
The whole towne shall know of this abuse.
Ile make you fast enough.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus. Scena prima.

Grace, Clare, Busie, Luce.

Busie. **T**hey are both sparkes, that's certaine,
if ere

I take them in my watch, Ile make them floope
Under my staffe of office, Mistris *Clare*.

Though I'me a Citizen, and by my charter,
Am not allowed much wit, as being free
Oth Linnen-drapers, and a man in office,
Yet if my counsell, if you please to follow it,
Doe not revenge you on these sawcy mad caps,
May taking up of Holland at deare rates,
Be quite abjur'd by courtiers: and I canvas'd
Out of authority, how's that now?

Clare. Master *Busie*,

You seeme of sage discretion: and to say
Truth, I conceive you have the stocke of wit
Belonging to the city in your custody,
You are the chamber of London, where that treasure
Is hoarded up, and I doe hope you can
Be true and secret.

Busie. How's that Lady?

I were unworthy else to thrive by linnen,
Could I not keepe smocke secrets for your uncle,
Your father mistris *Grace*, I care not for him,
Although he be right worshipful and an Alderman,
As I may say to you he has no more
Wit then the rest oth' bench: what lies in's thumbe-
ring,

Yet I doe love you deerely for the kindnesse
Shown to my girle here, and because you have
Some flashes in your braines : and since you have
Opend the case to me, ere we proceed
To sentence, tell me seriously doe not you two
Love *Valentine*, and *Freewit*?

Grace. For my owne part,
And I dare say as much too for my cosen,
Their memories are as distant from our hearts,
As civill honesty from theirs.

Clare. And though
I well could like that *Freewit* for a husband,
Yet in mere spite because he shal not have me,
He wed the next mans offered me.

Busie. How's that ?
I would my wife were dead ; two comely lasses,
Such as sometimes I light on in my watch,
Would make fit wives for such rude sparks, and
t'hal

Goe hard but I will for your sakes sweete beauties,
Number a brace of such found cuttell to them,
If you 'l give way to it.

Cla. And crowne thee for
The king of witty Constables use our names,
Or any thing to draw them forward, that
Wee may in triumph laugh at their disgrace,
And weel procure a pattent, to continue
Thy office to thee, during life : and after
Hire some ingenious poet that shall keepe
Thy fame alive in a brave Epitaph
Grav'd on thy marble.

*Enter Covet, Sir Geffrey Holdfast, Sir Timothy,
young Holdfast.*

Geff. What varlet should that be trow ?

Cov. Truth I know not,
Nor can conjecture, yet I did believe

Him to be truely yours, becaufe attird
 Ith' habit and the phraſe of a right Scholler,
 And for your ſonne, pardon me maſter *Holdfaſt*,
 I tooke you for ſome lewd audacious varlet,
 That had uſurpt that title.

Hold. I imagine
 It was ſome baſtard of my fathers, gotten
 In youth upon his Taylors wife or Landreſſe,
 He has good ſtore of them, but maſter Alderman
 You now conceive Ime ſon and heire apparent
 Unto the *Holdfaſts*, whoſoever got me,
 That's not much matter.

Buf. How's that, anon before I ſet my watch,
 Ile viſit you agen : meane time, pray give
 My daughter *Luce* leave to come home, her ſiſter
 Poore wretched, is troubled with a paine ith' bottome
 Oth' body, pricks even to her very heart,
 And I would have *Luce* goe toth' Pothecaries,
 And get ſome Befar ſtone, they ſay 'twill cure her.
 Farewell good Ladies, you 'l be ſure to come *Luce*.

Ex. Buſie.

Geff. Are theſe the maidens, I promiſe you
 maſter
 Alderman the'r virgins of good feature, and I ſhall
 Be well apaid if my ſonne match to either,
 Which lik'ſt thou beſt boy ?

Hold. Both of them good father,
 Be not ſo troubleſome, but let me take
 A view of them : Sir *Timothy* which doe you
 Like beſt of theſe two Ladies ?

Tim. Which doe you
 Like beſt good Mr. *Holdfaſt*.

Hold. Yours ſhall be
 The choyce noble Sir *Timothy*.

Tim. Yours indeed,
 Magnanimous Mr. *Holdfaſt*.

Hold. On my gentility yours.

Tim. Yours on my knighthood.

Cov. Good fir *Timothy*,
No striving, they are free for you, and for
The staine thofe idle gallants put upon them,
Twas on my credit gentlemen to keepe
All other fuitors off, in hope by that meanes
To obtaine them for themselves.

Tim. Tis very likely
That *Valentine's* a wagge.

Cov. Daughter and neice,
This hopefull gentleman, and this good knight
Are by my care provided for your husbands,
Pray use them as befits their worth, and take it
As a fatherly admonition ; either resolve
To marry these or none.

Cla. Tis a hard choyce fir,
Yet rather then our maiden-heads shall starve,
Weel feed on this course fare, young wenches uncle,
Are like young hungry Hawkes : they'l stoope at
Jack-daws, when they can meet with no better prey,
Draw neerer thou doughty knight, and thou good
Squire oth' damfells, Uncle these youthes are bash-
full in the
Prefence of you two their grave Elders : your grim
beards,
And azure notes able are to fright
Their precise love to silence.

Tim. Shees ith' right,
Ime such a fearefull foole I cannot speake,
If any body looke on me.

Geff. Let's withdraw,
Now plye thy businesse boy.

Exe. Sir Geffery and Covet.

Clare. So now the game
Will begin presently : I pray you tell me
Which of you is the valiant Rosicler,
Dares breake his Launce on me.

Tim. Marry that would I
If I durst be so bold, mine is a stiffe one,

And will pricke forely.

Clare. A fooles bable ist not ?

But come in brieft toth' purpose : is it you
Sir knight of the ill favored face,
That would have me for your Dulcinea ?

Tim. Very right,

You know my minde as well it seemes as if
You'r in my belly.

Grace. So then you are sped :

This gentleman's my comely spouse that must be,
Twere fitting Cosen *Clare* ert be a bargaine,
They know on what conditions they doe cast
Themselves away upon us.

Hold. Twas discretely

Thought on, I would doe nothing rashly.

Clare. Marke then

You men that will transforme your selves to monst'rs,
Wretches that will become so miserable,
You'l hang your selves : & think it a faire riddance,
Marke what you come to, if you be so mad,
So desperate mad to wed us, you must first,
Resolve like patient gulls to have your noses
Twingd if ours chance to itch : your eares like
asses

When they grow lasie cropt, least they oreheare
Our chamber secrets, for our recreation,
And least with too much ease we should grow resty,
Weel beat you daily : while you like tame Spaniells,
Shall fawne and licke our shooe-strings.

Grace. Nor expect,

To'get a good word from us in a twelvemonth,
Houely revilings and perpetuall noyses
Shall be as favours taken that we would
Vouchsafe to spend in such regardlesse trifles,
Wee'l be as proud as ere our mother was,
When she was Lady Majoreffe, and you humble,
As her trim hench-boyes : whatsoever servants
You kept before, although they were your grandsires,
You shall turne off and limmit your attendants,

As tis the city fashion to a woman
Butler, that shall not dare without our license,
To let you have a penny pot of sacke
To give a frugall entertainment, to
Your visiting friends.

Clare. If you have a brother,
Kinsman, or friend, that does in pittie grieve at
The tyranny you live in, him it shall
Be felony to converse with, we in tiffue
And plush will brave it while you walke in fustian,
Weel when we please have our faire coach and horses
To carry us up to London to aske counsell of
Our mothers and our gossipps how to abuse you.
You shall be still obedient, we commanding,
And if a Lord or courtly gentleman,
Whom we stile servant, out of love sometimes
Gives us a visit, you shall not repine :
If we forsake your bed to goe to his.

Gra. And if you chance, as fooles will oft be peeping
To spye us coupling, with respective silence,
You shall depart, not daring to bedew
Your eyes with tears for grief that you are cuckolds,
Nor to exalt your honors above your neighbours,
But big with joy triumph that you have wives
That are in so much credit, as to have
Persons of quality, take the paines to get you
Heires to your large renewes.

Tim. Very right,
Tis not the fashion now adayes for knights
To get their owne sons, tis sufficient for us
If we can leave them lands, no matter who
Were their true fathers.

Cla. Say sir *Timothy*
If upon these conditions you can like
The match is perfect : but faith take my counsell,
Make not your selves meere raskalls : the reproach
To boyes and schollers, subjects fit for ballads,
Not worthy M Ps name to them, good Sir *Timothy*,
Have pittie on your selfe, and marry rather

In your owne tribe, some damfell that can churne,
Make Cheefe and Apple pies with Currants in
them,

And Mr. *Holdfast* twere far better for you
To match with some grave doctors impe at Cam-
bridge

Or else as twas your use when you'r a student,
Lye with your bed maker.

Tim. Very right,
Yet I doe know all this is but in jest,
To make us love you better.

Hold. True sir *Timothy*,
Speake as it were to let us understand
By an Irony as we the learned call it,
How well they meane to use us: therefore in
My judgement it were requisit with all speed,
While the're in this good humour
To strike the match up.

Tim. Very right, we are
No Jackdawes to be fright with these Scar-crowes,
Mistris your hand, and if you'll have me so,
If not so likewise: but you will repent it,
You'll scarcely meet two that will offer fairer
Then we have done.

Cla. But doe you meane performance,
Truely of these conditions.

Hold. As sincerely
As ere we meane to eate.

Tim. Or drinke good Ale
At mother *Huffs* a mornings.

Grace. You'll confesse this
Before the Priest and witnesses.

Hold. Before
The Congregation, or at a Commencement
Before the Univerſity.

Clar. That you'll be
Honest contented Cuckolds, beare your heads
As peaceably, and with as much obedience,
As the tam't beast ith' City.

Tim. On my Knight-hood.

Hold. On my gentility.

Clar. Why then strike hands on 't ;

Since you will needs undoe your selves, 'twere folly

To indeavour to redeeme you : but this night
We will be marry'd, and in private,
Not yours nor our friends being acquainted with it.
Weele meet you any where, procure the license,
And weele be ready ; so farewell : to night,
Or not at all lets heare from you.

Exeunt Clara, Grace.

Hold. And feele us too ere morning, 't shall goe hard else.

Sir *Timothy*, was not this wisely carryed :
To let them have their sayings ? but we will not
Be such starke fooles to doe what we have promised ;

When they're ours once, we may rule them easily
At our owne pleasures.

Tim. Very right ; and use them
At our owne pleasures : But see here's your Mr.
And Mr. Constable your Landlord.

Enter Grimes, Busie.

Hold. Landlord, welcome
On my Gentility, to my house that must be.
Thou thoughtst, because I did weare Lokram shirts
Ide no wit : but harke thee, I have got
The wench of Gold : Sir *Timothy*, and I
Have stricke the stroake old boy : to night's the
night,
Thou shalt know more of it ere twelve of Clocke,
And then believe me : *Grimes* goe you to th'
office :
There's mony, fetch a Licence.

Tim. There's more money,
Bring me a Licence too ; fure as we woo'd
Weele wed together.

Bufie. How's this ? Gentlemen
I shall have gloves I hope.

Hold. And favours too,
Thy daughter *Nell* shall have my Bride garters,
And thy fore-man my poynts : But honest Land-
lord,

I know th'art excellent at a device,
This matter must be private, not my father,
Nor Mr. Alderman must be acquainted
Till all is finished : Could thy wit but helpe us
To plot this finely : *Clare* and *Grace* will meet us,
At any place where weele appoynt.

Buf. How's that ?
Ile fet you presently ith' way ; my house
Shall be your randevous : soone after ten,
The houre of meeting : there Ile have prepar'd
For the two Ladyes a Sedan : that shall
Carry them thence unseene through the watch
At Ludgate, where I exercise my office,
Into white-Friers, there shall a little Levite
Meet you, and give you to the lawfull bed.
With much celerity : give me your mony,
And ile take out the licence. How's that now ?

Tim. Very right.

Buf. Meane time my daughter *Luce* shall give
them notice
How all's contriv'd, they'll be willing,
When they shall know the managing's committed
To my discretion ; but about your businesse ;
It will grow late oth' suddaine.

Hold. Come Sir *Timothy*.

Ex. Hold. Tim. Grimes.

Buf. So, so, as I would have it : if I doe
not

Doe something to exalt the fame of Constables,
May I be hang'd upon my staffe of Office.
Ha ! *Valentine* and *Freewit* with my daughter !
They must not see me.

Exit.

Enter Valentine, Free-wit, Luce.

Luce. Tis certaine Mr. *Freewit* they are contracted,
And this night to be marryed ; I am sorry
You should be thus supplanted, by two such
Dull witlesse ideots : but they are so bent on't,
That when I speake in your behalves, my Mistris
Stopt my mouth with a blow oth' lips : see here

Ent. Clar. Grace.

They are themselves ; if you doe any good,
It must be now or never.

Ex. Luce.

Clar. Grace. Ha, ha, ha.

Free. What doe the Monkyes laugh at ?

Clar. To behold

Two such trim gallants, as your selves, like Affes,
Shaking your empty Noddles ore the Oates
You faine would eate, but must not lick your
lips at.

You thought to have wonne us by your wit, where
lyes it ?

In your gay cloaths ; perhaps so, if you can
Out-sweare the faithfull Tayler, that's unpaid yet,
Or cheat your Sempstresse. Troth make safe retreat
Into the Suburbs, there you may finde cast wenches,
Who will in pittie have you : and for dowry,
Bring you an ampler stocke of hot diseases,
Than you are already furnish'd with. We Orphans
Oth' City have more charity to our selves,

Than to wed Surgeons boxes.

Grace. When our portions
Shall be confum'd in Pothecharies Bills,
Or giving Doctors fees ; or at best use,
Serve but to purchase Sacke ; or be as tribute
Paid toth' three Kings ; or piously bestowed
Upon *Jerusalem*.

Free. No, you'd best reserve them
Till those you wed be beg'd for fooles ; and then
They will be seas'd to better use. You think now
You have broake our gulls with anger that you
have
Resolv'd on other husbands : who would have
you ?

But two such ideots, fit to be the styles
To the vast pride and lust lurkes in your blood,
Derivative from the City : for our selves,
Why should you have a thought we could descend
So much from gentries honour, to mixe with you ?
Tis true, you appeare handsome, but you paint
Worse then a Bawd, or waiting-woman, in love
With the spruce Chaplaine.

Val. For your haire let's see
Your eye-browes badge : oh tis not your owne ;
Be modest and confesse it : tis a Peruke,
I saw it at the French-mans in the Strand,
The other day : and though you hold your head
up,
It is suppos'd it growes too neare your shoulders,
And you weare iron bodyes, to keep downe
And rectifie the crooked paths that are
In this same hill your body.

Free. Nay, besides
Y'are infinitely lascivious, tis reported
Y'ave kild the reverend Alderman at least,
Ten Prentises, besides foure journey-men,
With too much labour : That you will be drunke
Our selves can testifie : and with these imperfec-
tions

This inexhausted Magazin of vices,
Could you imagine we would have you? no,
Heaven give you joy, with your well chosen spouses :
May they be patient Cuckolds, that's all the harme
Weele wish them : the more fooles, more fit for husbands

To such hot wild cats.

Clare. Well Mr. *Free-wit*,
I thought how ever we, in mirth, or madnesse,
Could have transgressed civility, that you
Would not have made such a severe construction
Of our intentions : how i've lov'd you, heavens
Can beare me righteous witnesse ; but mans faith

weeps.

Is fickle as his shadow, never seene,
But when the Sunne shines.

Grace. And that you, whom I
Even at the first view lov'd, and fixt my heart
on :
Should not alone contemne me, but with these
Abuses wound my fame, torments my soule
Beyond the strength of patience, heaven forgive
you.

Free. They are our owne, deare *Valentine* : our
owne as surely,
As if the officious Priest had put the Ring
Upon their pretty fingers ; why you need not
Take words with such unkindnesse *Clare*, your-
selves
Being the occasion.

Clar. Such discourtesies
From friends ; nay, such beloved friends as you
were,
Wounds deeply Mr. *Freewit*.

Free. Prethee *Clara*
No more remonstrances of this unkindnesse,
Drye thy faire eyes, or I shall else grow childish,
And weep for company : poore heart i'me sorry

Th'art thus distemper'd ; prethee sweet forgive
me ;

We will be friends, and instantly steale hence,
And end all difference in a happy marriage.

Clar. Ha, ha, ha : hold the mans head, heel
fowne

I feare oth' suddaine : marry you ; goe boast
How you've abus'd us, and doe not forget
Tis part oth' story, twill much grace the action,
That you were foold agen into beliefe
That we could love you : ha, ha, ha.

Ex. Clare, Grace.

Val. We have made our selves fine fooles, a poxe
upon them :

I knew their teares could not be serious :
They onely fell from their left eye, as wealthy
Young widowes weep for their old husbands. *Free-
wit*

They're lost, past all recovery.

Free. Who can helpe it ;
There are more wives ith' Kingdome ; yet Ime
vext
That two such gulls should carry them : lets goe
seeke

Sir *Timothy* and my Cozen *Holdfast* out,
And geld them, then proclaime them to be Eu-
nuchs.

That course may spoile their marriage.

Enter Busie.

Bus. I have o're-heard them all, and it con-
duces

Much to my purpose : now, or never *Busie*
Shew thy selfe a true sparke, that Constables
Hereafter may be thought to have some wit,

More than is in their staffe. Good day to you
gallants,

I have some businesse with you.

Val. Your name is *Busie*?

Bus. The same body,

Your friend, although a Constable; there were two
Ladies

Went lately from you.

Free. What of that?

Bus. They told me, as I am of their councill, that
they lov'd you.

And though some words of course had past between
you,

As oft does among friends: you know the Proverbe
put lately

In a Ballad, where I learnd it, that *amantium iræ
amoris redintegratio est*: yet that was but in jest, and
in all haste,

Wished me to assure you, that if you would speedily
Take out the Licences this very night, twixt nine
and ten, at my

House they would meet you, and joyne with you in
Matrimony.

Free. Is this truth?

Bus. How's that? upon the faith fir of a man in
office,

You may believe me: for a Priest, leave that
To my care gentlemen, ile have one ready
Privately in White-Friers, the house anon
I will enforme you, and what way to take
To misse pursuit, if any should endeavour
Your apprehension.

Val. How may we deserve this kindnes from
you?

Bus. When tis done, then thanke me; meane
time make haste, and get the licences.

Ex. Free. Val.

I will pursue the rest, and if I fit not some body,
Let me be held as other of my fellows are, Affes in
office.

Ent. Luce.

Luce thou art come as aptly as I could wish : be sure
at nine of Clock to be at home, and if you can bring
with you two of the gentlewomens gownes, question
not why ?

But on my blessing doe it ; if this hit,
Time shall report some Constables have wit. *Ex.*

Explicit Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus, Scena prima.

The Watch.

1 Watch. **I**T is a cold night neighbour,
And tis likely we shall have frost,
That will make Sea-coales deare ; heaven helpe poore
people.

Is no newes stirring neighbour ?

Men. 2 Wat. Yes, to day

I heard such newes, heaven bleffe us, as would
make

A man's heart quake in's belly ; strange, and true,
It came up in a Carret Boat from Sandwich
Laft tide ; an Oifter wife, a good old Woman,
Heard it at *Billingsgate*, and told my wife on it.

3 Watch. What is it ? pray lets heare it,

Men. 2 Wat. Marry, that twixt *Deale*

And *Dover*, one fishing for Flounders, drew
A Spaniards body up, flaine ith' late sea-fight,
And searching him for monie, found ith' sets
Of his great Ruffe the—I shall think on't presently,
Tis a hard word—the Inquisition.

1 Wat. O monstrous, what's that ?

I have not heard of such a Beast before.

Men. 3 Wat. You've heard nothing then :

It is a Monster very like the Man-drake
Was shewen at Temple Barre.

2 Wat. You have heard nothing neither :

The Monster's no such Monster : neighbor *Mandivell*.
You are a zealous brother, a Translator,
Tis such a Monster as will swallow thee,

And all the Brethren at *Amsterdam*,
 And in new *England* at a morsell : verilies,
 Your yeas, and naves will not appease its stomacke,
 Twill sup them up as easly as a Tayler
 Would doe fixe hot loaves in a morning fasting,
 And yet dine after.

Enter Busie and Parson.

Busf. There is the Licence fir for Mr. *Holdfast*,
 And wife Sir *Timothy* ; you have instructions
 How things ought to be carryed : when I have
 Dispos'd my Watch, I will be there my selfe ;
 Meane time good Sir be carefull.

Parf. Doubt me not,
 Good Mr. Constable ; tis not the first time
 I have espoused couples of as much worship,
 Behinde the Brickhills : when tis done, tis done,
 And surely consummate.

Ex. Parson.

Busf. Well said neighbours,
 Y'are chatting wisely o're your Bills and Lanthorns,
 As becomes Watch-men of discretion : pray you
 Let's have no wit amongst you : no discourse
 O' the Common-wealth ; I need not neighbours give
 you
 Your charge to night : onely for fashion sake.
 Draw neare and be attentive.

3 *Men.* I have edified
 More by your charge I promise you, than by
 Many a mornings exercise.

Busf. First then,
 You shall be sure to keep the peace ; that is,
 If any quarrell, be ith' streets, sit still, and keepe
 Your rusty Bills from blood-shed ; and as't began
 So let it end : onely your zeales may wish
 The Devill part them.

1 *War.* Forward Mr. Constable.

Buf. Next, if a thiefe chance to passe through your watch,
Let him depart in peace ; for should you stay him,
To purchase his redemption he'll impart
Some of his stolne goods, and you're apt to take them,
Which makes you accessary to his theft,
And so fit food for Tiburne.

Men. Good advise,
I promise you, if we have grace to follow it.
Buf. Next if a drunkard or a man disguis'd,
Desire to passe the gate, by all means open't,
You'll run your selves into th' premunire,
For your authority stretches but to men,
And they are beasts by statute.

Wat. Such as we are,
Horn'd beasts he means.

Buf. How's that ; you carry lanthornes,
Thou hast wit, and Ile reward't, there's foure tokens
To buy the cheefe : next for the female creatures,
Which the severer officers ith' suburbs
Terme girles, or wenches, let them passe without
Examining where they been : or taking from them
A single token : lasse good soules, they get
Their mony hard, with labours of their bodies,
And to exact on those were even extortion
Beyond a brokers.

Men. Yet they doe't
Without the City, I have heard a brewer,
Being one yeare in office, got as much
From these good soules as bought him a new mash-fat,
And mended all his coolers.

Buf. How's that ? we are bidden
Not to take ill examples, for your selves you have
Free leave for th' good oth' common wealth to
Sleepe after eleven : meane time you may play at
Tray trip, or cockall for blacke puddings,
So now your charge is finish'd.

*Enter Sir Timothy, Grimes, Holdfast,
with a Sedan.*

1. Wat. Stand, who goes there ?

Men. Come before Mr. Constable.

Hold. Tis I Landlord,
There's sixteenpence to buy thy watch some Ale,
Prithee tie up their tongues.

Tim. And there's foure groates
To purchase tofts to it.

Buf. How's that, pray stay my masters,
You'r sober men and fit to be examin'd :
Whither goes all this carriage ? close conveiance,
These are the cunningst wodden bawdy houses,
Were ere invented, and these blew coate men mules,
The most authenticke pimps : set downe and open
Your chaire of sinne you varlets.

Hold. Why good Landlord,
You will spoyle all, doe you not know your tenent,
Not *Jeremy Holdfast* ?

Buf. How's that ? not my father
Upon a watch, Ile lay my life they've stolne
Some city orphan, they'r so loath to have
Their load discover'd.

Hold. There's ten shillings Landlord
To buy thee sack : although it be thy office,
And thou art sworne to't, for a friend tis lawfull
To breake an oath : I will forswear my selfe
A hundred times to doe thee good.

Exeunt Holdfast, Timothy, Grimes, and Sedan.

Buf. I am
Appeas'd, march on : looke you remember my
Instructions : so this money was well gotten,
And 'tshall as merrily be spent, you need no
More, club your halfe pence sparkes to purchase
Ale,

You've an exchequer : ha ! another chariot, *Int.*
This fame should be some Lady from a labor,
Her waiters smell of groning cheefe : good night
Gentlemen, pay the Porter, what ist twelve pence ?
Share it amongst you.

Men. Mr. Constable
Tis very late, a fire and a browne toft now,
With some of mother *Trundles* Ale, I promise you
Would comfort much the inwards.

Buf. How's that ? hang it,
It is hereticall : Sack's the Orthodoxall
Liquor : and now I thinke ont, you two, and

Mendwell
Shall with me to th' Saint Johns head : there is
A cup of pure Canary, and weel have it,
Twill breake your heads, your owne bills,
And weare your Lanthornes in your noses bullies :
My masters, you that stay behinde observe
My charge with strictnesse, and if any businesse
Be of importance, call me.

Exit cum Cæteris.

1 *Wat.* Now my masters,
Shull I expound a motion to you, shall wee
Share, and share like this mony ?

4 *Wat.* With all our hearts. *Omnes.*

1 *Wat.* Lets see what comes it to a peece : there's
eleven groats,
And we are five of us, that is — that is, let me see,
seven pence a piece.

No, no, I lye, tis eight pence, and six pence over.

4 *Wat.* Right, right, this it is to be booke-
learn'd,
He's a good Arimetician : but stay neighbours,
Here comes more company : come before the Con-
stable.

Enter Covet, Sir Geffery, Formall with a Linke.

Cov. This is the government the city keepes,
How doe you lik't Sir *Geffery* ?

Geff. Very well,
I doe not thinke all Christendome affoords
The like for formall discipline.

I Wat. Leave your prating,
And come before the Constable, though he be not
Here himselfe, theres those that can examine you?

Cov. You doe well masters to keepe diligent
watch,

Theres many varlets at these houres commit
Disorders in the City : Wheres the constable ?

I Wat. Good master Alderman, I cry your worship
mercy,

Because your worship wanted your worshipfull horse,
We did not know you : Mr. Constable
And please your worship is but at next doore
Drinking a pint of facke.

Cov. How at a Taverne?

I Wat. At the Saint Johns head,
And please your worship, where if your worship
please,
You may have excellent facke, and please your
worship.

Cov. This is the fowlst enormity I ever
Heard on ith' city, that a Constable,
Who ought to see good orders kept, should be
At these unlawfull houres, breeding disorder,
And in an open Taverne. Good Sir *Geffery*
Beare me but company, Ile make the knave
A faire example to all men in office,
How they come nere a bush : watchmen looke well
To the charge committed to you : for your Con-
stable,
Ile make him kisse the counter, light on *Formall*.

Exit Covet, cum cæteris.

I Wat. A shrewd man this, if ere he live to be
Lord Major, ha mercy upon us ; neighbours surely
Tis very late, and I was up till twelve
Last night a mending my wives bodies, shall we
Each to his bulke and take a nod ?

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Exe. Watch.

*Busie, Mendwell, watchmen as
in a Taverne.*

Busf. Set downe your trusty Bills my sparkes, and
let us

Watch ore a cup of Sacke, here tis will make you
Each one an Alderman : a bigger glasse boy,
I doe not love these thimbles, they are fit
For none but precise Taylors, that doe sip,
In zeale, and sweare cuds nigs over their wine,
To cheat their customers : so this is something.
A score or two of these my sparkes, will set
Our braines a floate, and then weel talke as wisely,
As all the common Counsell, how's that now ?

Men. Mr. Constable

Y'are in the right I promise you : I feele
My selfe already growing from a watchman
Into a head-borow.

Busf. How's that ? thou shalt be
A Constable within this halfe houre *Mendwell*,
Carry thy staffe with the red Crosse and Dagger
In as much state, as the best goldsmith,
That ere bore office in Cheap-side ; here's to thee,
Hang care and Cosenage ; let mercers use it
In the darke shops : I am a Linnen Draper,
Love wit and Sacke, and am resolv'd to thrive by't,
When they shall break like bottles : Here lets
canvas
This quart, and then will bumbaste off another,
And drinke a health to *Holland*, and the mad
boyes

That traile the puissant Pike there : how's that ; doe
you peepe ?

Enter Fidlers Boy.

Boy. Please you hear a good song Gentle-
men ?

Buf. These squeakers, doe claime more
Priviledge in a Taverne,
Then a man in office ; into every roome
They thrust their frilled heads ; and Ide bin at it
With some distressed Damsell, that I had taken
Late in my watch, thus Ide bin serv'd : ile have
An Edict made against them at *Guild Hall*,
Next sitting certainly.

Boy. A very new song and please your worships
gentlemen.

Buf. There you lye boy ;
I doubt it is some lamentable stufte,
Oth' Swine-fac'd gentlewoman, and that youle grunt
out

Worse than a parish Boare when he makes love
Unto the Vicars sow ; her story's stale boy,
'T has beene already in two playes.

Boy. An't please your worships,
My song is of a Constable.

Buf. How's that ? a Constable,
Tis not my selfe ; I hope ime not exalted
Into a ballad : Dare you firrah abuse
Officers in your Madrigalls ; you deserve,
And so does he that made it, to be whipt for't.

Boy. Pray heare it fir : tis no such matter on my
credit.

Buf. How's that ? Well on thy credit I will
heare it.

Call in your company ; welcome my Masters :

Ent. Musicians.

Here : wet your wefands first, then thunder forth
Some lofty Sonnets in the praise of Constables :
And never feare the whipping-post hereafter.

Constables 2. Song.

S*ing and rejoyce, the day is gone.
And the wholsome night appeares,
In which the Constable on Throne
Of trusty bench, does with his Peeres
The comely watch ; men sound of health,
Sleep for the good oth' Common-wealth.*

*Tis his office to doe so,
Being bound to keep the peace,
And in quiet sleep all know
Mortall jarres, and lewd brawles cease :
A Constable may then for's health,
Sleep for the good oth' Common-wealth.*

*Vnlesse with Nobler thoughts inspir'd,
To the Taverne he resort,
Where with Sacke his Sences fir'd,
He raignes as fairy King in Court ;
Drinking many a lusty health ;
Then sleepes for th' good oth' Common-wealth.*

*With a comely girle, whom late
He had taken in his watch,
Oft he steales out of the gate
Her at the old sport to match,*

*Though it may impaire his health,
He sleeps with her for th' good oth' Common-
wealth.*

*Who then can Constables deny
To be persons brave and witty,
Since they onely are the eye,
The Glory, the delight oth' City,
That with staffe, and Lanthorne light
Are like blacke Pluto Princes of the night.*

Men. An excellent Ditty I promise you.

Busie. Well done boy.

There's twelve pence for you Knaves, and tell the
Poet

That made it, if heele come to me, ile give him
A quart of Sacke to whet his Muse.

Ent. Drawer.

Draw. Sir, below there's one enquires for you,
and I suppose him
To be at least an Alderman.

Busie. And if he be
'The Major and his horse, let them come up.
Flinch Squeakers into another roome: Good Mr.
Alderman

Ent. Cov. Sir Geff. Formall.

Tis strange you are abroad so late, wil't please you
To taste a cup a Sack, twill warme your stomacke
After your walking.

Cov. No Sirrah, ile not be
Partaker of yout riot: this the watch
You keep good Mr. Constable? introth

The City's much beholding to your care,
And they shall understand it, in a Taverne
A fit place for an Officer : but ile fend you
To one fitter for you to the Counter.
Lay hands I charge you, beare him hence,
Ile have you all laid fast else.

Buf. How's that ? I hope youle let us
Drinke off our sacke first : twere farre better fir,
In my poore judgment, that you fate down in peace,
As does besit your gravity, and drinke
A friendly cup or two : then for the first
Offence to fend your neighbour to the Counter :
Pray fir be not so fierce ; a glasse, or two
Will mollifie your hard heart.

Cov. Will you not stirre knaves ?
Where is the Master of the house ? ile make
This *Bufie* an example.

Buf. Pray doe not fir :
Perhaps y'are bashfull fir, and will not drinke,
Cause you want coyne to pay : ile lend you some ;
Or if you scorne to borrow, you may dip
Your chaine ; a good pawne never shames the
master.

Pray sit downe fir ; we just now had Musicke,
Ile call them in agen.

Cov. Within, the master of the house, ile have
These knaves indicted for this bold contempt,
And whipt about the City.

Buf. You may see fir,
My Watch-men know their duty, they'll obey
None but the Constable, and ile experience,
If they'le know me for one : My masters, take
This Alderman and his company I charge you,
And carry them straight to th' Counter, ile secure
you
Gainst all the harme that followes.

Seife on the Alderman and Sir Geffery.

Men. Come, come, come along fir.

Cov. Dare you doe this firrah ?

Buf. Yes, and answer't too fir.

Y've met a Constable that has the wit,
To know the power of's office : neighbour *Mendwel*,
Because they'le take him for a Rat ith' Counter,
And Ide be loath to have his reverend beard
Be twitch'd off for his Garnish, to my house
Convey him, and that comely Knight, and bid
My maid shew them a Chamber ; ile deale kindlier
With you, then you'd have done with me : there
watch them

Till I come home : how's that now ?

Cov. Sirrah, sirrah, ile make you smoeak for this.

Mend. Come, we lose time fir.

Buf. Let him have

A good fire pray you. So, all works as't had bin
Molded afore in waxe : boy there's your reckoning.
Now to my sparkes, I've done that will be talkt on
ith' City,
And registred, a Constable was witty.

Freewit, Thorowgood, Valentine, Luce, Clare.

Clar. You thinke you have us sure now. This
same *Bufie*

Is a meere cheating Rascall.

Thor. Come, your rage

Is uselesse now : he has done better for you,
Than I by th' circumstance perceive you had
Intended for your selves : what would you've done
With two such March-pane husbands ? I believe,
For all you set a good face on the matter,
Twas your owne plot.

Clar. Ours ? then may we dye Virgins,
And these same trusty youths, now cald our hus-
bands,

Be suddainly transform'd to Eunuchs ; we
Had thought young *Holdfast*, and Sir *Timothy*

Had bin the Squires had usher'd us, and them
We had resolv'd to couple with.

Free. Sweete *Clare*

No more of this ; for all your queint dissembling
I know you love us, better than to part
For a slight quarrell ; now we're man and wife,
And we will love you, if you'll be obedient,
And get such Boyes upon you, as shall people
Cheap-side with wit five generations after us.

Val. Feare not thy fathers frownes : sweet *Grace*
I have

An *Aldermans* heire a joyncture.

Enter Busie.

Bus. Blessè you my hearts of gold, and give
you joy.

Frowne not good Mistris *Clare*, I knew your minde
And so fulfild it.

Free. Constable, ile have
Thy *Annalls* writ, in a farre larger volume,
Than *Speed* or *Hollingshed*.

Clar. Well Mr. *Busie*,
Y'ave serv'd us sweetly.

Bus. How's that ? I hope your husbands
Anon will serve you sweetlier : faith I thought
There was no wit in't, that you two should cast
Your selves away on two such gulls, your por-
tions

Deserv'd more noble husbands : therefore finely
After you were gone downe, to take your Chariot,
In stead of them, when ith' meane while my
daughters

Held in discourse, I sent these, now your hus-
bands,

To exercise their office : Now you are marryed,
I shall have Gloves I hope ?

Clar. Yes, and such favours

As thou shalt weare in triumph: but what have
you

Done with our other sweet-hearts?

Buf. How's that? matcht them

To two will hold them play: Come will you
travaile?

Your father Mistris *Grace* is at my house,

Thither you shall, and if he will be angry,

Let him be pleas'd agen: Advance my sparkes,

Ile be your valiant Leader.

Excunt.

Sir Geffery, Covet, Formall, Watchmen.

Geff. Storme not so Mr. Alderman, the man
Has done no more beleev't, than what his office
Will beare him out in.

Cov. Ile spend a thousand
Pound, but Ile be reveng'd: a sawcy rascall
In my owne Ward to serve me thus?

Enter Timothy, Holdfast, Grimes, Luce, Nell.

Hold. Nay, come forward Ladyes,
Although your father sweet-heart, be in our search,
Be not abash'd; come forward, though you kept
Your tongues in peace, ere since our going forth,
And nere spake word, unlesse before the Parson
When we committed Matrimony, yet now
Pull off your Maskes and Vailes, and shew your
faces,
Be not asham'd of them.

Cov. Who's here? Sir *Timothy* and your sonne,
Ile lay
My life on't they have struck a marriage up
Without our knowledge.

Geff. Very likely *Feremy*.

Hold. No more words fir, tis done, I and fir
Timothy

Have hit the white : Good father *Covet* be not
Ith' angry mood now I have wed your daughter,
And he your Neece, weelee use them kindly : pray
you

Bid give us joy ; your daughter is so fearefull,
She dares not aske you blessing.

Cov. This qualifies all anger, I forgive them.

Luce. Forgive us fir ? you doe not heare us
aske it,

Nor need we your remission.

Cov. Ha ! who are these ! Sir *Geffery* we are
cheated

Abhominably, cheated by this Constable,
This rascall *Busie*, these are his daughters.

Luce. Nor are we asham'd

To owne him for our father, that has provided
Us two such wealthy husbands.

Hold. *Nell*, I did not thinke you would have
serv'd me thus

Unkindly, gentle *Nell*.

Nel. Unkindly fir, in what ? to make you
master

Of all I have. Ile use you kindly trust me ;
When you come drunke a nights home, in the
morning

Ile make you amber Caudles.

Hold. Saist thou so ;

Give me thy hand : Father pray be not angry,
My Wife's my wife, and so I will maintaine her
Gainst all the world. Sir *Timothy*, your spouse
Is not to be contemn'd, she's a good girle.
And therefore pray regard her.

Tim. Very like ; for your sake

I will doe much : Although I find my selfe
Made a starke Affe. Come hither *Luce*.

Enter Clare, Grace, Thorouggood, Freewit, Valentine, Busie.

Grace. Your pardon Sir, and blessing.

Clar. We have done fir

What cannot be undone, now if you will
Be foolish now, and vexe your selves, you may
Be laught at for your labour ; they're our husbands,
And we no cause now to repent our choyce,
Nor you Sir to repine at.

Free. Our duties
And after carriage, shall deserve your love,
Nor are our fortunes Sir so meane, but may
Merit their portions.

Cov. Well, you shall not
Report me cruell ; you have my consent,
And blessing with it ; neighbour *Busie*, Ile
Be friends with you, and at my intreaty
Sir *Geffery* shall be reconcil'd.

Bus. How's that ?
Give me thy fift good brother Knight, my daughters
Shall not come without portions ; they shall have
Each one a Bolt of *Holland*, that's enough.
Sonne Knight give me thine too ; and sonne
Holdfast

Weele be as merry boyes, and drinke old Sacke
In plenteous glasses, till we all grow witty,
As humorous Poets ; to your beds, the're ready,
Your wedding dinner shall be mine, weele dance,
And have the Song oth' Constable ; March faire,
And get each one a chopping boy by Morning ;
I and my Watchmen here will drinke your healths,
Though we doe lose our owne by it.

Free. Mr. *Busie*,
Wee're all beholding to you, and 'tis fit,
We should confesse this Constable had wit.

F I N I S .



EPILOGUE.

A Re you resolv'd yet Gentlemen ? I am
In earnest haste of Towne-affaires, and came
To know your minds : how's that ? there's one I
spye

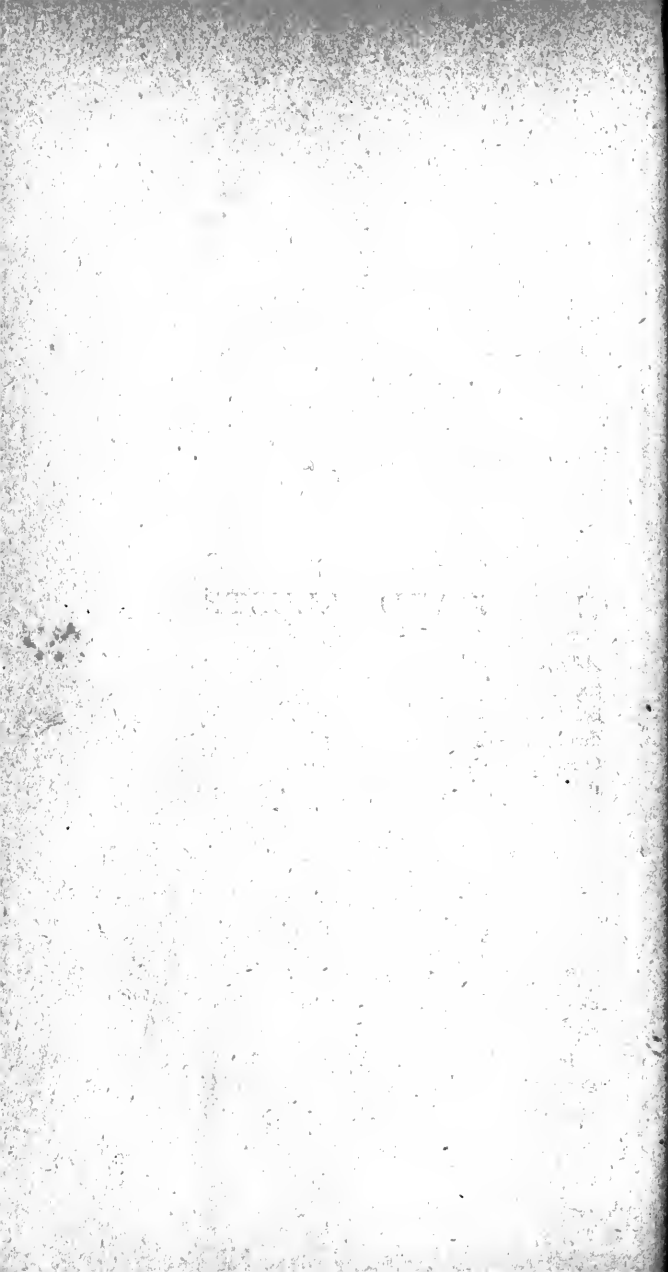
That will dislike, to th' Counter instantly
With him ; intreats Sir, shall not prevaile,
Nor shall you thinke to come out upon baile.
For in this case (believe it) I'de not spare
(Though the sword were borne before him) my
Lord Major ;

Nor should the Court of Aldermen reprieve
For such a fact, my good friend Master Shreive.
If so severe to them then, who by vow,
Are my owne bretheren ? what will become of
you ?

I have consider'd ; and will now commit
To your free votes the Censures of my wit.
For though their dulnesse (whom I've threatned)
may

Dislike (you 'ave wit) and will allow the play.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I.

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA. 1639.

This story (originally taken from *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*) had been verified by Francis Quarles ten years before the date of Glapthorne's play (1629). Our dramatist was probably indebted to both his predecessors for the outlines and incidents of his work. Of Sir Philip Sidney's romance, and of Quarles's poem, there were various editions current in the earlier half of the seventeenth century.

PAGE 65.

Happy Arabians, when your Phœnix dies, &c.

These lines are substantially the same as the *Elegy upon the death of his Sister Mrs. Priscilla Glapthorne* (printed in Glapthorne's Poems).

In the comedy of *The Hollander* (at p. 102 of this volume) is another allusion to the Phoenix, expressed in almost similar words:—

"The Phoenix whose sweetneff
Becomes her sepulcher, ascends agen
Vested in younger feathers from her pile
Of spicy ashes.'

In *Argalus and Parthenia* again, at p. 12, we read o

"aromatique winds
That sing the Phoenix Exequies."

The allusion seems to have been a favourite one with Glapthorne. It occurs several times in his *Poems* (c. g., pp. 179, 182, 185).

PAGE 85.

one in the conspiracy with Barnevet, at whose hanging he fled ore hither.

The execution of John of Barneveld took place on a scaffold erected in the Binnenhof, at the Hague, on May 13, 1619. The whole story of his life and death has recently been told, with an accuracy of research and a graphic power alike admirable, by Mr. Motley (*The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War*. By John Lothrop Motley. In Two Volumes. Lond. Murray, 1874).

PAGE 93.

Aurelius Bombastus Paracelsus, *was the first inventor of this admirable Unguent.*

Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus was born in 1493 at Einsiedeln, a little town in the canton of Schwitz, some leagues distant from Zurich. His father, who exercised the profession of medicine at Villach, in Carinthia, was nearly related to George Bombast de Hohenheim. It appears that his elementary education was much neglected, and that he spent part of his youth in wandering from country to country, predicting the future from the inspection of the stars and the lines of

the hand, evoking apparitions, and repeating the different operations of magic and alchemy, in which he had been initiated by his father.

As Paracelsus displays everywhere an ignorance of the rudiments of the most ordinary knowledge, it is not probable that he should ever have studied seriously in the schools: he contented himself with visiting the Universities of Germany, France, and Italy; and in spite of his boasting himself to have been the ornament of those institutions, there is no proof of his having legally acquired the title of Doctor, which he assumed. It is only known that he applied himself long, under the direction of the wealthy Sigismond Fugger of Schwatz, to the discovery of the *Magnum Opus*.

Paracelsus travelled among the mountains of Bohemia, in the East, and in Sweden, in order to inspect the labours of the miners, to be initiated in the mysteries of the oriental adepts, and to observe the secrets of nature and the famous mountain of loadstone. He professes also to have visited Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Poland, and Transylvania, where he communicated freely, not merely with the physicians, but with the old women, charlatans, and conjurors of these several lands. It is even believed that he extended his journeyings as far as Egypt and Tartary, and that he accompanied the son of the Khan of the Tartars to Constantinople, for the purpose of obtaining the secret of the tincture of *Trismegistus*, from a Greek who inhabited that capital.

The period of his return to Germany is unknown: it is only certain that, at about the age of thirty-three, many astonishing cures which he wrought on eminent personages procured him such a celebrity that he was called in 1526 to fill a chair of physic and surgery at the University of Basil. There Paracelsus began by burning publicly in the amphitheatre the works of Avicenna and Galen, assuring his hearers that the latchets of his shoes were more instructed than those two physicians; that all the Universities, all the writers put together, were less gifted than the hairs of his beard and the crown of his head; and that, finally, he was to be regarded as the legitimate monarch of medicine.

But at Basil it was speedily perceived that the new Professor was no better than an egregious quack. Scarcely had a year elapsed before his lectures had fairly driven away an audience

incapable of comprehending their emphatic jargon. That which above all contributed to fully his reputation was the debauched life he led At length, fearful of being punished for a serious outrage on a magistrate, he fled from Basil towards the end of the year 1527 and took refuge in Alsatia. We find him at Colmar in 1528; at Nuremburg in 1529; at St. Gall in 1531; at Pfeffers in 1535; at Augsburg in 1536; at Villach in 1538. Finally from Mindelheim, where he was in 1540, Paracelsus proceeded to Salzburg, where he died in the Hospital of St. Sebastian, Sept. 24, 1541. (*Abridged from a translation of the account in the Biographie Universelle, appended to Mr. Robert Browning's poem of Paracelsus, 1835.*)

Paracelsus is also mentioned by Ben Jonson in *Volpone* (act II. sc. 2), and by Butler in *Hudibras* (Pt. 2, canto 3).

PAGE 122.

*Then Mandrakes groanes doe a conceite of death
In persons resolute.*

The mandrake was the English name of the plant *mandragoras*, concerning which some very superstitious notions prevailed. An inferior degree of animal life was attributed to it; and it was commonly supposed that, when torn from the ground, it uttered groans of so pernicious a nature, that the person who committed the violence went mad or died. To escape that danger it was recommended to tie one end of a string to the plant and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan would then discharge its whole malignity.

These strange notions arose, probably, from the little less fanciful comparison of the root to the human figure, strengthened, doubtless, in England by the accidental circumstance of *man* being the first syllable of the word. The ancients, however, made the same comparison of its form :

Quamvis *semihominis*, vesano gramine foeta,
Mandragoræ pariat flores.

Columella, *de Cult. Hort.* v. 19.

The white mandrake, which they called the male, was that whose root bore this resemblance.

Glaphorne also alludes to the "mandraks grones" in *Argalus and Parthenia*, at page 48 of this volume.

PAGE 123.

Time shall depend like summer on your brow, &c.

The last seven lines of this speech were, we presume, considered by the author as peculiarly good, for he has also introduced them in *The Lady's Privilege*.

PAGE 152.

He sue the Statute of Bigamy upon him, he shall be hang'd for being double married.

See also *Wit in a Constable*, page 198 :

"now wert not for the statute
'Gainst Bigamy my tender conscience
Would not much be oppress'd to have two wives."

1^o Jac. I. c. 11. (A.D. 1603), "Forasmuch as divers evil disposed persons being married, runne out of one Countie into another, or into places where they are not known, and there become to be married, havinge another husband or wife livinge, to the greate dishonour of God and utter undoinge of divers honest meris children and others; Be it therefore enacted by the Kings Majestie, with the consent of the Lordes Spirituall and Temporall, and of the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, That if any person or persons within his Majesties Domynions of England and Wales, beinge married, or which hereafter shall marie, doe at any tyme after the ende of the Session of this present Parliament, marrye any person or persons, the former

husband or wife beinge alive, that then everie such offence shalbe Felonie, and the person and persons so offendinge shall suffer death as in cafes of Felonie; And the partie and parties so offendinge shall receive such and the like proceedinge triall and execution in such Countie where suche person or persons shalbe apprehended, as if the offence had bene committed in such Countie where such person or persons shall be taken or apprehended."

PAGE 169.

*Did you ere we departed from the Colledge
Ore looke my library?*

Under the heading of "Books," this speech, and a few lines of Tristram's answer, are quoted by Charles Lamb in his *Specimens* (ed. 1835, vol. ii., p. 164). It is the only passage he gives from our author.

PAGE 170.

*the famous Poems
Writ by the learned waterman.*
HOLD. *John Taylor, get me his nonsense.*
TRIST. *You meane all his workes sir.*

All the Workes of John Taylor the Water Poet being Sixty and three in number, collected into one volume by the Author, had been published in large folio form in 1630.

Ib.

a hundred of Bookers new Almanacks.

John Booker (student in Astrology) published *Ephemerides or Celestiall Observations* about our author's time, and for many succeeding years.

PAGE 178.

Some faire Dulcinea de Toboso.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Dulcinea de Toboso was the name of Don Quixote's innamorata. This allusion (which is repeated at p. 214) proves the popularity which the now classic novel of Cervantes must have enjoyed in England even at this early date. The translation by Thomas Shelton had appeared in 1612—1620.

PAGE 178.

*Subjects fit for ballads,
Not worthy M. P.'s name to them.*

M. P. [Martin Parker] was a celebrated writer of doggerel ballads in Glapthorne's time. Some of these are signed with his initials and some with his full name. Many of these are preserved in the first volume of the Roxburghe Ballads (Ancient Songs and Ballads written on Various Subjects, and printed between the years 1560 and 1700, chiefly collected by Robert Earl of Oxford and purchased at the sale of West's Library in 1773).

PAGE 190.

*Like the great tun at Heidelberge fild with wine
And alwayes running.*

See also *Albertus Wallenstein* (Vol. II. p. 75) :

“And 'twere the Tun of Heidelberg, I'd drink it.”

In a large under room in the castle or palace of the Princes Palatine of the Rhine at Heidelberg, the eccentric traveller Thomas Coryat found this vast vessel, in its original form, of which he has given a picture representing himself as perched on its top, with a glass of its contents in his hands. To him it appeared the greatest wonder he had seen in his travels, fully

entitled to rank with those seven wonders of the world of which ancient authors inform us. Its construction was begun in the year 1589 and finished in 1591, one Michael Warner being the principal fabricator. It was composed of beams twenty-seven feet long, and had a diameter of eighteen feet. The iron hoops were eleven thousand pounds in weight. The cost was eleven core and eighteen pounds sterling. It could hold a hundred and thirty-two fuders of wine, a fuder being equal to four English hogsheads, and the value of the Rhenish contained in it when Coryat visited Heidelberg (1608) was close upon two thousand pounds.

"When the cellarer," says Coryat, "draweth wine out of the vessel, he ascendeth two several degrees of wooden stairs made in the form of a ladder, and so goeth up to the top; about the middle whereof there is a bung-hole or venting orifice, into the which he conveyeth a pretty instrument of some foot and a half long, made in the form of a spout, wherewith he draweth up the wine and so poureth it after a pretty manner into a glass." The traveller advises visitors to beware lest they be inveigled to drink more than is good for them. (*Chambers's Book of Days.*)

PAGE 205.

A bouncing Mary Ambree.

A famous Amazon frequently alluded to by our old Dramatists. *The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii., p. 240, ed. 1812.

PAGE 226.

BUS. *First then*

You shall be sure to keep the peace, &c.

Busie's charge to the watchmen was obviously suggested by that of Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

I doubt it is some lamentable stufte

*Oth' the Swine-fac'd gentlewoman; . . . her story's stale
boy,*

Thas beene already in two playes.

A pamphlet was published in London in 1641, entitled *A Certain Relation of the Hog-Faced Gentlewoman*. From this production we learn that her name was Tanakin Skinker, and that she was born at Wirkman on the Rhine, in 1618. In a contemporary Dutch work, which is either a translation, or mayhap the original of the English one, she is said to have been born at Windfor on the Thames. Miss Skinker is described as having "all the limbs and lineaments of her body well-featured and proportioned, only her face, which is the ornament and beauty of all the rest, has the nose of a hog or fwine, which is not only a stain and blemish, but a deformed ugliness making all the rest loathsome, contemptible, and odious to all that look on her." Her language, we are further informed, is the only the hoggish Dutch *ough*, *ough*! or the French *owee*, *owee*! Forty thousand pounds, we are told, was the sum offered to the man who would consent to marry her, and the author says: "This was a bait sufficient to make every fish bite at, for no sooner was this publicly divulged, but there came suitors of all sorts, every one hoped to carry away the great prize, for it was not the person but the prize they aimed at." Gallants, we are told, came from Italy, France, Scotland, England, and Ireland, to carry away the prize; but, when they saw the lady, they one and all refused to marry her. There is a very characteristic woodcut on the title-page of this work, representing a gallant, gaily attired, bashfully addressing her; while bowing, his hat in his hand, with the words—"God save you, sweet mistress." She, on the other hand, is most magnificently dressed, and coming forward to meet him with the greatest cordiality, can only reply with the words, "Ough, ough."

What the "two plays" were to which Glapthorne alludes, I am unable to inform the reader.



**University of Toronto
Library**

**DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET**

**Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File"
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU**

